



SIR EDWARD CARSON ON HIS WAY TO SIGN THE ULSTER COVENANT, BELFAST,
28TH SEPTEMBER, 1912.

An illustration from Mr. Carty's third book—Ireland from the Great Famine to the Treaty of 1921.

This series of Histories displays Ireland in the making, through the medium of contemporary material, archaeological, written and pictorial. The passages chosen are not confined to political and military events. They include religious, artistic, social and economic developments, and tell what the Irish people looked like, what they ate and wore, what they did when they were not fighting or cheering for the leaders to whom they were devoted, and how their fortunes were affected by events overseas. Each of the volumes contains a Chronicle of Events and a General Index to the narratives, descriptions and illustrations.

THE 1ST BOOK: *Ireland from the Flight of the Earls to Grattan's Parliament (1607-1782)* surveys the period when all Ireland, for the first time, came under the effective rule of the British Crown, and the modern Ulster problem began.

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JAMES
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IRELAND
1783-1850

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IRELAND

FROM
GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT
TO
THE GREAT FAMINE



A DOCUMENTARY RECORD

Compiled and Edited

By James Carty

Irish History as described by eye-witnesses . . .

THIS volume is the second of three Documentary Records which show Irish history as seen and described by contemporary witnesses and participants.

Ireland from Grattan's Parliament to the Great Famine traces the development of the United Irishmen from a constitutional into a revolutionary force; the story of 'Ninety-Eight; the enactment of the Union; the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and the agitation for Repeal of the Union (both dominated by the great figure of Daniel O'Connell); the brief but brilliant Young Ireland movement; and the crowning catastrophe of the Famine. The illustrations include Wheatley's impressive picture of the Irish House of Commons in session—the only painting done at the time and in the place depicted; drawings of people and scenes in country and town by contemporary artists; means of transport—cars, coaches, and the first railways; poignant famine scenes; proclamations, cartoons and portraits.

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NET

Irish Song

IRELAND

from

Grattan's Parliament

to the

Great Famine



THE SISTERS AT THE HOLY WELL.
A Scene in the West of Ireland.

From the Painting by T. W. Topham.

IRELAND

FROM

Grattan's Parliament

TO THE

Great Famine

(1783—1850)

A DOCUMENTARY RECORD

Compiled and Edited By

JAMES CARTY

C. J. FALLON LIMITED DUBLIN

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A Junior History of Ireland

European History (to A.D. 1500)

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Bibliography of Irish History, 1912-1921

(The National Library of Ireland)

Ireland from the Flight of the Earls to Grattan's Parliament (1607-1782)

Ireland from the Great Famine to the Treaty (1851-1921)

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Publisher's Note

THIS series of Histories displays Ireland in the making, through the medium of contemporary material, archaeological, written and pictorial. The volumes now submitted to the public provide one of the first attempts that have been made to survey the history of Ireland as it has been described by eye-witnesses. The passages chosen are not confined to political and military events. They include religious, artistic, social and economic developments, and tell what the Irish people looked like, what they ate and wore, what they did when they were not fighting or cheering for the leaders to whom they were devoted, and how their fortunes were affected by events overseas. Each of the volumes contains a Chronicle of Events and a General Index to the narratives, descriptions and illustrations.

The publishers consider themselves fortunate in having secured for the preparation of this volume an Irish historian of repute, who has infused a generous humanity into the dry bones of history. Is the average reader at home and abroad interested in Irish history? We believe that he is, when the story is presented to him in a scholarly and impartial spirit, never forgetting that the men and women of the past, near or remote, were as human as ourselves.

C. J. FALLON LTD.

Preface

THIS volume is one of a series of three Documentary Records illustrating Irish history as seen and described by contemporary witnesses and participants. I have endeavoured from an immense mass of undigested material to arrange a consecutive narrative. The aim has been to provide a book, not only useful to the student of history, but interesting to the general reader—and also, it is to be hoped, reasonably fair to the conflicting parties which have contributed to the troubled but fascinating story of Ireland.

Together with eye-witnesses' accounts of parliaments, speeches, conferences and military campaigns, there are numerous surveys of Ireland as it was seen by "old" and "new" Irishmen, by Catholics and Protestants, by foreign travellers—neutral, friendly or hostile—by planters, surveyors, or special correspondents. Some of the observers quoted wrote with detached curiosity, some with angry prejudice, heightened by envy and greed, others, like the exile who saw Ireland only in his dreams, through eyes dazzled with love. Selections have been given from the statements of prominent political figures, from Government proclamations and rebel proclamations, from the reports of official Commissioners, from the fabrications of rogues and forgers, and from the dying speeches of heroes and martyrs.

Many important phases of Irish history are very briefly illustrated in these volumes. The economic and technical difficulties attending the publication of a work so ambitious as this in recent years may reasonably be invoked to excuse some of its imperfections. I have had to reject or to abbreviate many passages rich in human and historical interest. It is hoped, however, that the series does give a varied, lively and continuous picture of Irish history. J. J. O'Leary, Chairman of C. J. Fallons, has met my suggestions generously, and indeed, I do not think that any writer could have worked under more friendly and helpful auspices. With his encouragement I have sought out and included a great number and variety of illustrations, many of which have not appeared in book form before now.

I have endeavoured to arrange these records of a tangled story in such a way that they may be readily followed by readers who have not access to specialised studies of Irish history. The notes are intended to be purely explanatory, but I have occasionally attempted to summarise events during periods of exceptional disintegration and change. "Irish history," as Lecky says, "is marked by obscure agrarian and social changes, and sometimes very perplexing alterations in the popular sentiment which can only be elucidated by copious illustrations."

JAMES CARTY



THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS 1780.

By F. W. WHEATLEY.

Henry Grattan (to the right) is seen speaking on
legislative independence.

Wheatley's famous picture (overleaf) entitled "The Irish House of Commons, 1780: Henry Grattan urging the claim of Irish Rights," is signed and dated Fr. Wheatley, June 8, 1780. It measures 6 feet 4 inches by 7 feet 1½ inches, and shows the Irish House of Commons in session, the Speaker in the Chair, the galleries thronged with ladies. The original painting was in the possession of the late Col. F. R. F. Gascoigne, at Lotherton Hall, Aberford, Yorkshire, where it still is. Walter Strickland in his "Dictionary of Irish Artists" (1912), says: "The tradition in his (Col. Gascoigne's) family is that the picture was presented to his ancestor, Silver Oliver, by Wheatley, as some acknowledgment of many kindnesses the artist had received. It is the only contemporary picture of the interior of the House of Commons, and the only accurate existing picture of it." Mrs. Laura Gwendolen Gascoigne, widow of Col. Gascoigne, has kindly given permission to publish the reproduction on the preceding pages.

Acknowledgments

THANKS are due to the following for permission to quote passages or reproduce illustrations used in this volume:

To Mrs. Gascoigne and Mr. Wilson Hartnell for F. W. Wheatley's painting of "Grattan's Parliament"; to the Irish Folklore Commission for the drawing by William Brunton of an Irish shop on Christmas Day; to James Stephens and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., for the translation of Anthony Rafferty's poem "Killeaden"; to the National Museum of Ireland for the photographs of Grattan's coach, and of 18th century wooden crosses; to Messrs. Longmans Green for the quotation from W. E. H. Lecky's *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*; to Nessa Ni Sheaghdha, for Ó Longáin's poem "Buachailli Loch' Garmain" and to Mr. Gerard Murphy, editor of *Eigse*, who kindly furnished me with a translation; to Dr. Douglas Hyde, former President of Éire, for the poem "Míle Fáilte romhad, a Chuirp an Tighearna," from *Religious songs of Connacht*; to His Majesty King George VI for the painting of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel at Windsor Castle; to the Cork Municipal Museum for O'Driscoll's silhouette of "Father Mathew, Dan O'Callaghan and the King of the Cork beggars"; to the Governors of the National Gallery of Ireland and Mr. Brinsley MacNamara for the reproduction of Sir Frederick Burton's painting "The Aran Fisherman's drowned child"; to Messrs. M. H. Gill for the extract from *A Popular History of 1798*, by Rev. P. Kavanagh, O.F.M.; and to Mr. Justice Gavan Duffy, President of the High Court, for the extract from Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland*; to the Proprietors of *Punch* for the cartoons reproduced from that journal, and to the London Electrotypes Agency, Ltd., for the illustration from the *Illustrated London News*.

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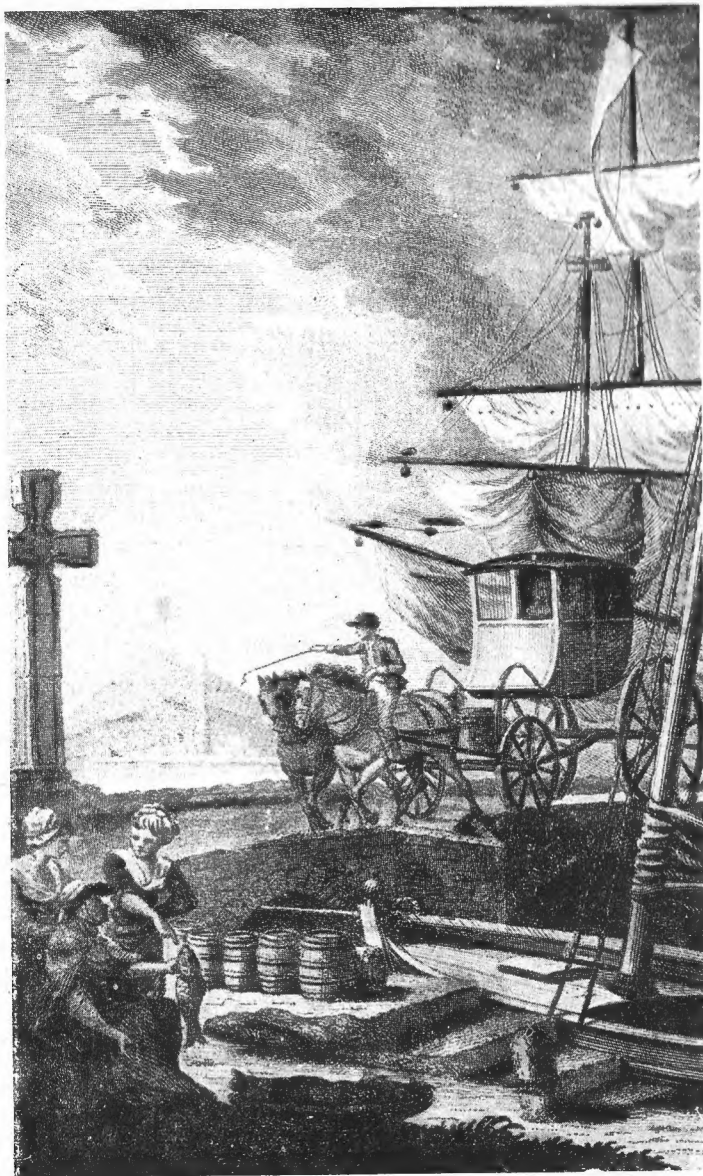
"BROTHER, BROTHER, WE'RE BOTH IN THE WRONG."

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND QUEEN VICTORIA

A CARTOON FROM "PUNCH," 1844.

Contents

	PAGE
<i>Publisher's Note</i>	V
<i>Preface</i>	VII
<i>Acknowledgments</i>	XI
<i>Introduction</i>	XV
<i>Chronicle of Events</i>	XXX
COUNTRY AND PEOPLE (1782-1851)	I
END OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT	44
'NINETY-EIGHT AND THE UNITED IRISHMEN	69
CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION	101
UNION AND REPEAL (1800-49)	124
FAMINE	157
INDEX	178



TRAVELLING IN IRELAND.
(Frontispiece from Wilson's *Post-Chaise Companion* (1786).)

Composite picture of Irish social and economic conditions in the late Eighteenth Century—Shipping, Trade and Industry all flourishing—as the traveller begins his tour through the island on excellent main roads.

Introduction

THE Irish people in the Seventeenth Century, in spite of their great losses and misfortunes, still give in the pages of Gernon, Le Gouz, Father Massai, De Rochefort, Petty, and other travellers and observers from whom passages have been quoted in the previous volume of this series, an impression of cheerfulness and vitality. They appear to have been well fed and to have possessed a keen and still unspoiled gift for the enjoyment of life. Gaelic prose and poetry, though it speaks much of conflict and tragedy, was yet the voice of a people who felt assured that they belonged to a long-established national society. Ireland, at least before Cromwell, had all the social types which were then usually found in a European country—peasants, farmers, labourers, artisans, burgesses, gentlemen, lords and ladies, prelates and priests, poets, scholars, merchants, lawyers, soldiers and sailors—who were Irish in Ireland, just as the corresponding classes in England were English, and the corresponding classes in France were French. No such society existed in Ireland after the Treaty of Limerick and the enactment of the Penal Laws. Those who had provided the nation with leadership and learning and who had continued, even while they were fighting a losing fight, to give it variety, grace and colour, had, in the brutal modern phrase, been "liquidated"—driven into exile or "beaten into the clay." There were no regular armies to fight in Ireland for Ireland. The plain soldier's lament for Patrick Sarsfield said good-bye to that.

The old Irish towns, abbeys and churches and most of what they contained had been progressively obliterated in Tudor, Stuart, Cromwellian, and Williamite times, by the ravages of war, the puritan destroyer, and the ignorant greed of the confiscator. What remained of man's handiwork in Ireland already looked in Gernon's time like "the carcass of a goose standing up," and Swift, a century later, saw a scene of general desolation, nearly



LISSOY, GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

all the fine houses gone "and no new ones in their stead." Since the majority of the people were now strictly excluded from education and from all recognised arts and crafts for several generations, it cannot be a matter for surprise that popular taste and pleasure in the visual arts in Ireland suffered a serious decline.

"The poverty and discouragements of this country are so many," wrote Archbishop King (1706), "that people think themselves happy if they can live, but for anything of curiosity or learning their hearts are dead to it." Swift's "savage indignation" has, perhaps, been sufficiently illustrated in the former volume, but it may be worth recalling that Swift knew the Irish people at least as well as any stranger within their gates is ever likely to know them. For many years he travelled up and down the country—usually on foot, following his principle "Wear out patters and save potions,"—and staying for choice at inns which displayed the legend "Lodgings, One Penny."

Egan O'Rahilly, elegist of the old Gaelic order, looked, like the great Anglo-Irish divines, at "a poverty-stricken land, desolate, tormented . . . where no justice is done to the poor", but from a point of view different to theirs, for he was standing within and not without the walls. The country swarmed with types characteristic of a demoralised and dissolving society—Jacobite agents and recruiters for the French army, press-gangs for the British navy, rapparees, smugglers, middlemen, tithe-proctors, gaugers and informers, time-serving cawboggles, abductors of rich women, fighting bucks and buckeens, whiteboys, rightboys, oakboys and steelboys—all in and between the two great classes who constituted Ireland in the penal days—absentee landlords and landless peasants. For the people, the land was life, and they must fight for it somehow or cease to live. The problem of Irish government during the eighteenth century and most of the nineteenth was conceived to be mainly one of keeping down or keeping quiet "the armed beggary of the soil":

Ill fated kingdom with a fertile soil,

Whose factors mock the naked peasant's toil,

said a Lord Lieutenant (Townsend) with a weakness for epigram. Lord Chesterfield thought that "if the military force had shot half as many landlords as it had Whiteboys, it would have contributed more to restore quiet."

The condition of eighteenth-century Ireland cannot entirely be ascribed to religious or political malice. A numerous and industrious class of Protestant artisans had been ruined by the laws against the Woollen industry. The superior posts in Church and State were closed to Irish-born Protestants. The Presbyterians of the North, almost as outcast as the Catholics, left the country in hundreds of thousands for America. The Irish land war was one corner of the struggle which unpolitical people everywhere were waging against the rich and powerful and their accomplices the "sophisters and calculators" (forerunners, these sophisters and calculators, of the presumptuous and total bureaucrats and political doctrinaires of later times). The common and waste lands, which no mediæval tyrant or post-Reformation landgrabber had dared to meddle

with, were expropriated, and, says Goldsmith, "rural mirth and manners are no more."

"The peasant with rights and a status, with a share in the fortunes and government of his village, standing in rags, but standing on his feet, makes way for the labourer, with no corporate rights to defend, no corporate power to invoke, no property to cherish, no ambition to pursue, bent beneath the fear of his masters, and the weight of a future without hope."

This quotation refers to the English not to the Irish peasant. It is from J. L. and Barbara Hammond's *The Village Labourer*. John Wesley in his Irish travels saw the gentry "driving away hundreds, yea thousands" by throwing arable land into pasture. Madden, founder of the Royal Dublin Society, told them that they had made the Irish "butchers and drovers for wiser nations"; and Boswell's "Irish Dr. Campbell" wrote: "Something should be thought of, something done, to restore the rights of human nature, in a country almost usurped by bullocks and sheep." (See the former volume in this series, page 132.) Yet, so independent can the human spirit be of bad government and oppression that Arthur Young thought the Irish people were happier in the seventh decade of the eighteenth century than their English contemporaries. Father Kavanagh's grandfather attributed the great height and strength of the Wexfordmen who fought in 'Ninety-Eight to their not being put to work until they were full-grown. William Carleton spent his childhood and boyhood in sport and play because the people thought that this was the way youth should be spent. The great, philosophical, and progressive Bishop Berkeley would have made all vagrants work in chains, and held up as a model for the idle Irish a Dutch child who was able to support himself at the age of five by his own labour.

"If everyone were warm and well-fed we should lose the satisfaction of admiring the fortitude with which certain conditions of men bear cold and hunger. And if we were no better off than anyone else what would become of our sense of gratitude which," said Mr. Pecksniff, with tears in his eyes, as he shook his fist at a beggar, "is one of the holiest feelings of our common nature."*

When *Martin Chuzzlewit* first appeared in 1843, a "poor view" was being taken of poverty by most of those who held power and governed opinion in the United Kingdom. Mrs. Asenath Nicholson, that kind and forthright New Englander, who travelled through Ireland on foot in the same year, found the people well aware of it: "Though every peasant in the Emerald Isle knows that he belongs to the 'lower order,' for his teachers and landlords are fond of telling him so, the Kilkenny

* Not so much of a caricature as one might imagine. A London magistrate, Colquhoun, wrote seriously in 1806: "Without a large proportion of poverty, there would be no riches. . . . Poverty is a most necessary and indispensable ingredient in society, without which nations and communities could not exist in a state of civilisation" (*A Treatise on Indigence*).

rustic, by his self-possessed manner in presence of his superior, says, 'I also am a man.'

"Ní h-í an bhoicéimeácht is measa liom
Ná beir síos go deo,
Ach an tarcuisne a leanann í
Ná leigisfeadh na leóin."

"Poverty is not the worst of it,
Nor being down forever,
But the contempt that follows it,
Which no doctors can cure."

Few foreigners visited Ireland for curiosity or pleasure in the Eighteenth Century. "This Kingdom," wrote Dr. Charles Smith, the historian of Cork and Kerry, "is a kind of *Terra Incognita* to the greater part of Europe, who know little of its Topography, Geography, civil or military history" (1756). "It is no easy matter for ordinary enquirers to trace out the naked truth of anything transacted in that country these hundred years past. . . . 'Tis a true saying that interest governs the world," said Hugh Reily, James II's brief Lord Chancellor (1724). Arthur Young, "that wise and honest traveller," set up a standard of sensible observation and honest reporting attained by few of his successors. Edward Wakefield forty years later (1812), who compiled two ponderous quartos of useful but uncritical information, could be deceived into recording that clares was fed to lambs in certain Irish districts—a victim, like Charles Lever's Jack Hinton, of stories "which I could easily trace to the habit of my countrymen, who can never deny themselves the enjoyment of playing on the credulity of the traveller—all the more eagerly when they see his note-book taken out to record their shortcomings and absurdities."

"To a stranger altogether unacquainted with his language or customs he (the Irishman) like a Highlander appears very different from what he really is; he assumes the semblance of dispositions and qualities which are not the most characteristic of his nature," wrote Dewar, a Scottish visitor who had the advantage of knowing Gaelic. Rev. C. Anderson found in 1814 that the proportion of Irish speakers to English was 13 to 1 in Connaught, where many of the gentry "found it convenient to acquire the language in order to deal with the peasantry without an interpreter." In Leinster and Ulster, the two most populous provinces, it was less prevalent, varying from "mostly spoken" in Louth, Meath and Westmeath, to "spoken by a few" in Antrim and Down.

"The Irish are a brave nation. They have a heart of liberty in their breasts, but they are much mistaken if they fancy that a stranger cannot have as warm a one. . . . There are many Englishmen who cry down the Irish, and think it answers all their ends to revile all that belongs to Ireland; but it is not because these men are Englishmen that they maintain such opinions, but because they wish to get money and titles and power," wrote Shelley in his *Address to the Irish People* (1812). O'Connell had no recollection of the wild ethereal young man who had once spoken from his platform, but Shelley was one of the first among the many

lovers of freedom in the nineteenth century who were to turn their thoughts to Ireland as the classic example of an oppressed people. There, he said: "The rich grind the poor into abjectness, and then complain that they are abject. They goad them to famine, and hang them if they steal a sheep." It could not but become wearisome to a modern reader to dwell at length on the manifold reports from all sources, Irish, governmental and foreign, on the quite remarkable poverty of the people and the general lack of that comfort and security which other peoples thought necessary to make life endurable. "There never was a country in which poverty exists to so great a degree as it exists in Ireland," said Wellington. Kohl in 1843 thought that the Irish peasant in his living conditions compared unfavourably with the Russian serf, who was better lodged and fed, with the Hungarian, who had wine and white bread, with the Tartars of the Crimea and the Servians, who had beautiful national costumes and steeds with polished bridles. It is hard to test the value of such comparisons. Goethe's friend, the German prince, Puckler-Muskau, travelling in Connaught, "found the gagged potato-eating people everywhere gay and joyous." We do know that Irish country-people before the Great Famine were physically strong and active, as well as sociable, gay and resilient, little touched by bigotry or fanaticism. It was impossible for a traveller in any of the four provinces not to be

impressed by the joy which the people took in music and dancing. "Dear music of my country," says George Petrie in his generous ardour, "I cannot speak of it without enthusiasm! I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride. Alas for those who are insensible to its beauty. It is among them that the dull and ungenerous bigots will be found who spread poison on the land which they tread."

William Carleton's recollection



THE COTTAGE FIRE-PLACE.
(From Hall's *Ireland*.)

of his father and mother, quoted in this volume, depicts an Ireland of which visitors, however observant and sympathetic, could know little. "I knew," said Eugene O'Curry (1794-1862), speaking of his own father, a small farmer in Clare, "that he was a link between our day and a time when everything was broken, shattered and hidden; and when I called to mind all the knowledge I knew him to possess of every ruin, every old manuscript, every old legend and tradition of Thomond, I was suddenly filled with consternation, to think it was all gone forever and no record of it." To the stage-coach traveller, excogitating his inevitable book, old O'Curry would have seemed no more than any other man of the fields. "Now the Irish peasant," said one of the wisest Irishmen of the nineteenth century, Dr. Patrick Murray (Professor of Theology at Maynooth from 1841 to 1882), "is precisely one of those who are not to be known by a passing glance, or conversation, or acquaintance, especially if the observer should happen to be of a more respectable class, of a different country, or even of a different province or county, and, we may add, of a different creed. Though the hospitable door and tender heart of the more comfortable Irish peasant are always open at the call of want, yet to fine-dressed, fine-spoken people, who come not to appeal to his generosity, but to ask him questions and 'draw him out,' he is absolutely impenetrable. When pryed into in this way he is never sulky, never returns a rude answer; on the contrary, he is most on his guard against the appearance of incivility when he most distrusts an unknown inquisitor." (On William Carleton in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1852).

The people described in this chapter are the Irish as they were during the century before the Great Famine. The coming of a catastrophe was foreseen, even by commentators as insensitive as that desiccated economic man, William Nassau Senior, who felt, as he says, "like a dreamer in a nightmare, oppressed by the consciousness that some great evil was rapidly approaching—that mere exertion on our part would avert it, but that we had not the power to will that exertion." Paragraphs such as the following began to appear in the Irish newspapers in the Autumn of 1845:

"Almost all the wheat in this County is reaped and safely made up; it is an average crop. A great breadth of oats has fallen before the sickle; it is an abundant crop. The barley is reaped and is more than an average crop of excellent quality. Turnips look well. The potato crop looks most luxuriant, but some are complaining that a disease has prevailed to a partial extent; a considerable number of cows and pigs have fallen a sacrifice to the prevailing distemper in different parts of this Country."—(*Ballyshannon Herald*, 29 September, 1845).

The story of the "prevailing distemper" is related in Chapter VI.

* * * * *

THE State does not hold the Irish fit to be trusted with the counsel of the realm," wrote Sir John Davies, the Attorney-General of the Flight of the Earls and the Ulster Plantation. The State and realm of which Davies wrote was Ireland—Ireland during the Middle Ages,

when Gaelic law and government still prevailed through the greater part of the island. The same outlook on the problem of Ireland still persisted, after the military conquest had been completed, at the centre of Anglo-Irish authority in Dublin. Catholics, at all times the majority of the Irish people, were virtually excluded from the Irish Parliament, except for one brief episode (1689) from 1641 to 1829.

The administration was essentially English rather than Anglo-Irish. The great plums of office in Church and State were almost invariably bestowed on Englishmen born. Anglo-Irishmen, however devoted and loyal, got only the smaller fruit. Judicial offices generally went to English lawyers, and the bishoprics of the Established Church to English parsons—though Swift had another explanation for some of the ecclesiastical appointments: "Excellent and moral men have been selected upon every occasion of vacancy. But it unfortunately has uniformly happened that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath, on their road to Ireland to take possession of their bishoprics, they have been uniformly robbed by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead."

"Their office makes them indolent, their indolence makes them odious, and, being conscious that they are hated, they become malicious. Their malice urges them to continual abuse of the inhabitants in their letters to administration." Such was Benjamin Franklin's view of the American colonial governors. The Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland in the eighteenth century, being non-resident for most of the year, were somewhat less officious, but the supervision exercised from London over the Irish colony was close and vigilant.

The time came when, as Edmund Burke said, "the English in Ireland began to be domiciliated, they began also to recollect that they had a country. The English interest, at first by faint and almost insensible degrees, but at last openly and avowedly, became an independent Irish interest." Time had begun to soften some of the asperities between classes and creeds when the Irish Volunteers breathed flaming life into a languid and dejected nation. Burke, the greatest and best man who has ever tried to reconcile Ireland and England by the love he bore for both, praised the "temperance and wisdom" with which England acted in 1783. "She saw that the leading part of the (Irish) nation would not permit them any longer to act the part of a garrison." Grattan almost persuaded the Protestant Ascendancy to throw in their lot, once and for all, with Ireland: "Your ancestors who sat within these walls lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you by the assistance of the people have recovered trade, you still owe this kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it."

The cannon of the Volunteers, bearing the legend "Free Trade or This!" swept away in 1780 the restrictions that had kept down the trade and industry of Ireland for over a century. Tens of thousands of Irish workmen now found employment at home in the Linen, Silk, Wool, Cotton, Glass, Tanning, and other industries. Maritime trade, ship-building, and fisheries flourished, and with them the seafaring population.

without which, for an island nation, political independence must ever be a fatuous pretension. The forlorn and dilapidated towns awoke for a while out of their accustomed torpor. Many land-owners who were seldom at home began to find life in Ireland fuller and more interesting than they had hitherto thought conceivable, and even to rejoice in the contentment and increase of their tenantry. "I am bold to say that there is not a nation on the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture, in manufactures in the same period" said the Chancellor, Fitzgibbon. It has been calculated that 270 members of the Irish House of Lords each spent an average of £6,000 a year, and 300 members of the House of Commons each from £2,000 to £3,000 a year in Dublin. Visitors were astonished at the noble buildings and broad streets of the Irish capital—the second city in the British Empire and the seventh in Europe, though the miseries as well as the splendours—the squalor, the rags and the slums—were obtrusive enough to give point to one traveller's remark: "I am sometimes tempted to think I am at table with a man who gives me burgundy but whose attendant is a bailiff disguised in livery. In a word there never was so splendid a metropolis in so poor a country."

Gladstone, many years later, remarked that, though the political relations between the two countries had been "fundamentally rectified by the formal acknowledgement of Irish nationality" in 1782, the success of Grattan's Parliament "depended wholly on the continuing good intention of the British Cabinet." That good intention was not forthcoming. Names eminent in political history—Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Cavendish, Russell, Fitzwilliam, Grey (the Prime Minister of the Reform Bill, who said in 1800: "I feel as eager to defeat the Union as if I myself were an Irishman")—will be found defending the Irish settlement and opposing in private and public the baleful project of a forced Union, but, unfortunately for Ireland, William Pitt was Prime Minister from 1784 to 1801. Mr. J. L. Hammond in *Gladstone and the Irish Nation* observed that Fox's dictum—"We ought not to presume to legislate for a nation with whose feelings and affections, wants and interests, opinions and prejudices we have no sympathy" was beyond Pitt's grasp. "English ideas were better than Irish, and therefore Englishmen would make better laws for Ireland than any of the Irish would make for themselves. A man who legislates in this spirit may easily do what Pitt did, and answer what looked like a simple question in such a way as to compel his successors to answer not one question but a hundred. England was to spend a century trying to find the answer."

The Duke of Portland, one of Pitt's Lord-Lieutenants, told the Prime Minister that the Irish legislative system "does not bear the smallest resemblance to representation." Three great measures were required before it could do so, and each of these depended upon the "continuing good-will": (1) Catholic Emancipation; (2) Parliamentary Reform; (3) The establishment of a proper relation between the legislative and the executive power. Of the three hundred members who composed the Irish House of Commons, "one hundred and seventy-two were absolutely the nominees either of the English Government or of persons who held the

power of nomination as their private property—in some instances, of English noblemen; in many instances, of absentee proprietors."

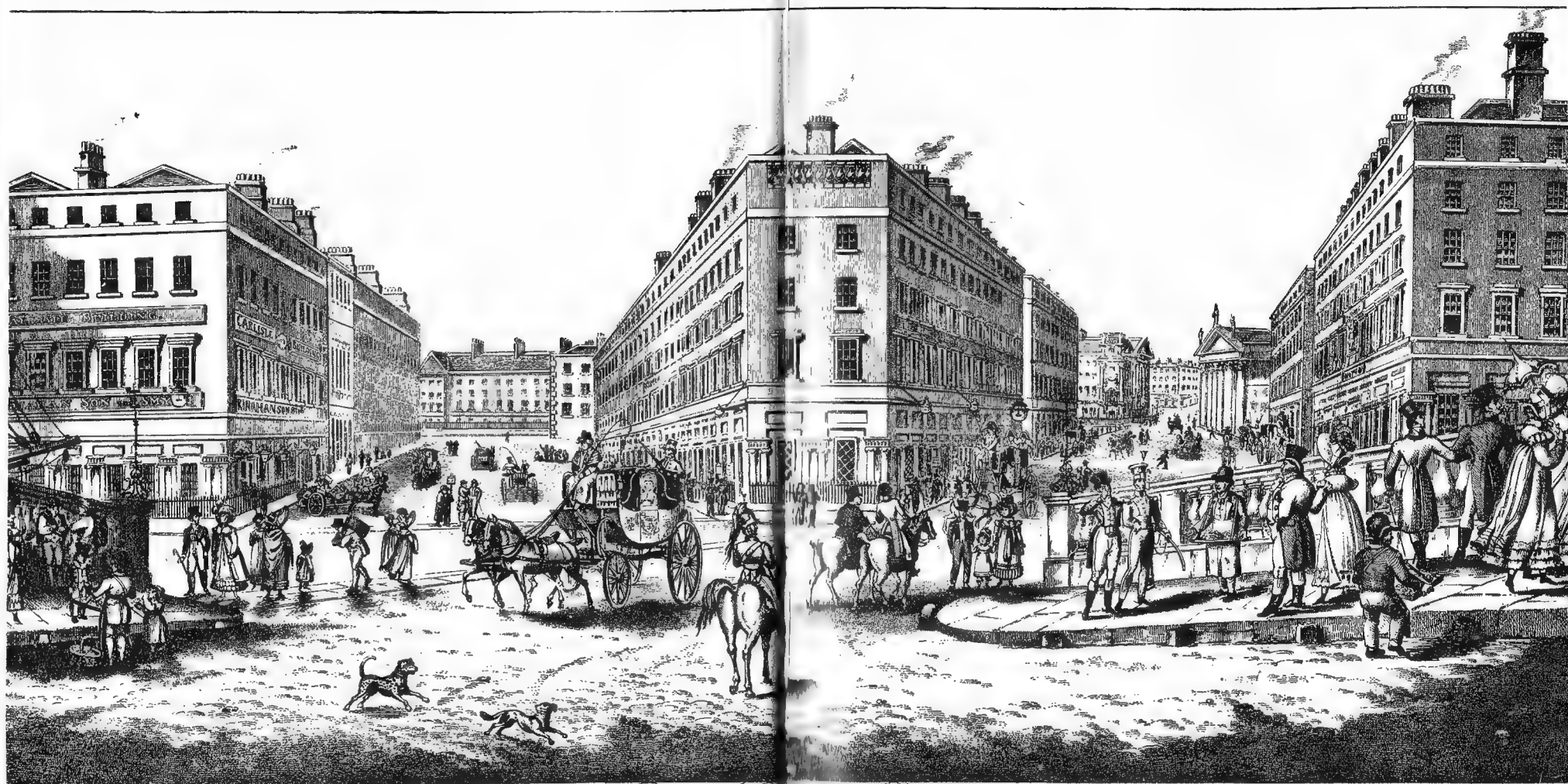
Grattan himself in 1792 saw the glow that suffused the face of Ireland already fading, perceived the cause and the remedy, and felt the chill of national doom:

"The people of this country supposed that England acceded to their liberties, and they were right; but the present Ministry sent the curse after the blessing. Hear the curse. You have got rid of the British Parliament, but we will buy the Irish; you have shaken off our final judicature, but we shall sell yours; you have got your Free Trade, but we will make your own Parliament suffer our monopolists in one quarter of the globe to exclude you, and you shall remain content with the right, destitute of the possession. Your corporate rights shall be attacked, and you shall not stir; the freedom of your press and the personal freedom of the subject shall be outraged and you shall not arraign. . . . You shall see the old enemies of the constitution made rulers of the realm."

This peculiar Parliament, drenched and pestilent with corruption, every legislator, as it were, the auctioneer of his own public virtue, yet had national spirit and dignity, and was capable of defiance. But—gamblers and duellists in everything else—the men of Grattan's Parliament feared to stake their future among a free Irish people. The French Revolution revived suspicions and animosities not long allayed. The instructions given by Barras and Carnot to Hoche in 1796 were to render Ireland "ripe for a revolution on behalf of independence and liberty"—a prospect which did not commend itself to Irish landowners. The events of 'Ninety-Eight heightened the prevailing apprehensions, and Castlereagh played on the political inexperience of Catholic leaders and bishops who believed that George III of England would speedily grant them the justice which George III of Ireland inflexibly refused.

'Ninety-Eight and its outcome delivered Ireland into Pitt's cold hands. The Union was introduced as Lecky says, "before it had been demanded by any section of Irish opinion, carried without a dissolution and by gross corruption, in opposition to the majority of the free constituencies and to the great preponderance of the unbribed intellect of Ireland."

Gustave de Beaumont remarked (*L'Irlande sociale, politique et religieuse*) that "if by union we understand the concord and sympathy of two nations formerly divided, we must confess that this term is quite unsuited to the Act of Union." No common name was found or thought of for the new "united" Kingdom, and two hostile peoples were not reconciled. "The English constitution," de Beaumont continued, "is not a charter which may be granted hastily to a nation in urgent need of a government. It is composed of usages, traditions, habits and a multitude of statutes," which remained peculiar to England. The first measure for the special needs of Ireland introduced in the Union Parliament was a Bill for Martial Law, and this was followed for many years by a long succession of coercive statutes. Lord Lyndhurst, three times



Brocas del.

View from Carlisle Bridge
DUBLIN.

Published July 1st 1820. by J. Le Petit for his Book of Views of IRELAND, at the Chapel St. Dublin & by Wright & Bell Duke Street Bloomsbury London.

DUBLIN 1820

This view of Carlisle Bridge is one of a series of twelve Dublin views of Dublin, etched by Henry Brocas, the son of a well-known Dublin artist, after drawings by his brother Samuel. Carlisle Bridge was rebuilt in 1880 and doubled in width. A bronze statue above the name bears the title, "Carlisle Bridge, built 1794, renamed O'Connell Bridge by the Municipal Council, 1890."

Engr. at Stationers Hall.

H. Brocas

Lord Chancellor, described the Irish people in a famous speech (1836) as "aliens in blood, in language and in religion."

Edmund Burke, "the greatest political philosopher in action that the world has yet known" (Sir James Mackintosh) deplored that "the English Government has farmed out Ireland without the reservation of a peppercorn rent, in power and influence, public or individual, to the little narrow faction that dominates there. Through that alone they see, feel, hear, or understand, anything that relates to that kingdom." The system remained, rather worse than better after the Union—designed, as Fox said sarcastically, to "demonstrate to them by martial law that they enjoy the blessings of a free constitution." A Police Force, in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade mounted and well armed, patrolled all Ireland. Detachments stationed in every village, said the *Parliamentary Gazette*, "carry expresses from station to station, escort prisoners and promulgate government notices." A visitor who witnessed military exercises in Phoenix Park commented: "The flying artillery are very expert and rapid in their movements, and it is thought good policy, no doubt, to exhibit occasionally to the Irish populace how soon the armed force could exterminate a rebellious mob" (T. Coléman, 1824).

The civil administration was incredibly corrupt and inefficient—"almost every office honeycombed with abuses and peculations." "Enormous profits arising from enormous abuses" is the kind of phrase that occurs frequently in Peel's private correspondence. To a nobleman who demands the Collectorship of Belfast for a young friend, Peel pointed out that the gentleman in question being "a ruined gambler," possibly "some office not connected with the public money would be more suited to him." Edward Wakefield noticed (1812) that the Royal Canal was "cut in a wrong direction that it might pass near a great man's estate." The worst phase of Union government ended with the (temporary) suppression of the Orange Order and the Under-Secretaryship of the great Scotsman, Thomas Drummond (1835-40), who staggered humanity by reminding the Tipperary landlords that "Property has its duties as well as its rights." "No man who courted the bullet or the gibbet," said Harriet Martineau, "ever dared more." It was too good to last, and too late to save the country from some great explosion or catastrophe. "Is not this singular? is not this melancholy?" asked Thomas Moore. "That while the progress of time produces a change in all other nations, the destiny of Ireland remains still the same—that here we still find her at the end of so many centuries, struggling, like Ixion, on her wheel of torture" (*Captain Rock*, 1824).

The history of the Irish land question all through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the history of a war—fought on both sides in a savage and sanguinary spirit:

Taiscigrò, a cloca, fé coisilt i scoimeádo críair
An feallaire póla 's an stollaire Dáson liat.

("Squeeze down his bones, O ye stones in your hall of clay
You reeking, gore-sprinkled boar, old Dawson the gray"),

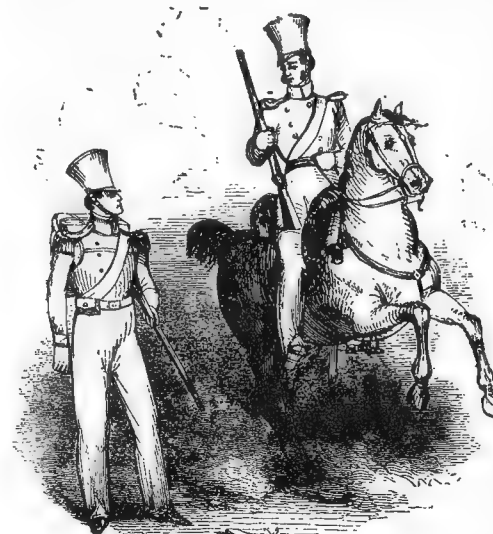
says Seán Clárach MacDomhnaill in his merciless epitaph on Colonel

Dawson of Aherlow. "The hordes of petty rebels that for twenty years under twenty barbarous names and pretences, had harassed the land," writes the Tory jackal, John Wilson Croker, "sank into one great union against all civil and ecclesiastical institutions" (1806). But the Irish land outbreaks, fierce and brutal as they often were, to a detached witness appeared as "the *ultima ratio* of a defensive civil war" (John Stuart Mill). "The Whiteboy Association may be considered as a vast trade union for the protection of the Irish peasantry" (Sir George Cornwallis Lewis). The Irish landowner, good-natured and well-intentioned as he often was, but improvident and irresponsible, became a national outcast, incurring, as the century passed, ever-increasing odium and buckshot. Yet, as Lord Dunraven justly enough remarked: "It was Parliament not the landowners that evicted practically the whole population at the time of the Great Famine, but the landowners bear the blame."

* * * * *

Castlereagh explicitly stated in his *Memoirs* that the Act of Union could not have been carried if the Irish Catholics as a united body had opposed it. The Catholic Bishops were for the Union to a man, none so strongly as Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin. Cornwallis and Castlereagh had assured them, and, perhaps, themselves had believed, that Catholic Emancipation, complete and final, was to be part of the new deal. The Catholic Committee in a more robust and realistic spirit had resolved in 1795 "to resist even our own emancipation if the price were acquiescence in the fatal measure of a union with the sister country." A young barrister named Daniel O'Connell addressed a meeting in the Royal Exchange,

Dublin, in 1800 in the same sense. Whatever hopes the Catholics may have entertained were rudely and swiftly disappointed. Emancipation was wrecked "on a sunken rock"—George III. Anti-Catholic prejudice and intolerance seemed rather to increase than to diminish. The King dismissed Greville from office for proposing to introduce a measure allowing Catholic soldiers the free exercise of their religion—this in the midst of a Great War, when one-third of the British army was composed of Irish Catholics. Sydney Smith, the wisest



IRISH ARMED POLICE ON PATROL.

and wittiest Dean since Swift, ironically assured the public that reports of a hostile landing led by the Pope in person should be discredited. "Our conduct to Ireland during the whole of this war," he declared, "has been that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children."

Protestant statemanship and genius in both countries loathed the Penal Code. Burke and Sheridan, Grattan, Parnell, Fox, Greville, Sydney Smith, Cobbett, Canning (probably), Byron, Shelley (whose descent on Dublin with his sixteen-year-old wife has been compared with the Children's Crusade) longed to see an end of it. But for a full generation after the Union the Catholic question in the inner circle where



EDMUND BURKE.

power resided remained closed. Daniel O'Connell was the man who opened it—O'Connell in his prime, as he appears on page III of this volume, shouting down the truculent Orange attorneys, saving the Bishops from a Government veto in spite of themselves, fighting D'Esterre, shocking respectable people by getting the Limerick friars to ring their bell for Mass in the open air. O'Connell, said Lecky, "had seen public opinion among his co-religionists so faint as scarcely to be perceptible to the rulers. He had made it so terrible that the resolution of Wellington and the ability of Peel quailed before it." The Catholic Association was the model for every national organisation in Ireland in the next hundred years—Repeal, Home Rule, Land League and Sinn Féin. It also had a considerable influence on democratic political organisation outside Ireland.

O'Connell touched the heart of the great non-political Gaelic-speaking population (still nearly half the people), whose language he knew so well but so carelessly ignored:

Súnnair d's láma d's leinte cnáma,
 Verò agairn amárac, agus tá sé i n-am,
 Ó fuair Ó Conaill bua d'ar an námaí,
 Aipeoáir bláit d's verò meas ar crann.

"Guns and bonfires shall we have to-morrow, and it is time, since O'Connell has gained victory over the enemy. Blossoms shall ripen and there shall be fruit on the trees," said Antony Raftery.

This volume traces the development of the United Irishmen from a constitutional into a revolutionary force; the story of 'Ninety-Eight; the enactment of the Union; the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and the agitation for Repeal of the Union (both dominated by the great figure of Daniel O'Connell); the brief but brilliant Young Ireland movement; and the crowning catastrophe of the Famine. The illustrations include Wheatley's impressive picture of the Irish House of Commons in session—the only painting done at the time and in the place depicted; drawings of people and scenes in country and town by contemporary artists; means of transport—cars, coaches, and the first railways; poignant famine scenes from the *Illustrated London News*; proclamations, cartoons and portraits.

The other two volumes in this Series are:

IRELAND FROM THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT (1607-1782), which deals with the period when, for the first time, all Ireland came under the effective rule of the British crown and the modern Ulster problem began.

IRELAND FROM THE GREAT FAMINE TO THE TREATY (1851-1921), brings the series down to a time within living memory.

Chronicle of Events

- 1783 - The Renunciation Act. British Parliament declares that the right of the Irish people to be bound only by Acts of their own Parliament "shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable."
- End of the American War of Independence.
- William Pitt Prime Minister of England (till 1801).
- 1785 - Irish commercial prosperity noted in Parliament.
- 1789 - The French Revolution.
- 1791 - The Society of United Irishmen founded in Belfast. Main object: "To obtain a complete reform of the Legislature founded on the principles of civil, political and religious liberty."
- 1792 - All-Ireland Catholic Convention—"the Back-Lane Parliament."
- 1793 - Revolutionary France isolated in Europe. France at war with England (except in 1802-3) until 1815.
- Catholic Relief Act. Catholics given the franchise in Irish Parliamentary elections, but not permitted to sit in Parliament.
- 1795 - Lord Fitzwilliam Lord Lieutenant. Inaugurates a policy of Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation, and is forthwith recalled.
- The United Irishmen become a secret and revolutionary society.
- The Orange Society founded after the Battle of the Diamond.
- 1796 - French fleet dispersed by wind in Bantry Bay. Projected landing with Wolfe Tone fails.
- 1797 - Martial law in Ulster. Differences between Catholics and Protestants increase.
- 1798 - United Irish leaders arrested in Dublin.
- Military quarters, arrests, burnings, etc., throughout the country.
- The Insurrection (mainly in Wexford).
- Humbert's expedition lands in Killala Bay, moves east, and is surrounded and defeated at Ballinamuck.
- 1799 - Bill for Union with England introduced and defeated in Irish House of Commons. Pitt says it will be introduced every session until passed.
- 1800 - Extinction of the Irish Parliament.

- 1801 - Union Jack of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland hoisted for the first time in Dublin, London, and Edinburgh.
- Insurrection Act passed for Ireland, and Habeas Corpus Act suspended. Many similar measures from year to year.
- 1803 - Robert Emmet's Insurrection.
- 1808 - Grattan's petition for Catholic Relief—one of many such measures—defeated in the British House of Commons.
- 1814 - Irish Catholic Board suppressed.
- 1815 - Battle of Waterloo. Britain the chief world power.
- 1816 - Steam Packet between Ireland and Britain inaugurated.
- 1817 - Consolidation of British and Irish Exchequers.
- 1822 - Canning, Prime Minister, declares the Catholic question to be "hopeless."
- 1823 - Daniel O'Connell founds the Catholic Association.
- 1828 - O'Connell wins the Clare election.
- 1829 - Catholic Emancipation.
- Forty-shilling freeholders disfranchised.
- 1831 - Tithe war at its height (till 1838).
- 1834 - Dublin and Kingstown Railway—the first in Ireland.
- 1834-40 - Whig administration of conciliation and reform in Ireland. Thomas Drummond reminds Tipperary landlords that "property has its duties as well as its rights."
- 1840 - Repeal Association founded.
- 1841 - Municipal Reform Act in operation. First Catholic Corporation of Dublin since Queen Elizabeth elects Daniel O'Connell Lord Mayor.
- 1842 - *The Nation* founded.
- 1843 - "The Repeal Year." O'Connell's monster meetings—the largest public meetings yet held in Europe. Clontarf meeting proclaimed by the Government.
- 1844 - O'Connell and other Repeal leaders imprisoned.
- 1845 - Death of Thomas Davis.
- Failure of the Potato crop.
- The Great Famine. Five years of starvation, pestilence and emigration reduce the population of Ireland by two millions.
- 1847 - The Black Forty Seven.
- Death of O'Connell.
- 1848 - Year of Revolution in Europe.
- Mitchel's *United Irishman*. Attempted insurrection by the Irish Confederation fails.
- Mitchel, Meagher, Smith O'Brien and other leaders arrested and transported.



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON (1737-1832)

Descended from the Irish family of O'Carroll of Ely. Signed the American Declaration of Independence, 1776. When he died in 1832 he was the wealthiest citizen of the United States and the last surviving signer.

CHAPTER I.

Country and People

(1783-1850)

WE have descriptions and histories of the most distant parts of the globe; our travellers favour us with accounts of the habits, manners and political institutions of nearly all the nations that have been called into being; but of Ireland, a country under our own government, we have little that is authentic. We know that it is now a part of the British Empire, that it is restless and rebellious; we are ignorant, however, that only a minority of the people speak our language, although the country is almost within reach of our own vision. Of the reasons for these events we are unacquainted, and seem careless of being informed on the subject. There is, perhaps, a secret delight in protecting the prescriptive prejudices of our forefathers, in cherishing with the same acrimony those national reflections that feed our own consequence.

—EDWARD WAKEFIELD (1812)

* * * * *

PERHAPS the deepest and most effective tendencies of national character are the most difficult to observe, for they are, as it were, diffused in the national atmosphere, and like light and air are not seen.

—SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA.

* * * * *

THOM'S DIRECTORY (1852).

GOVERNMENT.—The Executive Government is vested in the Lord Lieutenant, assisted by a Privy Council, appointed by the Crown and indefinite in number, the Bishop of Meath being always one, *ex-officio*, and by a Chief Secretary, a member of the House of Commons. In the absence or vacancy of the Lord Lieutenant, his place is supplied by Lords Justices, who generally are the Primate or the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chancellor, and the Commander of the Forces. Each county is in charge of a Lieutenant, generally a peer, an indefinite number of Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates, who act gratuitously, and one or more Resident paid Magistrates, all appointed by the Crown, during pleasure. The counties of cities and towns, and the boroughs, are

governed by their own magistrates. The details of the execution of the laws are committed to the Constabulary in the counties, and the Police in Dublin.

REPRESENTATION.—The country is represented in the Imperial Parliament by 4 Spiritual and 28 Temporal Peers and 105 Commons; of which latter class 64 represent the 32 counties, 2 the University, 12 the cities and towns of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Belfast, and Galway; and 27 the boroughs. The number of electors under the Reform was, in 1832, 98,857; on 1st January, 1850, the constituency had diminished to 61,036—27,180 in the counties, and 33,856 in the cities and boroughs.

ECCLIASTICAL DIVISIONS.—The numbers in the principal religious denominations, as ascertained by the Commissioners of Public Instruction in 1834, were:

Roman Catholics	6,427,712
Established Church	852,064
Presbyterians	642,356
Other Dissenters	21,808

* **POPULATION.**—Number of inhabitants of Ireland according to computations made at various times:

1695	..	1,034,102	1821	..	6,801,827
1754	..	2,372,634	1831	..	7,767,401
1792	..	4,088,226	1841	..	8,175,124
1805	..	5,395,456	1851	..	6,515,794

From the preceding tables it will appear that there had been a progressive and uninterrupted increase of population from the earliest period at which any account of it had been taken, until 1841; which in 1851 had been converted into a decrease of no less than 20 per cent., or one-fifth of the number in the former of these years. The decrease has affected every county except that of Dublin, while an increase has occurred in all the large corporate cities and towns. This exception is supposed to be caused by the influx into the towns of the families evicted from their small holdings throughout the country, who take refuge there in quest of the means of shelter and subsistence. The causes operating on the agricultural portion of the population have also paralyzed the exertions of those who procure their subsistence from the sea. The number of vessels engaged in the fisheries

*See the previous volume in this series. The first official Census of Ireland was that of 1821, but the first really reliable Census, when the population throughout the country was reckoned on one day, was that of 1841.

The population of England in 1801 has been estimated at 8,890,000, that of Scotland at 1,608,000. The population of France was then about 27,000,000, the population of the U.S.A. about 5,300,000.

has been reduced, through the casualties of famine and emigration, from 19,883 in 1845 to 14,756 in 1851, and that of fishermen during the same period from 96,000 to 64,600. The decrease of industrial operations and employment of capital, as far as buildings are concerned, is equally visible; the result being, a decrease in inhabited houses of 21 per cent., and of houses in progress of building, 36 per cent., while there is an increase of uninhabited houses of 24 per cent.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND, in a great measure a consequence of the Famine, still continues to increase. The emigration of the United Kingdom during the last three years gives an annual average of 276,349 persons. If



CAR TRAVELLING IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND, 1836.

("Getting Ready, Hearne's Hotel, Clonmel." From an aquatint by Michael A. Hayes.)

this emigration be analyzed, the results as regards Ireland will be much more striking. For, assuming nine-tenths of the emigration from Liverpool to be Irish (which is a low estimate) and even omitting altogether, for want of accurate information, those who proceed from the Clyde, it will appear that the Irish emigration during the last three years has been 601,448, giving an average of 200,482 a year . . . and the emigration from Ireland during the five years before the Census of 1851 being calculated at 900,354.—*Statistics of Ireland* (1852)

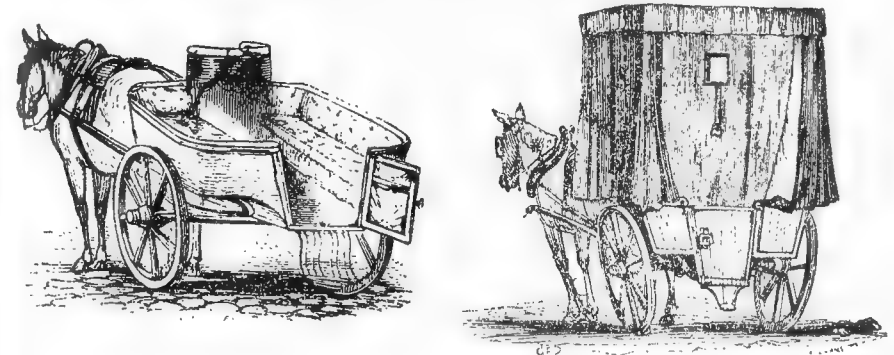
MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL (1841-3)

A VOYAGE to Ireland is, at present, very different from what it was, within our memory, before the application of steam had made its duration a matter of certainty, and enabled the traveller to calculate without reference to wind or tide. "The sailing-packet" was a small trader-schooner, or sloop; the cabin, of very limited extent, was lined with "berths"; a curtain portioned off those that were appropriated to ladies. In the centre was a table—seldom used, the formality of a dinner being a rare event; each passenger having laid in his own supply of "sea store," to which he resorted when hungered or athirst; finding however, very often, when his appetite returned, that his basket had been impoverished by the visits of unscrupulous voyagers who were proof against sea sickness. The steward was almost invariably an awkward boy, whose only recommendation was the activity with which he answered the calls of unhappy sufferers; and the voyage across was a kind of purgatory for the time being, to be endured only in the case of absolute necessity.

It was not alone the miserable paucity of accommodation and utter indifference to the comfort of the passengers, that made the voyage an intolerable evil. Though it usually occupied but three or four days, frequently as many weeks were expended in making it. It was once our lot to pass a month between the ports of Bristol and Cork; putting back, every now and then, to the wretched village of Pill, and not daring to leave it even for an hour, lest the wind should change and the packet weigh anchor. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that comparatively little intercourse existed between the two countries, or that England and Ireland were almost as much strangers to one another as if the channel that divided them had been actually impassable.

Machines for travelling in Ireland are, some of them at least, peculiar to the country. The stage coaches are precisely similar to those in England, and travel at as rapid a rate. They, of course, run upon all the great roads, and are constructed with due regard to safety and convenience. The public cars of M. Bianconi have, however, to a large extent, displaced the regular coaches, and are to be encountered in every district in the south of Ireland. In form they resemble the common outside jaunting-car, but are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons; they are well horsed, and have cautious and experienced drivers, are generally driven with three horses, and usually travel at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour; the fares averaging about twopence per mile. They are open cars; but a huge apron of leather affords considerable protection against rain; and they may be described as, in all respects, very comfortable and convenient vehicles. . . . We shall describe the establishment of this enterprising gentleman when we visit Clonmel—its headquarters. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact, that his stud consists of 1,300 horses—a larger number than her Majesty possesses in Ireland—that his cars travel, daily 3,500 miles, and visit no fewer than 128 cities and towns! . . .

Cars are of three kinds: "the covered car," "the inside jaunting car," and the "outside jaunting car"; the latter being the one most generally in use, and the only one employed in posting. The two former, indeed, can seldom be procured except in large towns. The covered car is a comparatively recent introduction, its sole recommendation being that it is weather-proof, for it effectually prevents a view of the country, except through the two little peep-hole windows in front, or by tying back the



CARS.
(From Hall's Ireland.)

oil-skin curtain behind. . . . The inside jaunting-car is not often to be hired; it is usually private property, and is, perhaps, the most comfortable, as well as elegant, of the vehicles of the country. The outside jaunting-car is that to which especial reference is made when speaking of the "Irish" car. It is exceedingly light, presses very little upon the horse, and is safe as well as convenient; so easy is it to get on and off, that both are frequently done while the machine is in motion. It is always driven with a single horse; the driver occupies a small seat in front, and the travellers sit back to back, the space between them being occupied by "the well"—a sort of boot for luggage.

* * * * *

The entrance to the county of Kerry ("the Kingdom of Kerry," as it was anciently called), from that of Cork, is through a tunnel, of about two hundred yards in length; a very short distance from which there are two others of much more limited extent. . . . As the traveller emerges from comparative darkness, a scene of striking magnificence bursts upon him—very opposite in character to that which he leaves immediately behind; for while his eye retains the rich and cultivated beauty of the wooded and "watered" glen, he is startled by the contrast of barren and frightful precipices, along the brinks of which he is rising, and gazes with a shudder down into the far off valley, where a broad and angry stream is diminished by distance into a mere line of white. Nothing can exceed the wild grandeur of the prospect; it extends miles upon miles; scattered through the vale

and among the hill slopes, are many cottages, white always, and generally slated; while to several of them are attached the picturesque limekilns; so numerous in all parts of the country. . . .

We had scarcely passed the tunnel, and entered the county of Kerry, when we encountered a group that interested us greatly; on inquiry we learned that a wedding had taken place at a cottage pointed out to us, in a little glen among the mountains, and that the husband was bringing home his bride. She was mounted on a white pony, guided by as smart-looking and well dressed a youth as we had seen in the country; his face was absolutely radiant with joy; the parents of the bride and bridegroom followed; and a little girl clung to the dress of a staid and sober matron—whom we at once knew to be the mother of the bride, for her aspect was pensive—almost to sorrow; her daughter was quitting for another home the cottage in which she had been reared—to become a wife. We made a hasty sketch of the party; and a clever artist, Mr. Tumbrell, has rendered to it more than justice.

Postponing, for a while, our descriptive details of the wildest but perhaps most picturesque of the Irish counties, we shall take some note of the games in favour with the peasants of the county. . . . The great game in Kerry, and indeed throughout the South, is the game of "Hurley"—a game rather rare, although not unknown in England. It is a fine manly exercise, with sufficient of danger to produce excitement; and is indeed, par excellence, the game of the peasantry of Ireland. To be an expert hurler, a man must possess athletic powers of no ordinary character; he must have a quick eye, a ready hand, and a strong arm; and he must be a good runner, a skilful wrestler, and withal, patient as well as resolute. . . .

The forms of the game are these: The players, sometimes to the number of fifty or sixty, being chosen for each side, they are arranged (usually bare-foot) in two opposing ranks, with their hurleys crossed, to await the tossing-up of the ball, the wickets or goals being previously fixed at the extremities of the hurling-green, which, from the nature of the play, is required to be a level extensive plain. . . . A person is chosen to throw up the ball, which is done as straight as possible, when the whole party, withdrawing their hurleys, stand with them elevated, to receive and strike it in its descent; now comes the crash of mimic war, hurleys rattle against hurleys—the ball is struck and restruck, often for several minutes, without advancing much nearer to either goal; and when some one is lucky enough to get a clear "puck" at it, it is sent flying over the field. It is now followed by the entire party at their utmost speed; the men grapple, wrestle, and toss each other with amazing agility, neither victor nor vanquished waiting to take breath, but following the course of the rolling and flying prize; the best runners match each other, and keep almost shoulder to shoulder through the play, and the best wrestlers keep as close on them as possible to arrest or impede their progress. The ball must not be taken from the ground by the hand; and the tact and skill shown in taking it on the point of the hurley, and running with it half the length of the field, and when too closely pressed, striking it towards the goal, is a matter of astonishment to those who are but slightly acquainted with the play.

At the goal, is the chief brunt of the battle. The goal-keepers receive the prize, and are opposed by those set over them; the struggle is tremendous—every power of strength and skill is exerted; while the parties from opposite sides of the field run at full speed to support their men engaged in the conflict; then the tossing and straining is at its height; the men often lying in dozens side by side on the grass, while the ball is returned by some strong arm again, flying above their heads, towards the other goal. Thus for hours has the contention been carried on, and frequently the darkness of night arrests the game without giving victory to either side. It is often attended with dangerous, and sometimes with fatal, results.



A KERRY BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
(From Hall's Ireland.)

Matches are made, sometimes between different townlands or parishes, sometimes by barony against barony, and not unfrequently county against county; when the "crack men" from the most distant parts are selected, and the interest excited is proportionately great. About half a century ago, there was a great match played in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, between the Munster men and the men of Leinster. It was got up by the then Lord Lieutenant and other sporting noblemen, and was attended by all the



This drawing by William Brunton (d. 1878), a Dublin artist who worked as an engraver in Fleet Street, Dublin, about a century ago, shows Irish people in a country shop on Christmas Day. The illustration is published by kind permission of Comann Béaloideas Éireann (The Irish Folklore Commission), owners of the original drawing.



nobility and gentry belonging to the Vice-Regal Court, and the beauty and fashion of the Irish capital and its vicinity. The victory was contended for, a long time, with varied success; and at last it was decided in favour of the Munstermen, by one of that party, running with the ball on the point of his hurley, and striking it through the open windows of the Vice-Regal carriage, and by that manoeuvre baffling the vigilance of the Leinster goalsmen, and driving it in triumph through the goal. This man is still living; his name is Mat. Healy, and he has been many years a resident in London.

* * * * *

The peculiarities of the old Irish gentry are all but extinct; the originals of the past century bear but a very remote resemblance to their successors—the follies and vices—the drinking, duelling, and “roistering,” in former times considered so essentially “Irish,” belong exclusively to the ancestors of the present race. Such anecdotes as that told, upon good authority, of the father of Toler—afterwards Lord Norbury—who provided for his son by giving him, at his outset in the world, “a hundred guineas and a pair of duelling-pistols,” no more illustrate the Ireland of to-day, than the Smithfield fires do justice of England. The habits once fashionable are no longer tolerated; and the boasts and glories of a past age are scorned and execrated in this. It was, indeed, always acknowledged, that although the “Irish gentleman” was often an object of suspicion, the “gentleman from Ireland” was ever an example of courtesy, good breeding, honour, and intelligence.

In higher society, therefore, little of distinctive character will be perceived, except in that ease and cheerfulness of manner which make a stranger feel instantly “at home,” and the peculiar *tone* of the Irish voice. We do not mean that the better educated have what is understood by “the brogue”; but there is an intonation that belongs to Ireland which is never lost, and cannot be disguised.

The society of the middle class, or rather of the grade above it—the members of the learned professions, and persons on a par with them—is unquestionably agreeable and invigorating in the provinces, and equally so, but more instructive and refined, in the capital and the larger towns. It is everywhere frank and cordial, tempered by playful good-humour and a keen relish for conversation; and is always distinguished by the cheerfulness that borders upon mirth and the harmony produced by a universal aptitude for enjoyment.

The women of Ireland—from the highest to the lowest, represent the national character better than the other sex. In the men, very often, energy degenerates into fierceness, generosity into extravagance, reckless social habits into dissipation, courage into profitless daring, confiding faith into slavish dependence, honour into captiousness, and religion into bigotry; for in no country of the world is the path so narrow which marks the boundary between virtue and vice. But the Irish women have—taken in the mass—the lights without the shadows, the good without the bad—to use a familiar expression “the wheat without the chaff.” Most faith-

ful; most devoted; most pure. . . They have been rightly described as holding an intermediate space between the French and the English; mingling the vivacity of one with the stability of the other; with hearts more naturally toned than either; never sacrificing delicacy, but entirely free from embarrassing reserve.

In Ireland, as yet, the aristocracy of wealth has made little way; and to be of “good family” is a surer introduction to society, than to be of large fortune. The prejudice in favour of “birth” is, indeed, almost universal, and pervades all ranks. Consequently, classes are to the last degree exclusive; and their divisions are as distinctly marked and recognised as are those determined by the etiquette of a court. Hence arises that perpetual straining after a higher station, to which many worthy families have been sacrificed: persons in business rarely persevere until they have amassed fortunes, but retire as early as possible after they have acquired competence; and the sub-divisions which their properties necessarily undergo, when junior branches are to be provided for, create a numerous class—almost peculiar to Ireland—of young men possessing the means of barely living without labour; disdaining the notion of “turning to trade,” unable to acquire professions and ill-suited to adorn them if obtained; content to drag on existence in a state of miserable and degrading dependence, doing nothing—literally “too proud to work, but not ashamed to beg.”

This feeling operates upon the various grades of society; and the number of “idlers” in the busy world is fearfully large; from the “walking gentleman” of the upper ranks, to the “half-sir” of the middle, and the “jackeen” of the class a little above the lower; the walking gentleman being always elegantly attired, of course always unemployed, with ample leisure for the studies which originate depravity; the “half-sir” being, generally, a young brother, with little or no income of his own, and so educated as to be deprived, utterly, of the energy and self-dependence which creates usefulness; the “Masther Tom,” who broke the dogs, shot the crows, first backed the vicious horse, and, followed by a half-pointer, half-lurcher, poached, secretly, upon his elder brother’s land, but more openly upon the lands of his neighbours; the “jackeen” being a production found everywhere, but most abundantly in large towns. Happily, however, the class is not upon the increase.

Samuel Carter Hall (1800-89), and Anna Maria Hall (1800-81), published an elaborate description of Ireland and its people in twenty-seven monthly parts (1843-4), with many interesting illustrations—some of which have been reproduced in this volume—by contemporary artists. As a picture of social life just before the Great Famine their work has historical value, though it cannot be said that the Halls showed deep perception or really intimate knowledge of the people they attempted to describe. Samuel claimed in his *Reminiscences* that between 1839 and 1844 he “posted on the common car—the time-honoured but nearly obsolete jaunting-car—6,000 miles, according to a pretty accurate calculation made at the time.”

cill-doráin.

Anois teacht an earráig, beir an lá dul cun sínead
 A's tar éis na féil' b'righe árdócad mo seól
 Ó cuir mé in mo céann é, ní stopparó mé coróce
 So seasparó mé tíos i lár Connrae Muirgeó.

I gclár Cloinne Muiris a béas mé an céad oróce,
 'S i m'balla taob' tíos 'de tosócas mé as ól,
 So Coillte-mac racad, so n'óanad cuairt miosa ann,
 I b'ogus dá míle so beal-an-áta-íhóir.

Ó págam le n-uadacta so n-éirigeann mo éoróe-se
 Mar éirigeas an gaot, nó mar scaipeas an ceó,
 Nuair a smuainigim ar Céarra a's ar Gaillín taob' tíos 'de
 Ar Sceatác-a'-Míle nó ar Plántaí Muirgeó.

Cill-doráin an baile a b'ásann gac n'ó ann,
 Tá sméara 's súg-craob' ann 's meas ar gac sórt,
 'S dá mbéinn-se mo seasam i gceart lár mo daoine
 O'imteocad an aois díom agus béinn arís ós.
 ANTOINE Ó REACTABRA.

KILLEADEN

Now, with the coming of the spring, the days will stretch a bit;
 And after the Feast of Brigid I shall hoist my flag and go:
 For, since the thought got into my head, I can neither stand nor sit
 Until I find myself in the middle of the County of Mayo.

In Claremorris I should stop a night to sleep with decent men;
 And then I'd go to Balla, just beyond, and drink galore;
 And next I'd stay in Kiltimagh for about a month; and then
 I should only be a couple of miles away from Ballymore!

I say and swear that my heart lifts up like the lifting of a tide;
 Rising up like the rising wind till fog or mist must go,
 When I remember Carra, and Gallen close beside,
 And the Gap of the Two Bushes, and the wide plains of Mayo.

To Killeaden then, to the place where everything grows that is best;
 There are raspberries there, and strawberries there, and all that is good
 for men;

And were I only there, among my folk my heart would rest,
 For age itself would leave me there, and I'd be young again.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES STEPHENS.



TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN (1670-1738).

O'Carolan, Gaelic poet and musician, became blind in his fifteenth year, after an attack of small-pox. His skill on the harp won praise and reward from "old" Irish and "new." The above portrait, now in the National Gallery of Ireland, is said to have been painted by a Dutch artist, Johann Vant der Hagen, at the request of the Protestant Dean of Limerick, Rev. Charles Massey.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD (1812)

IN the southern part of Ireland there are some considerable towns which have an influence on the manners and customs of the people in the surrounding districts. There are theatres in the cities of Cork and Waterford. In the former is a philosophical society, and both have many charitable institutions, which do honour to their founders. . . .

The Irish language is so much spoken by the common people in the city of Cork and its neighbourhood, that an Englishman is apt to forget where he is and to consider himself in a foreign city. There are many circumstances also which tend to excite the same idea. Cork never having been the seat of government, its inhabitants have not acquired that urbanity and polished behaviour which are communicated by the vicinity of a court, and which are extended, in some degree, to every rank in society. This great city has entirely arisen from commerce and manufactures. These pursuits are the great sinews of the state, and merit encouragement and support; but they communicate to the manners, habits, and ideas of the people, a peculiar cast, which is perceptible even by those who do not possess very acute powers of discrimination.

In Tipperary, Limerick and the Queen's County, the Irish language is very common. The men are strong-limbed, and seem to be more active than those in Cork. Hurling is a prevailing amusement. Children as soon as they are able to follow each other, run about in bands of a dozen or more, with balls and huris, eagerly contending for victory. They sometimes issue in such numbers from the miserable mud cabins which are scattered throughout the fertile districts of this rich country, as must excite astonishment in those who are acquainted with the poverty of the inhabitants. Hurling is a game which cannot be played in mountainous districts; and I think that the vigour and activity of the peasantry in the south, are in a great measure to be ascribed to their attachment to this play, which by the exercise it affords, strengthens the whole frame and contributes to health.

In Tipperary the peasantry wear clothes of different colours; but on crossing the Suir, I observed that the men, as well as the women, were all dressed in blue. Entering the county of Waterford, near Lismore, and leaving the Blackwater, I crossed, on my way to Kilmacthomas, a district which appeared to be almost uncultivated, and nearly without inhabitants. . .

The manners and habits of the people in Wicklow exhibit some traces of luxury and refinement. At a pattern at Glendalough, many of the women wore silk stockings, some of which were black. Several had black silk petticoats and felt hats. Those who could not afford silk stockings wore cotton ones with open shewy clocks. Music and dancing are very common; the fiddle may be heard in various directions as a traveller passes along. The Irish seem at all times to have been fond of music.

The amusements of the native Irish, and of the mixed race of half Irish and half Scotch, consist in a game called in the North of Ireland *camman* or *shinne*, in the south *hurling*, and in England *hocky*; this play requires



Map of Ireland in 1798.
From the "Report of the Committee of Secrecy" on the Rebellion set up by the
Irish House of Commons (1798)

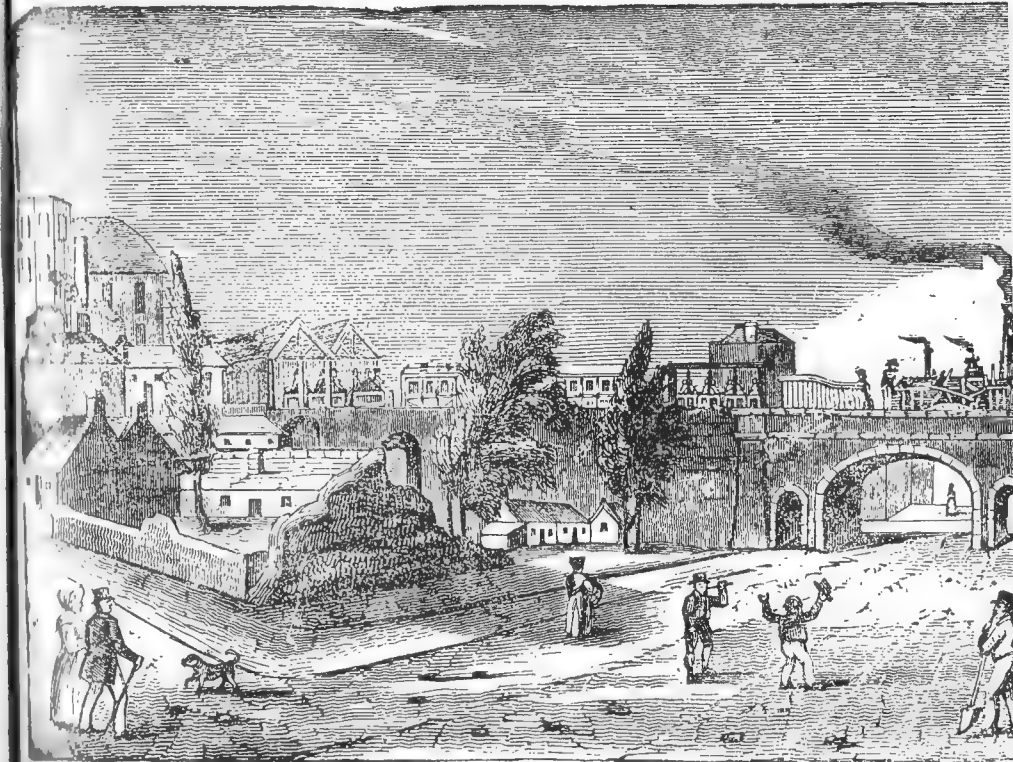
not only dexterity but great muscular exertion. It is a common pastime at fairs, weddings, christenings, and even at funerals, when it is customary for large numbers to assemble; and where those scenes of tumult, of riot and fighting occur, which may be expected among a rude people addicted to the use of spirituous liquors. They are fond of showing their dexterity at cudgels, their agility in leaping, and their strength and vigour in throwing the shoulder-stone; a strong propensity to indulge in coarse jests, ribaldry, and noisy mirth is common to them beyond any other class of people in the country. They delight in dancing, music, singing, and listening to old romantic stories, which some still continue to relate. Many of the lowest and most ignorant poor who can neither read nor write play at cards, but this confined to the men; and although they cannot speak English, they have acquired the English names of the cards, which shows that they adopted this taste from the English settlers.

In former times, the favourite amusement was listening to the melodious strains of the harp, and the songs of the harpers, composed in honour of departed heroes, whose genealogies they recounted; but this practice has now almost ceased. An attempt to revive it has been made by the dissenters of Belfast in the establishment of a school for teaching that instrument. It is a curious circumstance, and worthy of particular remark, that while this institution is supported by the middle classes, it is almost discountenanced by the rich.

The women in weaving districts are much accustomed to visiting each other, and these visits are called *keating*. A young female with her spinning-wheel on her head travels a considerable distance, to the house of an acquaintance, where others are assembled, who spin, sing, and converse during the whole evening; after which they cheerfully return to their own homes, without participating in any refreshment excepting potatoes and milk.

Kilkenny, Carlow, and the western side of the Barrow, south of the Queen's County, abound with country squires, of a character peculiar to Ireland. They are distinguished by a taste for fox-hunting, cock-fighting, horse-racing, gambling, and extravagant amusement, in the pursuit of which they spend more than their incomes: they are ignorant and conceited; and having never devoted any of their time to the acquisition of knowledge, are fit to associate only with persons like themselves. Some of the principal gentry are Roman Catholics; many were once so, but have renounced their creed, and are called by the poorer orders, "kiln-dried Protestants"; a term which is applied also to those born of Catholic parents. The Catholics consider them all partisans, and I am inclined to think that they are so in their hearts.

The poor are much neglected by the richer classes in this district; and I have been informed of many, and have seen some glaring instances of the tyranny and oppression to which they are subjected: I shall mention one. In the month of June, 1809, at the races of Carlow, I saw a poor man's cheek laid open by a stroke of a whip. He was standing in the midst of a crowd, near the winning post: the inhuman wretch who inflicted the wound, was a gentleman of some rank in the county, but his name for many reasons,



TRAIN OF CARRIAGES QUITTING THE STATION HOUSE AT WESTLAND ROW.

THE FIRST RAILWAY TRAIN IN IRELAND, 1834.

I shall not mention. The unhappy sufferer was standing in his way, and without requesting him to move, he struck him with less ceremony than an English country squire would a dog. But what astonished me even more than the deed, and which shews the difference between English and Irish feeling, was, that not a murmur was heard, nor hand raised in disapprobation; but the surrounding spectators, dispersed, running different ways, like slaves terrified at the rod of their despot.

I observed to a gentleman with whom I was in company, how different a feeling would have actuated the populace in England. There, no man who lifts his hand unjustly is sheltered by his rank. The bystanders are always ready to espouse the cause of the injured, and would themselves inflict summary punishment even on a nobleman who should violate the laws of his country by such an aggression. "What?" replied my friend, "would a man the e dare to strike his superior?"—Yes, "and on his own estate, and in the midst of his tenantry." Well, but twenty magistrates of the county of Carlow are present. Will they not interpose and redress

this man? "Oh! no, they will get into no quarrel with ——." The conversation dropped, and I never felt so proud of being an Englishman; the subject of a country where no man's property precludes him from finding an advocate. . . .

To those who have never been in a Catholic country, the assembling of the Wexford and Wicklow peasantry on a Sunday afternoon to amuse themselves with dancing and other recreations, will appear extraordinary. They dress in their gayest attire; and cheerfulness and good humour are in their looks; on such occasions care is cast aside, and those who delight to see others happy will be highly gratified in travelling through these counties.

The Wexford peasants have a custom when at meals, to sit with their doors open, which is an invitation to those passing to enter and partake of their homely fare. So innate is their hospitality, that the stranger is always welcome, and I know no trait in the Irish character which is more generally displayed. This benevolent disposition pervades all ranks, in some it is not repressed even by wretchedness and poverty, which are calculated to destroy the generous feelings of the breast.

In some parts of Wexford the people are not inclined to enter into the army. In the barony of Forth no one has enlisted during the last eighty-seven years. Many, however, are sailors, and there is scarcely a family that has not one of its members absent at sea. In this barony the women are handsome, and attend to domestic cleanliness. On Saturday they carry their tables, chairs, and other furniture, to the nearest ditch or pond, where they are scoured and washed. It is much to be wished that this example were generally followed.

The peasantry in this county appear better than I ever saw in the south. They are not half naked as in other parts, and all wear stockings and shoes. The women are commonly dressed in long blue cloaks, with straw bonnets, and sometimes with black worsted stockings. Mantua-makers are employed, and some purchase muslins. According to every account which I could procure, the superior condition of the people in this district arises from the land not being so much divided as in other parts of Ireland. . . .

Dublin, like other great cities, exhibits a varied picture of extravagance and misery, riches and poverty, virtue and vice. It is the seat of government and the residence of the King's representative, who lives in great splendour and gives the tone to those around him. . . .

An Account of Ireland, Statistical and Political, 2 vols. (1812).

Edward Wakefield (1774-1854) an authority on agriculture, undertook the Irish tour, which produced two massive volumes, at the suggestion of John Foster, Lord Oriel, last Speaker of the Irish Parliament. Wakefield agreed with Arthur Young that a work on Ireland needed "a combination of agricultural and political knowledge." Though his knowledge of the people was obviously very imperfect, he was honest and painstaking, and his dislike of cruelty and injustice comes out in such passages as the incident at Carlow races, which made him "so proud of being an Englishman."



A continental artist's impression of Ireland, from a book published by Thomas Carew a native of Tipperary, in Vienna, 1651. The inscription reads, "Providence has given to Ireland an undulating, diversified, land, in which all good things are joined together."

WILLIAM CARLETON (1794-1864)

MY father was a very humble man, but in consequence of his unaffected piety and stainless integrity of principle, he was held in high esteem by all who knew him, no matter what their rank in life might be. When the state of education in Ireland during his youth and that of my mother is considered, it will not be a matter of surprise that what they did receive was very limited. It would be difficult, however, if not impossible to find two persons in their lowly station so highly and singularly gifted. My father possessed a memory not merely great or surprising, but absolutely astonishing. He could repeat nearly the whole of the Old and New Testament by heart, and was, besides, a living index to almost every chapter and verse you might wish to find in it. In all other respects, too, his memory was equally amazing. My native place is a spot rife with old legends, tales, traditions, customs, and superstitions; so that in my early youth, even beyond the walls of my own humble roof, they met me in every direction. It was at home, however, and from my father's lips in particular, that they were perpetually sounding in my ears. In fact his memory was a perfect storehouse, and a rich one, of all that the social antiquary, the man of letters, the poet, or the musician, would consider valuable. As a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes he was unrivalled, and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. With all kinds of charms, old ranns, or poems, old prophecies, religious superstitions, tales of pilgrims, miracles, and pilgrimages, anecdotes of blessed priests and friars, revelations from ghosts and fairies, was he thoroughly acquainted. And so strongly were all these impressed upon my mind, by frequent repetition on his part, and the indescribable delight they gave me on mine, that I hardly ever since heard, during a tolerably enlarged intercourse with Irish society, both educated and uneducated—with the antiquary, the scholar, or the humble senachie—any single tradition, usage, or legend that, as far as I can at present recollect, was perfectly new to me or unheard before, in some similar or cognate dress. This is certainly saying much; but I believe I may assert with confidence, that I could produce, in attestation of its truth, the names of Petrie, Sir W. Betham, Ferguson, and O'Donovan, the most distinguished antiquaries, both of social usages and otherwise, that ever Ireland produced. What rendered this besides of such peculiar advantage to me in after life, as a literary man, was, that I had heard them as often in the Irish language as in the English, if not oftener: a circumstance which enabled me in my writings to transfer the genius, the idiomatic peculiarity and conversational spirit of the one language into the other, precisely as the people themselves do in their dialogue, whenever the heart or imagination happens to be moved by the darker or better passions.

Having thus stated faithfully, without adding or diminishing, a portion, and a portion only, of what I owe to one parent, I cannot overlook the debt of gratitude which is due to the memory of the other.

My mother, whose name was Kelly—Mary Kelly—possessed the

sweetest and most exquisite of human voices. In her early life, I have often been told by those who had heard her sing, that any previous intimation of her presence at a wake, dance or other festive occasion, was sure to attract crowds of persons, many from a distance of several miles, in order to hear from her lips the touching old airs of their country. No sooner was it known that she would attend any such meeting, than the fact spread through the neighbourhood like wild-fire, and the people flocked



HURLERS.
(From Hall's Ireland.)

from all parts to hear her, just as the fashionable world do now, when the name of some eminent songstress is announced in the papers; with this difference, that upon such occasions the voice of the one falls only upon the ear, whilst that of the other sinks deeply into the heart. She was not so well acquainted with the English tongue as my father, although she spoke it with sufficient ease for all the purposes of life; and for this reason, among others, she generally gave the old Irish version of the songs in question, rather than the English ones. This, however, as I said, was not her sole motive. In the first place, she had several old songs, which at that time—I believe, too, I may add at this—had never been translated; and I very much fear that some valuable ones, both as to words and airs, have perished with her. Her family were all imbued with a poetical spirit, and some of her immediate ancestors composed in the Irish tongue, several fine old songs, in the same manner as Carolan did; that is, some in praise of a patron or a friend, and others to celebrate rustic beauties, that have long since been sleeping in the dust. For this reason she had many old compositions that were almost peculiar to our family, which I am afraid could not now be procured at all, and are consequently lost. I think her uncle, and I believe her grandfather, were the authors of several Irish poems and songs, because I know that some of them she *sang*, and others she only *recited*.

Independently of this, she had a prejudice against singing the Irish airs to English words; an old custom of the country was thereby invaded, and an association disturbed which habit had rendered dear to her. I remember on one occasion, when she was asked to sing the English version of that touching melody "The Red-haired Man's Wife," she replied, "I will sing it for you; but the English words and the air are like a quarrelling man and wife: *the Irish melts into the tune, but the English doesn't*"—

an expression scarcely less remarkable for its beauty than its truth. She spoke the words in Irish.

This gift of singing with such sweetness and power the old sacred songs and airs of Ireland, was not the only one for which she was remarkable. Perhaps there never lived a human being capable of giving the Irish cry, or Keene, with such exquisite effect, or of pouring into its wild notes, a spirit of such irresistible pathos and sorrow. I have often been present when she has "raised the keene" over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy, when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished, from admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own—wailing in sorrowful but solitary beauty. . . .

I am the youngest, I believe, of fourteen children, and of course could never have heard her until age and the struggle of life had robbed her voice of its sweetness. I heard enough, however, from her blessed lips, to set my heart to an almost painful perception of that spirit which steeped these fine old songs in a tenderness which no other music possesses. Many a time, of a winter night, when seated at her spinning-wheel, singing the *Trougha*, or *Shuil agra*, or some other old "song of sorrow," have I, then little more than a child, gone over to her, and with a broken voice and eyes charged with tears, whispered "Mother dear, don't sing that song, it makes me sorrowful"; she then usually stopped, and sung some one which I liked better because it affected me less. At this day I am in possession of Irish airs, which none of our best antiquaries in Irish music have heard, except through me, and of which neither they nor I myself know their names.

Such, gentle reader, were my humble parents, under whose untaught, but natural genius, setting all other advantages aside, it is not to be wondered at that my heart should have been so completely moulded into that spirit and those feelings which characterize my country and her children.

These, however, were my domestic advantages; but I now come to others, which arose from my position in life as the son of a man who was one of the people. My father, at the farthest point to which my memory goes back, lived in a townland called Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone; and I only remember living there in a cottage. From that the family removed to a place called Tonagh, or, more familiarly, Towny, about an English mile from Prillisk. It was here I first went to school to a Connaught-man named Pat Frayne, who, however, remained there only for a very short period in the neighbourhood. Such was the neglected state of education at that time, that for a year or two afterwards there was no school sufficiently near to which I could be sent. At length it was ascertained that a master, another Connaught-man by the way, named O'Beirne, had opened a school—a hedge-school, of course—at Findramore. To this I was sent, along with my brother John, the youngest of the family next to myself. I continued with him for about a year and a half, when who should return to our neighbourhood but Pat Frayne, the redoubtable prototype of Mat Kavanagh in "the Hedge School." O'Beirne,

it is true, was an excellent specimen of the hedge-schoolmaster, but nothing at all to be compared to Frayne. About the period I write of, there was no other description of school to which any one could be sent, and the consequence was, that rich and poor (I speak of the peasantry), Protestant and Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist, boys and girls, were all congregated under the same roof, to the amount of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty, or two hundred.

This piece of autobiography is a valuable cross-section of Irish social life in the early nineteenth century—"before," as Carleton says, "I left the dark mountains and green vales of my native Tyrone." In Tyrone, the heart of the great Ulster plantation, Gaelic as well as English was still widely used, and the different creeds, parties and loyalties of Ireland were all strongly represented. Carleton was forced to write, as W. B. Yeats said, for "a class who wished to laugh a great deal, and did not mind weeping a little, provided he allowed them always to keep their sense of superiority." Nevertheless it is true that he was "a great Irish historian. The history of a nation is not in parliaments and battlefields, but in what the people say to each other on fair days and high days, and in how they farm and quarrel, and go on pilgrimage. These things has Carleton recorded."

* * * * *



AN IRISH PIPER

By Sir Frederick Burton, P.R.A.



AN IRISH COUNTRYWOMAN

By Sir Frederick Burton, P.R.A.

MARIA EDGEWORTH (1809)

"WHO are they?—these Clonbronzies, that one hears of so much of late?" asked her Grace of Torcaster. "Irish absentees, I know. But how do they support all this enormous expense?"

"The son *will* have a prodigiously fine estate when some Mr. Quin dies," said Mrs. Dareville.

"Yes, everybody who comes from Ireland *will* have a fine estate when somebody dies," said her Grace, "But what have they at present?"

"Twenty thousand a year, they say," replied Mrs. Dareville.

"Ten thousand, I believe," cried Lady Langdale.

"Ten thousand, have they?—possibly," said her Grace, "I know nothing about them—have no acquaintance among the Irish. Torcaster knows something of Lady Clonbrony; she has fastened herself by some means upon him; but I charge him not to commit me. Positively, I could not for anybody, and much less for that sort of person, extend the circle of my acquaintance."

"Now that is so cruel of your Grace," said Mrs. Dareville, laughing, "when poor Lady Clonbrony works so hard and pays so high to get into certain circles."

"If you knew all she endures, to look, speak, move, breathe, like an Englishwoman, you would pity her," said Lady Langdale.

"Yes, and you *cawnt* conceive the *peens* she *teeke*s to talk of the *teebles* and *cheers*, and to thank Q and with so much *teeste* to speak pure English," said Mrs. Dareville.

"Pure cockney, you mean," said Lady Langdale.

"But does Lady Clonbrony expect to pass for English?" said the Duchess.

"Oh, yes, because she is not quite Irish *bred and born*—bred, not born," said Mrs. Dareville. "And she could not be five minutes in your Grace's company, before she would tell you that she was Henglish, born in Hoxfordshire."

"She must be a vastly amusing personage—I should like to meet her if one could see and hear her incog.," said the Duchess. "And Lord Clonbrony, what is he?"

"Nothing, nobody," said Mrs. Dareville: "one never even hears of him."

"A tribe of daughters, too, I suppose?"

"No, no," said Lady Langdale; "daughters would be past all endurance. . . ."

In Lady Clonbrony's address there was a mixture of constraint, affectation, and indecision, unusual in a person of her birth, rank, and knowledge of the world. A natural and unnatural manner seemed struggling in all her gestures, and in every syllable that she articulated—a naturally free, familiar, good-natured precipitate, Irish manner, had been schooled, and schooled late in life, into a sober, cold, stiff deportment, which she mistook for English. A strong Hibernian accent she had, with infinite difficulty, changed into an English tone. Mistaking reverse of wrong for right, she caricatured the English pronunciation; and the extraordinary precision of her London phraseology betrayed her not to be a Londoner, as the man who strove to pass for an Athenian was detected by his Attic dialect. Not aware of her real danger, Lady Clonbrony was, on the opposite side, in continual apprehension every time she opened her lips, lest some treacherous *a* or *e*, some strong *r*, some puzzling aspirate or non-aspirate, some unguarded note, interrogative, or expostulatory, should betray her to be an Irishwoman. Mrs. Dareville had, in her mimicry, perhaps a little exaggerated as to the *teebles* and *cheers*, but still the general likeness of the representation of Lady Clonbrony was strong enough to strike and vex her son.

He had now, for the first time, an opportunity of judging of the estimation in which his mother and family were held by certain leaders of the *ton*, of whom, in her letters, she had spoken so much, and into whose society, or rather into whose parties, she had been admitted. He saw that the renegade cowardice with which she denied, abjured, and reviled her own country, gained nothing but ridicule and contempt. He loved his mother; and, whilst he endeavoured to conceal her faults and foibles as much as possible from his own heart, he could not endure those who dragged them to light and ridicule. The next morning, the first thing that occurred

to Lord Colambre's remembrance, when he awoke, was the sound of the contemptuous emphasis which had been laid on the words IRISH ABSENTEES!—This led to recollections of his native country, to comparisons of past and present scenes, to future plans of life.

Young and careless as he seemed, Lord Colambre was capable of serious reflection. Of naturally quick and strong capacity, ardent affections, impetuous temper, the early years of his childhood passed at his father's castle in Ireland, where, from the lowest servant to the well-dressed dependent of the family, everybody had conspired to wait upon, to fondle, to flatter, to worship this darling of their lord. Yet he was not spoiled—not rendered selfish; for in the midst of this flattery and servility, some strokes of genuine generous affection had gone home to his little heart: and though unqualified submission had increased the natural impetuosity of his temper, and though visions of his future grandeur had touched his infant thought, yet, fortunately, before he acquired any fixed habits of insolence or tyranny, he was carried far away from all that were bound or willing to submit to his commands, far away from all signs of hereditary grandeur—plunged into one of our great public schools—into a new world. Forced to struggle, mind and body, with his equals, his rivals, the little lord became a spirited school-boy, and in time, a man. . . . He had found, from experience, that, however reserved the English may be in manner, they are warm at heart; that, however averse they may be from forming new acquaintance, their esteem and confidence once gained, they make the most solid friends. He had formed friendships in England; he was fully sensible of the superior comforts, refinement and information, of English society; but his own country was endeared to him by early association, and a sense of duty and patriotism attached him to Ireland. "And shall I too be an absentee?" was a question which resulted from these reflections—a question which he was not yet prepared to answer decidedly. —*The Absentee*.

"The unhappy tenants," said FitzGibbon (Lord Clare) in 1787, "are ground to powder by relentless landlords." The worst of landlords, nationally and socially, were the absentees. Maria Edgeworth shows a young Irish nobleman awakening to his responsibilities, and using for good his vast power over the lives and fortunes of his tenantry. Her criticism of Irish people who affect English manners and accents with distressing results applies with equal force to later times.

* * * * *

CHARLES LEVER (1842)

AMID a shower of smart, caustic, and witty sayings, droll stories, retort and repartee, the wine circulated freely from hand to hand—the presence of the duke adding fresh impulse to the sallies of fun and merriment around him. Anecdotes of the army, the bench, and the bar poured in unceasingly, accompanied by running commentaries of the hearers, who never let slip an opportunity for a jest or a rejoinder. To me the most singular feature of all this was that no one seemed too old or too dignified, too high in station or too venerable from office, to join

in the headlong current of conviviality; austere churchmen, erudite chief-justices, profound politicians, privy councillors, military officers of high rank and standing, were here all mixed up together into one strange medley, apparently bent on throwing an air of ridicule over the graver business of life, and laughing alike at themselves and the world. Nothing was too grave for a jest, nothing too solemn for a sarcasm. All the soldier's experience of men and manners, all the lawyer's acuteness of perception and readiness of wit, all the politician's practised tact and habitual subtlety, were brought to bear upon the common topics of the day with such promptitude and such power that one knew not whether to be more struck by the mass of information they possessed, or by that strange fatality which could make men, so great and so gifted, satisfied to jest where they might be called on to judge.

Play and politics, wine and women, debts and duels, were discussed not only with an absence of all restraint, but with a deep knowledge of the world and a profound insight into the heart, which often imparted to the careless and random speech the sharpness of the most cutting sarcasm. Personalities too were rife; no one spared his neighbour, for he did not expect mercy for himself; and the luckless wight who tripped in his narrative or stumbled in his story was assailed on every side, until some happy expedient of his own, or some new victim being discovered, the attack would take another direction, and leave him once more at liberty. I feel how sadly inadequate I am to render even the faintest testimony to the talents of those, any one of whom in after life would have been considered to have made the fortune of a dinner-party, and who were now met together, not in the careless ease and lounging indifference of relaxa-



NELSON PILLAR, DUBLIN (1812).

tion, but in the open arena where wit met wit, and where even the most brilliant talker, the happiest relator, the quickest in sarcasm, and the readiest in reply felt he had need of all his weapons to defend and protect him. This was no war of partisans, but a *mêlée* tournament, where man rode down his neighbour, with no other reason for attack than the rent in his armour. Even the viceroy himself, who as judge of the lists might be supposed to enjoy an immunity, was not safe here; and many an arrow, apparently shot at an adversary, was sent quivering into his corslet.

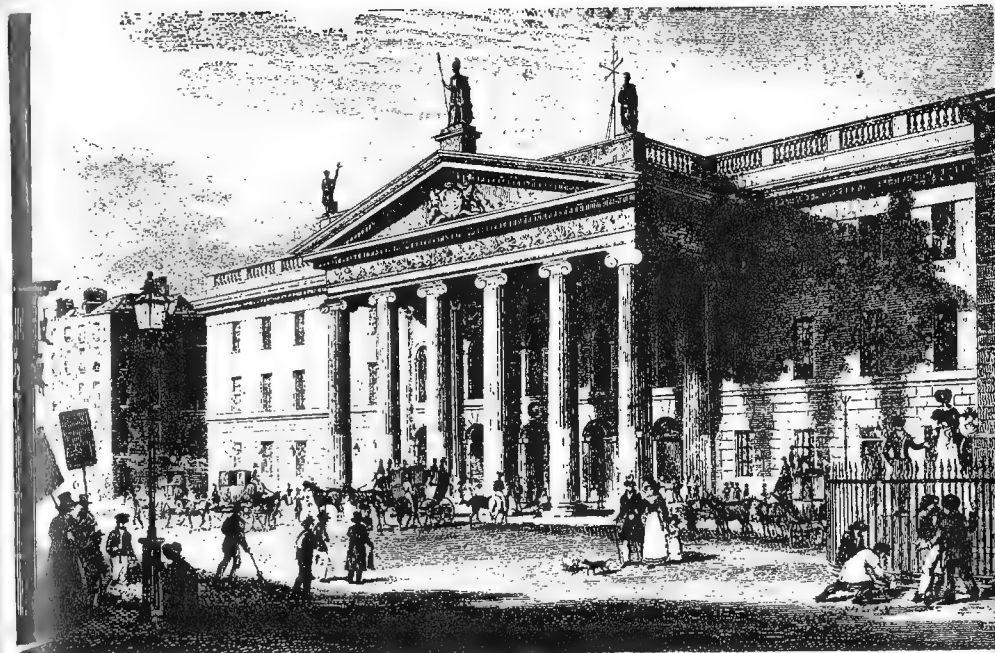
As I watched with all the intense excitement of one to whom such a display was perfectly new, I could not help feeling how fortunate it was that the grave avocations and the venerable pursuits of the greater number of the party should prevent this firework of wit from bursting into the blaze of open animosity. I hinted as much to my neighbour O'Grady, who at once broke into a fit of laughter at my ignorance; and I now learned to my amazement that the Common Pleas had winged the Exchequer, that the attorney-general had pinked the Rolls, and, stranger than all, that the Provost of the University himself had planted his man in the Phoenix.

"It is just as well for us," continued he in a whisper, "that the churchmen can't go out; for the dean yonder can snuff a candle at twenty paces, and is rather a hot-tempered fellow to boot. But come, now; his Grace is about to rise. We have a field-day to-morrow in the Park, and break up somewhat earlier in consequence."

As it was now near two o'clock I could see nothing to cavil as to the earliness of the hour; although I freely confess, tired and exhausted as I felt, I could not contemplate the moment of separation without a sad foreboding that I never should look upon the like again. The party rose at this moment, and the duke, shaking hands cordially with each person as he passed down, wished us all a good-night. I followed with O'Grady and some others of the household, but when I reached the antechamber my new friend volunteered his services to see me to my quarters.

On traversing the Lower Castle-yard we mounted an old-fashioned and rickety stair, which conducted to a gloomy, ill-lighted corridor. I was too much fatigued, however, to be critical at the moment; and so, having thanked O'Grady for all his kindness, I threw off my clothes hastily, and before my head was well upon the pillow was sound asleep.

The sun was peering between the curtains of my window, and playing fitful flashes on the old oak floor, as I lay thus ruminating and dreaming over the future. How many a resolve did I then make for my guidance; how many an intention did I form; how many a groundwork of principle did I lay down, with all the confidence of youth! I fashioned to myself a world after my own notions, in which I conjured up certain imaginary difficulties, all of which were surmounted by my admirable tact and consummate cleverness. I remembered how, at both Eton and Sandhurst, the Irish boy was generally made the subject of some jest or quiz—at one time for his accent, at another for his blunders. As a Guardsman, short as had been my experience of the service, I could plainly see that a certain indefinable tone of superiority was ever asserted towards our friends across the sea. A wide-sweeping prejudice, whose limits were neither founded



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, DUBLIN.
(From Wright's Ireland, 1835.)

in reason, justice, nor common-sense, had thrown a certain air of undervaluing import over every one and every thing from that country. Not only were its faults and its follies heavily visited, but those accidental and trifling blemishes—those slight and scarce perceptible deviations from the arbitrary standard of fashion—were deemed the strong characteristics of the nation, and condemned accordingly; while the slightest use of any exaggeration in speech, the commonest employment of a figure or a metaphor, the casual introduction of an anecdote or a repartee, were all heavily censured, and pronounced "so very Irish!" Let some fortune-hunter carry off an heiress; let a lady trip over her train at the drawing-room; let a minister blunder in his mission; let a powder-magazine explode and blow up one half of the surrounding population—there was but one expression to qualify all, "How Irish! how very Irish!" The adjective had become one of depreciation, and an Irish lord, an Irish member, an Irish estate, and an Irish diamond were held pretty much in the same estimation.—*Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.*

"My idea of Jack Hinton," said Lever, "is of an exceedingly English young guardsman coming over to Ireland at the time of the Duke of Richmond's Viceroyalty (1807-13), when every species of rackets was in vogue. The contrasts of the two countries as exhibited in him and those about him form the tableaux of the book." "Jack Hinton"—written on the tide of success and popularity that followed the publication

of "Charles O'Malley"—is one of the most high-spirited and enjoyable of Lever's novels. These novels were written with intimate knowledge of the life they describe, but a friendly critic has pointed out that they have "done much to perpetuate errors as to Irish character, not that the type which he depicts is unreal, but it is far from universal or even general." Lever's picture of Dublin Castle society and the "splendid gay people" which frequented it may be compared with Mitchell's fierce gibes in the *United Irishman* of 1848. (See page 152.)

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LORD CLONCURRY (1797-1806)

DUBLIN in 1797 was, perhaps, one of the most agreeable places of residence in Europe. There were no conveniences belonging to a capital, in those days, which it did not possess. Society in the upper classes was as brilliant and polished as that of Paris in its best days, while social intercourse was conducted with a conviviality that could not be equalled in France, and which, though not always strictly in accordance with modern notions of temperance, seldom degenerated into coarseness. All persons of a certain condition were acquainted with each other, and were in the habit of meeting together in social circles both private and public. Thus a pleasant familiarity grew up; but was prevented from passing into contempt by the punctilious habits of personal respect belonging to the time. It is true there was a duel now and then, as the *sequela* of ball or assembly; but not more frequently than in other countries at the time, and it was conducted in a gallant manner, the adversaries being no worse friends after it was over. The public sympathy also generally went with the party in the right, and thus this exercise of the *jus privatum* (which, however, I do not mean formally to defend) had the effect, in the upper ranks of Irish society, of heightening the polish of its members, and establishing well-defined lines of demarcation between ease and licence.

Among the lower classes, the extreme destitution of latter years was, speaking generally, unknown. The rural population was decidedly in a more prosperous state than it had ever since been in; and although the weavers of Dublin, like the weavers of Spitalfields, were frequently the objects of public charity, still it needs but to look at the ruins of the "Liberty" to be convinced that the manufacturing population who built and dwelt in the houses still existing there, though now in a state of dilapidation, must have been very superior in wealth and numbers to any similar class at present existing in Ireland.

There was another strongly-marked difference between the before and after of the Union, which is worthy of notice, and which forcibly attracted my attention upon my return [1806]. I had known the existence of a kindly feeling between the upper and lower classes of society; but I then found, in its place, the bitterest hatred. At the former period, there were, indeed, unpopular lords and squires, but there were, also, men of the highest rank, and many of them, who were the idols of the people. The divisions then existing were divisions of political parties, men of all ranks being arrayed upon both sides: after the Union, the lower class were pitted against the

upper, and the appearance upon the side of the former of a partisan of noble or gentle rank, was looked upon as a sort of wonder. For a lord or squire then to be popular was a rare exception. This could not but seem strange to me, who remembered the splendour with which the magnates were wont to exhibit themselves to the citizens of Dublin, and the manifest enjoyment afforded by the spectacle to the latter.

It was the custom, on Sundays, for all the great folk to rendezvous, in the afternoon, upon the North Circular Road, just as, in latter times, the fashionables of London did in Hyde Park; and upon that magnificent drive, I have frequently seen three or four coaches-and-six, and eight or ten coaches-and-four, passing slowly to and fro in a long procession of other carriages, and between a double column of well-mounted horsemen. Of course, the populace were there, too, and saluted with friendly greetings, always cordially and kindly acknowledged, the lords and gentlemen of the country party, who were neither few in number nor insignificant in station. The fact that those Sunday exhibitions were countenanced at all, may possibly move some devout moderns to thankfulness for the shadowy passage of those days of vanity; and such feelings will, no doubt, be much strengthened when I mention, that the evenings of those Sunday mornings were commonly passed by the same parties in promenading at the Rotunda. I have frequently seen there, of a Sunday evening, a third of the members of the two houses of parliament. Nevertheless, I must characterise those days as days of kindness, and good feeling, and national happiness, when compared with those which have succeeded them.—*Recollections.*

Valentine, Lord Cloncurry, wealthy landowner and patron of fine arts, was imprisoned in London as a United Irishman, 1798-1801. He urged O'Connell to make Repeal of the Union his first great object instead of Catholic Emancipation.

* * * * *

J. GAMBLE (1811)

I WALKED to Loughbrickland, a distance of eight miles, yesterday before breakfast. The morning was beautiful—the hedges were blooming with the flower of the hawthorn—the air was loaded with fragrance—I could have fancied myself in Elysium, had I not met numbers of yeomen in every direction. They were in general good looking men; and were well and uniformly dressed. They all wore orange lilies. I now recollected that it was the 12th of July; (the 30th of June, old style) and of consequence the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

I entered into conversation with a little group who were travelling my road. They were very desirous to have my opinion of the Catholic Bill, as they called it, that is expected to be brought forward next Session of Parliament.

"Never mind acts of parliament, my lads," said I, "but live peaceably with your neighbours. I warrant you your fields will look as green, and your hedges smell as sweet this time next year, whether the bill passes or not."

"May be so," said one of them; "and may be we wouldn't be long here to smell or look at them."

I made little reply to this, for I could not expect that any thing I should urge would weaken even the rooted prejudices of their lives. What I did reply they heard with respect, though not with conviction.

"Ah, reverend Sir," said a middle-aged man, "you speak like a good man and a great scholar; but, Lord love ye, books won't make us know life."

"Tell me," said I, "why you take me for a clergyman; is it because I wear a black coat?"

"No," returned he, "but because you have a moderate face."

The lower class of people in Ireland are great physiognomists—good ones, I am bound to suppose, for my face has often received the above moderate compliment. It speaks favourably, however, of the manner of the Irish Protestant clergy that a man of mild demeanour is almost always taken for one of them.

Loughbrickland consists of one broad street. It takes its name from a lake standing near it, called Loughbrickland, or the lake of speckled trouts, with which it formerly abounded, till the spawn of pikes finding a passage into the lake, multiplied so exceedingly, that they have almost destroyed the whole breed.

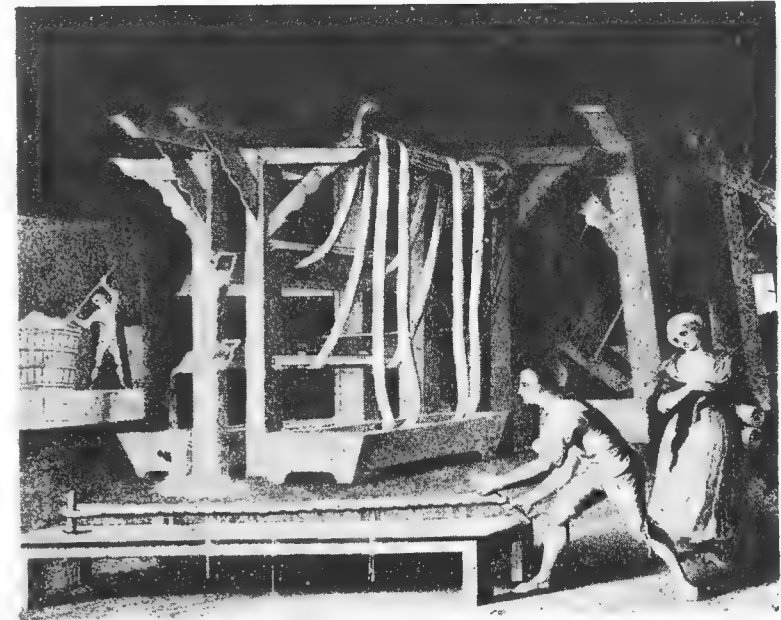
That body of English forces which were quartered in this part of the north, in the year 1690, had their first rendezvous here under King William, who encamped within a mile of the town.

Nearly at the same distance from it I turned off the great road to go to Tanderagee. I passed a number of gentlemen's seats. I was struck with their uncommon neatness. I asked a countryman if he could tell me the reason. He knew no reason, he said, except that the owners were not *born* gentlemen.

Much of the landed property of this part of the country has passed from the extravagant children of idleness, to the sons of the thrifty merchants of Newry and Belfast. I find, in general, they are good landlords.

I came in sight of Tanderagee about two o'clock. As it is situated on a hill, I saw it at a considerable distance. The planting of the late General Sparrow's extensive demesne, which seemed to overshadow it, gave it a gay and picturesque appearance. Nor was the spectacle of the interior less radiant. Only that the bright green of nature was displaced by the deep orange of party. Tanderagee was a perfect orange grove. The doors and windows were decorated with garlands of the orange lily. The bosoms and heads of the women, and hats and breasts of the men, were equally adorned with this venerated flower. There were likewise a number of orange banners and colours, more remarkable for loyalty than taste or variety, for King William on horseback, as grim as a Saracen on a sign post, was painted or wrought on all of them.

There was much of fancy, however, in the decoration of a lofty arch, which was thrown across the entire street. The orange was gracefully blended with oak leaves, laurels, and roses. Bits of gilded paper, suited to the solemnity, were interwoven with the flowers. I passed, as well as



"A COMPLETE PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF ALL THE MACHINERY OF A BLEACH MILL."

From Plates illustrating the Linen Trade in the north of Ireland by W. Hincks, 1791.

I could, through the crowd assembled under this glittering rainbow, and proceeded to the house of an acquaintance at the upper end of the street, I had purposed spending a day with him, but he was from home. I, therefore, sat half an hour with his lady, and after having taken some refreshment, descended the hill. The people were now dancing. The music was not indifferent. The tune, however, would better have suited a minuet than a country dance. It was the (once in England) popular tune of Lillybullero, better known in this country, by the affectionate and cheering name, of the Protestant Boys.

I stopped an instant, a man came up and presented me a nosegay of orange lilies and roses, bound together—I held it in my hand, but did not put it in my hat, as he expected.

"I am no party man," I said, "nor do I ever wear party colours."

"Well, God bless you, Sir," he replied, "whether you do or not."

Nor did the crowd, who heard both the speech and reply, appear to take the slightest offence. This was the more wonderful as I stood before them rather under inauspicious circumstances. It seems, though I was then ignorant of it, the gentleman out of whose house they had seen me come, was highly obnoxious to them. He is minister of the Presbyterian congregation—a few months ago with more liberality than prudence,

considering what an untractable flock he is the shepherd of, he signed his name to the Protestant petition, in favour of the Catholics. The following Sunday he found his meeting-house closed against him, nor is it yet opened, and probably never will be.

The county of Armagh Presbyterians are the very Spadassins of Protestantism. Their unhappy disputes a few years ago with the Catholics are well known. It is, therefore, unnecessary (and I rejoice at it) for me to touch on them here.

On quitting Tanderagee, I walked a little way on the road which I came. I then seated myself on the top of a little hill, to meditate on my future route. The world was all before me where to choose—and a most delightful world I had to choose from. Armagh is as much beautified by the industry, as it has been disfigured by the passions of men.

The day at length became fine, the sun shone bright, and the road soon got clear. I walked, therefore, lightly forwards—At every furlong's length, however, I met with a cross-road; luckily the people were as plenty as the roads; nor did I meet with a single *cross-answer* from one of them. I was overtaken by a young Scotchman on horseback. He had travelled a hundred miles in Scotland, and upwards of an hundred in Ireland, to purchase cattle, and was now returning homewards. He civilly insisted on my mounting his horse, and without giving me time to reply alighted to help me on.

"It is fitter I should be walking," said he, "than you."

I do not know that a good face is always a letter of recommendation—I have ever found that a good coat is.

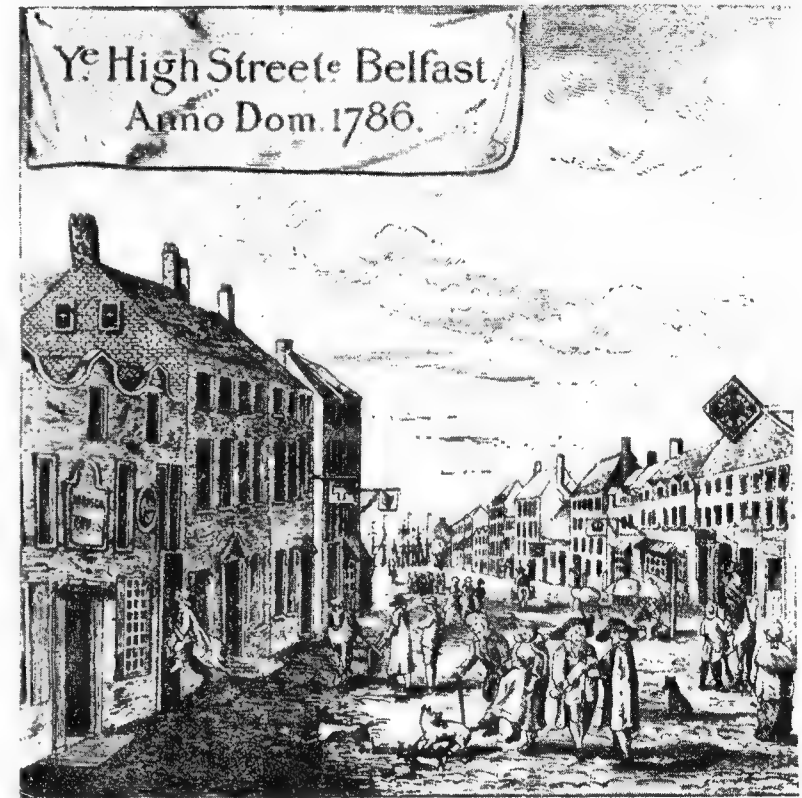
I asked him what he thought of Ireland.

"It's a heaven of a place," he replied, "but they're the *devil* of a people."

I examined him as to this latter opinion, and found he had everywhere met with kindness and attention. He had heard it from his father, who probably had heard it from his; and in this manner are the characters of nations and individuals judged. . . .

I have now been a week in Belfast, which has rolled not unpleasantly away. In the morning I walk the streets, and frequent the libraries; and in the evening I go to card parties and concerts. I am, therefore, in some degree competent to speak of the place and people. I do it without reluctance, for I can say little of either but what is good.

Belfast is a large and well-built town. The streets are broad and straight. The houses neat and comfortable, mostly built of brick. The population, in a random way, may be estimated at thirty thousand, of which probably four thousand are Catholics. These are almost entirely working people. A few years ago there was scarcely a Catholic in the place. How much Presbyterians out-number the members of the Established Church, appears from the circumstance of there being five meeting-houses and only one church. Three of these meeting-houses are in a cluster, and are neat little buildings. Neatness and trimness, indeed, rather than magnificence, are the characteristics of all the public buildings. A large mass-house, however, to the building of which, with their accustomed liberality, the inhabitants largely contributed, is an exception.



BELFAST IN THE 18TH CENTURY.
(From an old print in the *Ulster Archaeological Journal*.)

The principal library is in one of the rooms of the linen hall. I spend some hours every day in it—solitary hours; for the bustling inhabitants of this great commercial town have little leisure (I do not know that they have little inclination) for reading. Round the hall there is a public walk, prettily laid out with flowers and shrubs. I meet with as few people here, as in the library. Young women appear to walk as little as the men read. I know not whether this is a restraint of Presbyterianism, or of education; but let the cause be what it may, it is a very cruel one—young women have few enjoyments; it is a pity, therefore, to deprive them of so innocent a one as that of walking. I have conversed with them at parties, and generally found them rational and unassuming. To an Englishman, as may be easily conceived, the rusticity of their accent would at first be unpleasant. But his ear would soon accommodate itself to it, and even find beauties in it—the greatest of all beauties in a female, an apparent

freedom from affectation and assumption. They seldom played cards, nor did the elderly people seem to be particularly fond of them. Music was the favourite recreation, and many were no mean proficient in it. They are probably indebted for this to Mr. Bunting, a man well known in the music world. He has an extensive school here, and is organist to one of the meeting-houses; for so little fanaticism have now the Presbyterians of Belfast, that they have admitted organs into their places of worship. At no very distant period this would have been reckoned as high a profanation as to have erected a crucifix. . . .

I write this from a farmhouse, sixteen miles from Strabane. The people with whom I am are Presbyterians. They are industrious and wealthy. Their house is what a farmhouse ought to be, comfortable and neat, without finery or fashion. It is situated in a most dreary country, and may be said to be on the very verge of civilization in this quarter. Before my windows rise the immense mountains, which separate the county of Tyrone from the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh. The appearance of these mountains, though gloomy and forlorn, is not uninteresting. They are covered with a sort of brown heath, interspersed with scanty green rushes, and scantier blades of green grass. They are such scenes as Ossian would love to describe, and probably many of his heroes did tread those heaths over which the wind now passes in mournful gusts and moves in melancholy unison with the memory of years that are gone.

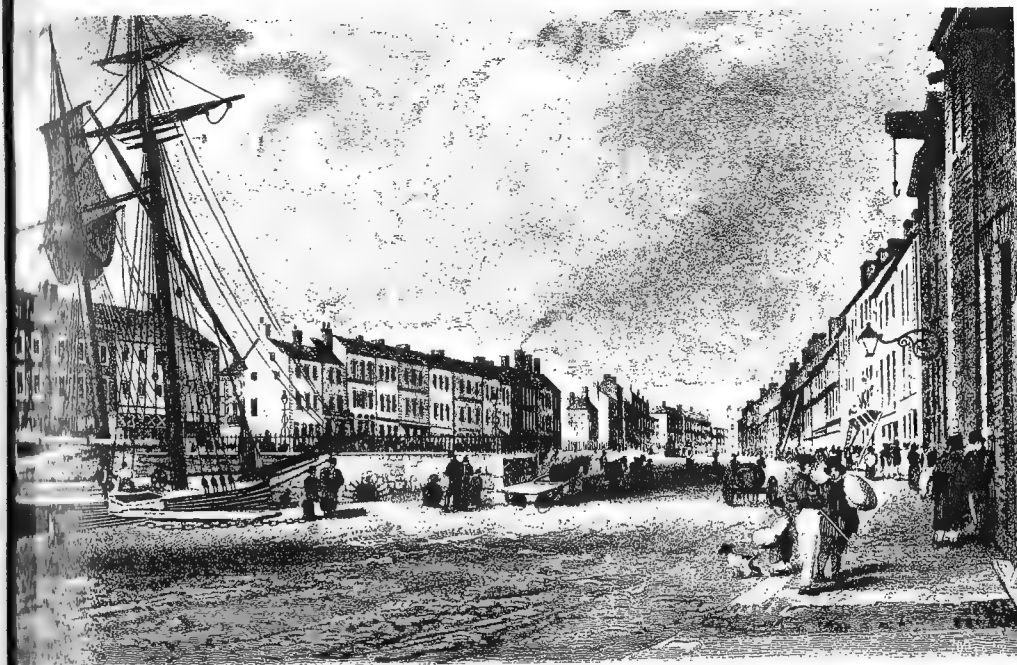
These mountains are inhabited chiefly by Catholics. In ancient times they were the asylum of those unfortunate people, and they were not dispossessed of them, probably because no other people would live in them. In these mountains, therefore, we meet with a people purely Irish, professing what may be well called the Irish religion, and retaining most of the old Irish customs, usages, opinions, and prejudices. I hold long conversations with them as I meet them on the roads or sit with them in their houses. Hardly a day has passed since my arrival that I have not walked eight to ten miles, and, either address, or am addressed, by every person I meet. In almost every instance, I have been impressed with their singular acuteness of intellect, and extensive information of what is passing in the world. A London tradesman could not detail the wonderful events we are daily witnessing more correctly, and probably would not half so energetically. An Irish peasant, like a Frenchman, speaks with every part of his body, and his arm and countenance are as eloquent as his tongue.—*Sketches of History, Politics and Manners taken in Dublin and the North of Ireland in the Autumn of 1810.*

Gamble's Tour, said the contemporary Irish writer and book-collector, Monk Mason, is "a work abounding in entertaining anecdotes, to be perused with some caution, as the author is thought to have allowed his imagination at times to take excursions at the expense of truth."

* * * * *

THOMAS GAFFIKIN (1875)

INDEAVOUR, as briefly as possible, to convey an impression from memory of what Belfast was like in my school-boy days—now more than fifty years ago. . . . That wide and splendid thoroughfare now leading from Cromac Street to Corporation Street could then have been



BELFAST IN THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY.

(From Wright's Ireland.)

scarcely imagined. This brings us back to our starting point with, perhaps, the impression that few changes in Belfast are more remarkable than the gradual occupation by the town of places formerly, to a more or less extent, covered with water; and this movement has been long on foot. I have heard of old people talking of the time when the river in High Street was open, and describing when markets were held, how both sides of the street were occupied by stalls in front of the houses. . . .

The Dublin Road, like all the other approaches to the town, was paved in the centre with large boulder stones to the rising ground at Fountainville (the only roads about the town that still exhibit this old style of pavement are the Strandtown Road, near Gelston's Corner, and the old Ballygowan Road at Gooseberry Corner). The first toll-bar on the Dublin Road was where the new Methodist Church now stands, it interrupted the progress of all vehicles except the Royal Mail Coach, which, with four fresh horses in front, and a couple of guards fully armed behind, took the hill at a canter. It was a steeper hill then than now.

The County Down side of the harbour was called Voke's Quay, and was principally occupied by lighters, lime cobbs, or vessels undergoing repairs. This brings us back to

The old Long Bridge, some twenty feet wide,
With numerous arches for spanning the tide;
Holes made in the walls to drain off the wet,
And niches for safety where vehicles met.

About this time the population numbered some thirty-five or forty thousand. The principal trades were cotton-spinning, tanning, timber, and provisions. We had four or five cotton mills, about thirty tanyards, and extensive provision stores, in different quarters of the town. Smithfield was the principal market for miscellaneous goods, such as hides, wool, clothing, house furnishing (new and old), and every description of farm stock and produce.

We had abundance of ballad-singers and musicians, who, with the old watchmen calling the hours, striking their pikes on the pavement, or springing their rattles on the slightest disturbance or report of a fire, and sweeps, oystermen, piemen, tapesellers, cries of Ballinderry onions and Cromac water, kept up the noise from morning till night. . . . Cockeybendy was a very little bandy-legged man, who knew the tune to play at every house in the locality he frequented. "Garryowen," "St. Patrick's Day," and, "the Boyne Water" were his best paying airs.

We had two competing lines to Dublin, the Mail and Fair Trader coaches. . . . In times of public excitement great crowds used to collect about the time the coach was expected, and very important looked the guard and coachman as they detailed the latest news from the metropolis. . . . A mail coach, with the English and Scottish letters, also ran daily to Donaghadee in connection with the short sea passage to Portpatrick, which Lord Castlereagh had promoted.

There had been great changes in our local trades in fifty years. While some have increased, others have diminished. The cotton spinning has not held its relative position, while coopering and tanning have almost disappeared. High Street was naturally the best business street, but its shops were very different from the elegant establishments of to-day. Instead of a whole story of plate glass reaching almost to the ground, we had low front and small windows of little panes that were cleaned perhaps once a month, and protected, or rather encumbered, with strong iron railings on the outside. . . .

A buff vest, a swallow-tailed coat, with bright buttons, a frilled shirt, with ruffled cuffs, and a large gold seal hanging from the fob completed the costume of a dandy. I cannot describe the ladies' dress with any minuteness but its tone seemed to be more severe and forbidding than later styles. The coal scuttle bonnet kept the gentlemen at a respectful distance from their faces, while in fine weather they might admire their slender waists, and sandal shoes with ankle ties, but in wet and wintry weather the ladies took their airing in sedan chairs or muffled up and mounted on pattens. The sedan chairs were kept in entries off High Street, and the measured tramp of the bearers could be heard going to and from the theatre, evening parties, or the church on Sundays. The ladies' pattens were heard even more distinctly, and on Sundays in winter the porch

of the parish church would be lined during the time of Divine service with the pattens of various sizes and colours.

The population of Belfast then (1823) numbering some forty thousand was of a very mixed character, and as the females preponderated, their labour was cheap and more varied before the flax-spinning mills were established. At that time common labourers' wages were seven shillings a week, while tradesmen and skilled labourers were paid in proportion. The pay of bricklayers and carpenters was about sixteen shillings, their hours of labour being longer than at present. The pay of a foreman or one who had charge of some particular branch of the trade, was sometimes eighteen or twenty shillings. The generality of the workmen and their families appeared as comfortable then as they do now at a time when they are receiving double the pay. . . .

The population began to grow rapidly as the spinning mills and weaving factories increased. The districts of Millfield, Carrick Hill, and the Pound were thickly populated by old families long connected with Belfast, and strangers coming amongst them were looked upon with suspicion for some time. In these localities the cock fights and dock fights generally originated. The principal occupation of the people was weaving, but many of them wrought at the production of various articles exposed for sale in the stalls of Smithfield. Ballymacarrett, Sandy Row, and Brown Square were the greatest weaving localities. The sound of the shuttle was heard almost in every house. . . .

The most important changes that have taken place in Belfast are—the great increase in the population, and the price or value of land in the neighbourhood. Farms of land and town parks, which once were held at from seven to ten shillings per acre, on terminable leases, were renewed to the tenants by the late Marquis (of Donegal). . . . The people of Belfast in the present generation are principally strangers. Living examples of successful merchants who came into Belfast from the neighbouring districts are to be found in every street. . . . Long may good and enterprising men be attracted here for commercial and scientific purposes, and may our native town prosper and flourish, and extend on every side until it clammers the slopes of the beautiful green hills that encircle it.—*Belfast fifty years ago.*

Thomas Gaffikin, whose recollection covered the development of Belfast from a town in which everyone knew his fellow-townsmen into a great industrial city of newcomers, was for many years a member of the Belfast Town Council. The above passage, rich in human details of the changing scene in the North, is from a lecture delivered to the Workingmen's Institute, Belfast, in 1875.

* * * * *

ASENATH NICHOLSON (1847)

WE have had many "Pencilings by the Way" and "Conciliation Halls" and "Killarney Lakes" from the tops of coaches and from smoking dinner tables. But one day's walk on mountain or bog, one night's lodging where the pig, and the ass, and horned cattle feed,

"Like Aaron's serpent, swallows all the rest."

"Remember, my children," said my father, "that the Irish are a suffering people; and when they come to your doors, never send them empty away." It was in the garrets and cellars of New York that I first became acquainted with the Irish peasantry, and it was there I saw they were a suffering people. Their patience, their cheerfulness, their flow of blundering, haphazard, happy wit, made them to me a distinct people from all I had seen. Often, when seated at my fireside, have I said to those most dear to my heart, "God will one day allow me to breathe the mountain air of the sea-girt coast of Ireland—to sit down in their cabins, and there learn what soil has nurtured, what hardships have disciplined so hardy a race—so patient and so impetuous, so revengeful and so forgiving, so proud and so humble, so obstinate and so docile, so witty and so simple a people." . . .

And now began my cabin life. I had read with the deepest interest, in the writings of Charlotte Elizabeth, that the peasantry of the county of Kilkenny were unrivalled in kindness; but burning words from graphic pens would faintly delineate what I there experienced from that interesting people.

The next morning Anne again called to invite me to her house, and to say she had been sent by a few in the parish to invite me to attend a field dance which was to be the next day, and the Sabbath. In surprise I was about to answer, when Anne said, "I knew you would not, and told them so, but they begged I would say that they had no other day, as all were at work, and sure God wouldn't be hard upon 'em, when they had no other time, and could do nothing else for the stranger." I thanked them heartily for their kind feelings, and declined. Judge my confusion, when about sunset on Sabbath evening, just after returning from Johnstown, where I had attended church, the cabin door opened, and a crowd of all ages walked in, decently attired for the day, and without the usual welcomes or any apology, the hero who first introduced me seated himself at my side, took out his flute, wet his fingers, saying, "This is for you, Mrs. N. and what will you have?" A company were arranged for the dance, and so confounded was I that my only answer was, "I cannot tell." He struck up an Irish air, and the dance began. I had nothing to say, taken by surprise as I was; my only strength was to sit still.

This dance finished, the eldest son of my hostess advanced, made a low bow, and invited me to lead the next dance. I looked on his glossy black slippers, his blue stockings snugly fitted up to the knee, his corduroys above them, his blue coat and brass buttons, and had no reason to hope that, at my age of nearly half a century, I could ever expect another like offer. However I was not urged to accept it. Improper as it might appear it was done as a civility, which, as a guest in his mother's house and a stranger, he thought, and all thought (as I was afterwards told) he owed me. The cabin was too small to contain the three score and ten who had assembled, and with one simultaneous movement, without speaking, all rushed out, bearing me along, and placed me upon a cart before the door,



J.C. TIMBELL del.

A WAKE.
(From Hall's Ireland.)

the player at my right hand. And then a dance began, which, to say nothing of the day, was to me of no ordinary kind. Not a laugh—not a loud word was heard; no affected airs, which the young are prone to assume; but as soberly as though they were in a funeral procession, they danced for an hour, wholly for my amusement, and for my welcome. Then each approached, gave me the hand, bade me God speed, leaped over the style, and in stillness walked away. It was a true and hearty welcome in which the aged as well as the young participated. A matron of sixty, of the Protestant faith, was holding by the hand a grandchild of seven years, and standing by the cart where I stood; and she asked when they had retired, if I did not enjoy it? "What are these wonderful people?" was my reply. I had never seen the like.

I had seen a dance, a wake, and a faction, but had never seen a fair and being invited to occupy a seat in a chamber at Urlingford, which overlooked the field of action, I did so. "You'll not see such fun, ma'am, now," said my companion, "as you would have seen before the days of Father Mathew. Then we had a power of bloody noses, broken bones, and fine work for the police; but ye'll see fine cattle, and fat pigs; and maybe it's the bagpipes ye'd like."

The fair, as a whole, was not censurable; never on any public day in any country had I heard so little profanity and noise, or seen so little disorder and disputing, the tinkers excepted. The peasants, too, were tidily dressed, and with great uniformity; the men in blue coats, corduroy breeches, and blue stockings; whilst a blue petticoat, with a printed dress turned back and pinned behind, coarse shoes, and blue or black stockings (when they have shoes), a blue cloak, with a hood to put over the head, in case of rain, constitute the dress of the women; and thus attired, a Kilkenny peasant seeks no change in storm or sunshine. The habits of cooking and eating have scarcely varied for two centuries; their cabins, their furniture, have undergone little or no change; the thatched roofs, the ground floor, the little window, the stone or mud wall, the peat fire, the clay chimney, the wooden stool, the pot, and the griddle, have probably been the inheritance of many generations. As to cleanliness, their habits are as with all other people; and if few are scrupulously tidy, few are disgustingly filthy.

Though every peasant in the Emerald Isle knows that he belongs to the "lower order" (for his teachers and landlords are fond of telling him so), the Kilkenny rustic, by his self-possessed manner in presence



GALWAY FISHERMEN

From the *Ulster Archaeological Journal*, 1853.

of his superior, says, "I also am a man;" and you do not see that cringing servility; you do not hear "yer honour," "yer reverence," "my lord," and "my lady" so frequently as among many of their class in other parts of Ireland. They are not so wretchedly poor as many; for though few can afford the "mate," except at Christmas or Easter, yet most of them can purchase an occasional loaf, and "the sup of tay," and all can, and all do, by "hock or by crook," get the "blessed tobacco." They are fond of dancing, and a child is taught it in his first lessons of walking. The bagpipes and fiddle are ever at their feasts, especially the latter; and the blind performer always receives a cordial "God bless you."

Thirteen miles brought me to the pleasant town of Durrow, where I stopped for the night, to take passage in the morning for Dublin. Here I found an afflicted woman, whose husband had seven years before gone to New York, and she had not once heard from him. The sight of an American opened anew the channels of grief, which had already done a serious work. Kindness was here lavished without weight or measure, and when I called for my bill in the morning, "We cannot ask you any thing, for you have had nothing," alluding to a straw bed which had been prepared by my request. I paid them more than the ordinary price, for they had done more than is customary to be done for lodgers.

At five, while the waning moon and twinkling stars were still looking out upon the beautiful landscape beneath them, I was upon the car, with a talkative young coachman, and rode five miles, passing the domains of the rich, whose high walls and wide-spreading lawns made a striking contrast with the thatched hovels and muddy door-yards of the wretched poor around them. Never had I rode in Ireland when the stillness, the scenery, and the hour of the morning all so happily combined to make the heart rejoice as now. But the one dreadful, ever living truth, like a spectre haunts the traveller at every step; that Ireland's poor, above all others, are the most miserable, the most forgotten, and the most patient of all beings. I heed not who says the picture is too highly drawn. Let them see this picture as I have seen it, let them walk it, let them eat it, let them sleep it, as I have done. . . .

I have spoken plainly, that I might render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and as I visited Ireland to see it as it is, so I report it as I found it. I have stayed to witness that which, though so heart-rending and painful, has given me but the proof of what common observation told me in the beginning—that there must needs be an explosion of some kind or other. But awful as it is, it has shown Ireland who are her worthy ones within her, and who are her friends abroad, and it will show her greater things than these.

May God bring her from her seven-times-heated furnace, purified and unhurt, and place her sons and daughters among the brightest of the stars that shall shine forever in the kingdom of heaven, is the sincere desire of the writer.—*Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger; or, Excursions through Ireland in 1844 and 1845, for the purpose of personally investigating the condition of the Poor.*

CHAPTER II.

End of The Irish Parliament

MAIR BARRA AIR MO MÉALA, FÉAC SUR DÍOL DEORA,
GO NGABANN SAC RÉCS DO RÉIM CIRT ROINN EORUIP
A BFEARANTAS FÉIN GO SAOGLAC SITEOILTE,
AÉT DANDA I BPÉIN SAN CÉITE IS I PÓSTA !
—AODAGÁN Ó RATAILLE.

To crown our grief, behold a tale for tears,
How every one of Europe's mighty realms,
Is happy, mated to its rightful king
—Save Erin, wedded to an absent lord.

—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH OF O'RAHILLY BY EDMUND CURTIS.

* * * * *

THE fatal weakness of the colony was that it would not amalgamate with the mass of the Irish people, so as to form a true nation, but set up the vain pretension to hold down a whole disfranchised people with the one hand, and defy all England with the other.

—JOHN MITCHEL.

* * * * *

WITH all its imperfections, its temptations and its corruption, it was potent for good. Because its members sat in Ireland, because they sat in their own country and because at that time they had a country ; because however influenced, as many of its members were by places, however uninfluenced, as many of its members were, by popular representation, yet they were influenced by Irish sympathy. They did not like to meet every hour faces that looked shame on them. They did not like to stand in the sphere of their own infamy.

—HENRY GRATTAN.

* * * * *

THE gentry of Ireland ought to have been more stout-hearted and self-reliant. Had they been brave enough, they could have retained their position, and by wisdom reduced its dangers and difficulties. But they fell into a panic, and in their panic asked England to take care of them. I believe myself that they were stupefied by too much oratory.

END OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT

For the last quarter of a century, they had yielded themselves to the intoxicating delight of fine speaking. Oratory, like pride, comes before a fall. . . . By discretion and manifest good-will, they could have soothed the jealousies of the people of England, and by good government conciliated the affections of the Irish people. The times called upon them to show their mettle, and when the call came, they had no mettle to show. They gave themselves to England to keep. When the Norse story-tellers were done with a certain character, they said, "He is out of the Saga." We may now say the same of the Irish Protestant gentleman.

—STANDISH O'GRADY.

* * * * *

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809-98)

I KNOW that it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at a clear and also a simple view of the state of Ireland under Grattan's Parliament. Ireland was at that time sharply and variously divided. Just let us consider the multitude of various and powerful interests that worked upon her destinies and fortunes. First of all there was a small section of the population who conducted the government mainly with a view to jobbing and to personal interests—a very important section on account of the power which they not uniformly, but frequently, exercised upon the English Government with regard to its policy in Ireland. Then there was the Presbyterian party. Though they were not less Protestant than the other, they had little or nothing to do with the Government. They, on the contrary, had at that period a strong inclination to Republicanism. Then there was the Executive Government and the British interests concentrated in Dublin Castle, which has ever since, and certainly recently, become a proverbial expression, conveying but little to the minds of Englishmen, but conveying a great deal to the minds of Irishmen. It exercised a great and powerful influence. Then I look at the Roman Catholic majority, but I cannot treat the Roman Catholic majority of that period as being entirely one. It is quite clear that both the Roman Catholic aristocracy and prelates stood in a position distinct from the mass of the Roman Catholic people, and were liable to act on inducements held out to them from this side of the water. Then there was the great interest of the landlords. The Irish landlord of that time was a character not entirely devoid of certain attractive features. He was hospitable, he was high-spirited, he was bold ; but still he had his interests as a landlord, and he worked for them pretty generally, although not with that rigour and severity in all cases towards the tenant of which I am inclined to believe that the nineteenth century in a measure has seen more than the eighteenth century. Then there was a body of Irish represented by Grattan and Ponsonby in Parliament, and by the greatest of Irishmen, Edmund Burke, on this side of the water.

It is very difficult to get at the truth of Irish history with regard to the Irish Parliament. It was lamentably corrupt ; it was liable beyond anything to influence, and to sinister influence ; but there are certain things to be said in its favour. It made great and beneficial changes in the laws of your

country. The distinction is to be drawn between the Irish Parliament before 1795 and the Irish Parliament after 1795, when a spirit of what may be called ferocious alarmism, instilled by the British Government and by the jobbing clique who called themselves Protestants, that is Episcopalians in Ireland, took possession in the main of that Parliament. Before that time it had done many good things. Another good thing that may be said of it, I believe with truth, is this—I am not aware that upon any occasion it refused to do any good act for Ireland which the British Government and which the Executive of the country were willing and desirous that it should do. But I have to give it one other credit. Whatever vices it had, and whatever defects it had, it had a true and genuine sentiment of nationality; and, gentlemen, the loss of the spirit of nationality is the heaviest and the most deplorable and the most degrading loss that any country can undergo. In the Irish Parliament with all its faults, the spirit of nationality subsisted, and I say with grief and shame that it is my own conclusion and my own conviction that the main object of the Irish Legislative Union on the part of those who planned it and brought it about was to depress and weaken, and if possible to extinguish, that spirit of Irish nationality.

No Englishman has known more of "the Irish question" from practical experience than Gladstone. He was a member of the Tory government of Wellington and Peel, which fought O'Connell on the Repeal issue before the Great Famine, and, as Liberal Prime Minister, he introduced the first Home Rule Bill in 1886, and the second, after the death of Parnell, in 1893.

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THE ANTI-UNION (1799)

I AM a young woman descended of a very ancient family, but owing to the thoughtlessness of my ancestors, and some foolish disputes between them, aggravated by obstinate litigation, as to the title of a small family estate, I was at a very early period of life, thrown, as I may say, upon the world, with little more than youth, health, and a good temper,



LORD CASTLEREAGH.

*"Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferred to gorge upon a sister shore."
—Byron.*

to support me. I set up a shop furnished with but a few trifling articles, and although I encountered many difficulties, my situation gradually improved, and in the course of a few years, I began to think of enlarging my trade, and bettering my condition. The chief obstacle I had to encounter in this, was the jealousy and ill-nature of a distant relation by the mother's side, who lived at no great distance from me, and who had taken advantage of my infancy and poverty, to treat me as a mere dependant, and to counteract all my efforts for opulence and comfort. These pretensions of his arose from the natural pride and imperiousness of his disposition, joined to a sordid and dishonest wish to get possession of my family estate, to which he had no other claim, than that it lay contiguous to his own, and that we both held under the same landlord. . . .

At the particular period which I have already alluded to he insisted therefore that I should submit all my affairs to his management, that I should not engage in any business without his permission, and that all my receipts and expenditures should be regulated by persons of his appointment, and accountable merely to him. These proposals were so preposterous and unjust, that I positively refused to comply with them, and having now got some money, and many friends, who were all hearty in my cause, I spoke out boldly to Mr. Bull, and told him plainly that he must not intermeddle in my concerns; that I was willing to live on terms of friendship with him, as relations should do, and that he might probably find his account in such a commerce, but that if he would attempt to force me into compliance his friends and mine must try whose heads were hardest.

These representations had so great an effect that, in the year 1783, he bound himself by a deed under his hand and seal, never to interfere with me and my business, but that I should have the exclusive management of, and dominion over it. This satisfaction, and, as I then thought, unimpeachable security on his part, produced the fullest return of friendship and confidence, on mine;—my trade, under my own management, rapidly increased, my knowledge of business ripened, my capital doubled, many of the incumbrances on my estate were cleared off, the tenants who used to be at constant loggerheads, forgot their animosities, and paid their rents punctually, and I indulged myself in the fond hope of years of comfort and prosperity before me. Nor had my kinsman any reason to be uninterested in my good fortune, for, as I am naturally of an open and generous heart, I felt warm gratitude to him, for doing me no injury, and was always ready to assist him with my credit and friends; indeed to borrow a phrase from Mr. Sampson's Pamphlet on the Union, "my interest was his interest, my prosperity was his prosperity, and my power his aggrandizement. . . ."

Some of my servants he has persuaded (by infusing groundless fears and jealousies into their minds) to put on orange liveries, and to threaten death and destruction to the rest; those others again, by similar misrepresentations, he had induced to array themselves in green, and to commit the most horrible excesses, and others he has actually and openly paid with my own money, to aggravate and perpetuate the quarrels between the two former—but this is a mere prelude to the remainder of his plan, for I have discovered that this complicated system of vice and treachery, has

been adopted merely for the purpose of compelling me to marry Mr. Bull ; and this contemptible wretch, has had, within these few days, the presumption to avow to me all his enormities, and to tell me that he has so impaired my means, blasted my character, and exasperated my family, that I have no recourse but in the match, nay, he has actually been base enough to publish an advertisement informing all my friends that I have been debauched by Mr. Bull, through his procurement, and lived in a state of gross prostitution with him, for many years past. If this were true, need I comment on the treachery of disclosing the past, and the meanness of proposing the future connection.

Some few of my friends at first teased me to yield to this scandalous proposal, partly apprehending that the animosities between my servants in the Orange and Green liveries cannot be in any other manner subdued, and partly conceiving that this is the only method by which I can avoid a marriage with another person who has, for some time, affected an honourable passion for me. In both these opinions, however, I have satisfied them they are mistaken. As to the first, these foolish badges have been encouraged for the very purpose of promoting Bull's match, and, I am sure, by proper remonstrances, and indulgent treatment, on my part, I can easily persuade all those who regard me to lay them aside ; indeed, I think I perceive them already deserting them, in consequence of their seeing into the designs of those who at first instigated them ; but the truth is, the great bulk of my adherents never adopted either of them ; and, I am convinced, are heartily attached to my interests, and ready, if necessary, to lay down their lives to preserve me in my present independent state.

As to the second reason, I am not in any danger from the proposals of marriage made to me from another quarter. I know too well the mercenary and dishonourable views of that person to listen to him for a moment. I have before my eyes the examples of the wretched victims, some of whom he has forcibly violated, others whom he has seduced under specious promises, and all of whom he has reduced to a state of vice and poverty. I thank God I am in no danger either from his violence or artifices. The truth is, I am determined to live and die a maiden, and I now apply to you merely for advice as to what is the most effectual method of protecting myself in that resolution. If my object was merely to get rid of Bull, the shortest way would be to marry him, as such an unnatural union must very soon end in separation and divorce, but I have no such view, for, ill as I have been treated, I have no wish to break off all connection with an old acquaintance and relation, neither will I listen to the advice of those who bid to get me into a passion, and break Bull's windows, and tar and feather my shop boy (though I confess this latter part holds out strong inducements). On the whole, I am convinced, that the true line of conduct for me to adopt is a firm and temperate one.

I will resolutely reject the proposed match, and let my kinsman see the wickedness and folly of it. I will appeal to him and his friends against the frenzy of his clerk ; and, above all, I will lay my grievances before our head landlord, who has always been just and gracious to me, and I will rely on him for full protection. But if, after all, the Bulls will not suffer

me to live on friendly terms with them, and will persist in their dishonest practices in my family, I will turn out their adherents (whom I well know), and, in all events, I will restore my shop-boy to his original rags and insignificance, and send him to the place from whence he came. I will re-establish harmony amongst all those who should naturally be my friends, and if the Bulls should attempt to offer me any insolence, I trust I shall be able to repel force by force.

I am, Sir,

Your afflicted, but determined humble servant,

SHEELAGH.

The Anti-Union, published three times a week from December, 1798, to March, 1799, contained some of the most brilliant of the innumerable squibs, satires and polemics that were written against the threatened measure. Henry Grattan, Charles Kendal Bushe, and William Conygham Plunket (afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland), wrote for it. Sheelah's letter is by Plunket. Sheelah, of course, stands for Ireland, Bull for England, and the Head-clerk for Pitt. The "other party" is France.

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DANIEL OWEN MADDEN (1845)

GRATTAN introduced into Irish politics an element of lofty moral enthusiasm, which sprang from his own mind and character. He raised provincial squabbles into national passions ; and, distancing the Floods and Dalys, he snatched Irish Legislative Independence from England. His power fell from the internal dissensions of the island : he could not persuade the Protestants to emancipate the Catholics ; he could not prevent the rise of the United Irishmen, nor save the Irish Democracy from the infection of Jacobinical principles ; and, on the other hand, he could not retain the Irish Aristocracy in that love of country which they exhibited in 1782. Without influence or power he was a spectator of the Union. He was compelled to look on, while Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh extinguished the Parliament of Ireland. Thus, as a man of action, his career virtually terminated with the fall of the Volunteers. If in 1784, he had joined the popular party, he might have moderated its tone, and rationalized its opinions ; or, upon the other hand, if he had accepted office when tendered him, he might have wielded much influence, and gradually raised a patriotic and governmental party. In either case, he would have clothed himself with that power which was denied to him in his isolated position.

"His eloquence," said a distinguished living poet, "was a combination of cloud, whirlwind, and flame"—a striking description of the partial obscurity, but startling energy and splendour of his style.

But, enough of his eloquence ; and in Ireland we have placed preposterous value upon mere oratory, which, after all, is valuable only as an instrument. There was a MIND in Grattan, a moral power far more valuable than the vaunted art of the public speaker. . . . In an age of Protestant prejudice,

he bravely unfurled the standard of religious liberty. When he pleaded for the Catholic there was no popularity to be gained by such a course. On the contrary, he injured his influence by his adoption of the Catholic cause. He not merely was content, like certain statesmen, to have his views in favour of the Catholics made known: he laboured also, by his pen—his tongue—by personal exertion, and by political sacrifices of power and popularity, to have those views prevail over the public mind.

There may have been those who loved the Protestant nation of Ireland, and who served it more zealously than Grattan. So also there may have been patriots who loved the Catholics and "lower nation" of Ireland more enthusiastically: but never surely did any Irishman, before or since, *love both nations with so much affection*. Never did any Irishman toil with such ardour for the best and most enduring interests of both; for though he boldly defended the interests of property against revolution and anarchy, he vindicated also the liberties of the Catholic against the sordid pride and selfishness of an ungenerous oligarchy. . . .

Reader! if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic countrymen—study the works and life of Grattan—learn from him, for none can teach you better, how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart—to be tolerant of infirmities, caused by their unhappy history—and, like Grattan, earnestly sympathise with all that is brave and generous in their character.

Reader! if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant Religion with tyranny—learn from Grattan, that it is possible to be a Protestant, and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence; think also that in the hour of his triumph, he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but laboured through his virtuous life, that both you and your children should enjoy unshackled liberty of conscience.—*Selected Speeches of Henry Grattan: Introduction.*

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HENRY GRATTAN (1800)

AT the close of 1799 he returned from the Isle of Wight, and retired to Tinnehinch, almost broken-hearted—not only hopeless, but helpless; enfeebled in body and depressed in spirits, but in mind still unsubdued. Immediately on his arrival, a deputation from his friends waited on him to request that he would re-enter Parliament; but he was obliged to decline the offer in consequence of the state of his health. Soon after they informed him that a seat was vacant, Mr. Gahan, one of the members for the town of Wicklow having died, and Mr. William Tighe, the patron of the borough, would not be averse that he should be returned for it. Mr. Arthur Moore, a most zealous and sincere friend of Mr. Grattan, was very zealous on the occasion, and pressed him strongly to comply. . . . Mr. Moore at length succeeded, and arranged that Mr. Grattan should be put in nomination.



GRATTAN'S COACH.
(National Museum of Ireland.)

The Sheriff being friendly, he allowed the election to be held after 12 o'clock on the night of the 15th. Mr. Tighe got the officer to sign the return, and set off immediately on horseback with it. He arrived in Dublin about five in the morning, when we heard a loud knocking at the door. Mr. Grattan had been very ill, and was then in bed, and turning round, he exclaimed, "Oh, here they come, why will they not let me die in peace?" The question of Union had become dreadful to him; he could not bear the idea or listen to the subject, or speak of it with any degree of patience; he grew quite wild, and it almost drove him frantic.

I shall never forget the scene that followed. I told him he must get up immediately, and go down to the House: so we got him out of bed, and dressed him. I helped him down stairs; then he went into the parlour and loaded his pistols, and I saw him put them in his pocket, for he apprehended he might be attacked by the Union party, and assassinated. We wrapped a blanket round him, and put him in a sedan chair, and when he left the door I stood there, uncertain whether I should ever see him again. Afterwards, Mr. M'Can came to see me and said that I need not be alarmed, as Mr. Grattan's friends had determined to come forward in case he was attacked, and if necessary take his place in the event of any personal quarrel. When I heard that, I thanked him for his kindness, but told him, "My husband cannot die better than in defence of his country". . . .

At seven o'clock in the morning Mr. Egan had risen to speak, when Mr. Grattan entered the House. He was so debilitated that he was scarcely able to walk, and was supported by Mr. W. B. Ponsonby and Mr. Arthur

Moore. The scene that took place was interesting in the extreme, and highly characteristic of the individual; novel to the House, and quite unexpected by the Ministers, who were not aware that the election had taken place, or that the writ could be returned so soon. They were much surprised at his entrance and more so at his appearance. The House and the galleries were seized with breathless emotion; and a thrilling sensation, a low murmur, pervaded the whole assembly, when they beheld a thin, weak and emaciated figure, worn down by sickness of mind and body, scarcely able to sustain himself; the man who had been the founder of Ireland's independence in 1782 was now coming forward, feeble, helpless, and apparently in his last moments, to defend or to fall with his country.

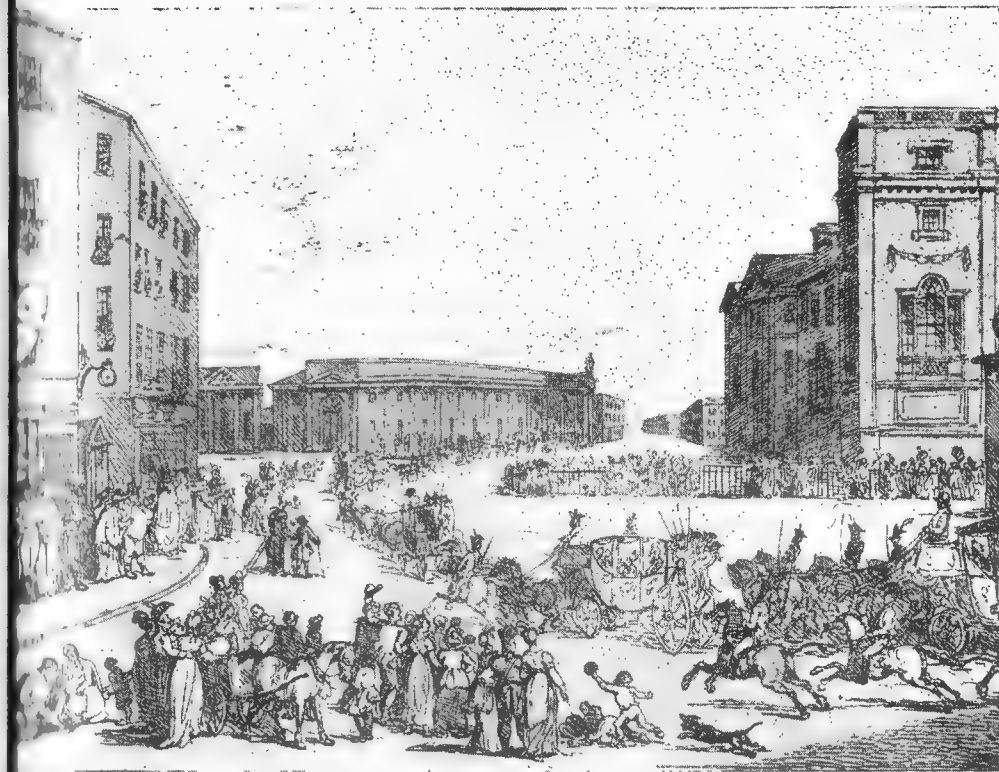
* * * * *

Grattan concluded his speech against the Act of Union in the following words:

From the bad terms which attend the Union, I am naturally led to the foul means by which it has been obtained—dismissals from office, perversion of the place bill, sale of peerage, purchase of boroughs, appointment of sheriffs with a view to prevent the meetings of freemen and freeholders, for the purpose of expressing their opinion on the subject of a Legislative Union—in short, the most avowed corruption, threats, and stratagems, accompanied by martial law, to deprive a nation of her liberty; and so very great and beneficial have been the efforts, that his Majesty's ministers have actually resorted to a partial dissolution of Parliament, at the very time they declined to resort to a general election. The sense of Parliament and people was against them; they change, therefore, the Parliament without recurring to the people, but procure a number of returns, exceeding their present majority, from private boroughs vacated with a view to return a Court member, who should succeed a gentleman that would not vote for the Union. Here, then, is a Parliament made by the Minister, not the people, and made for the question. Under these circumstances, in opposition to the declared sense of the country, has been passed a measure imposing on the people a new constitution and subverting the old one.

The constitution may be for a time so lost; the character of the country cannot be so lost; the Ministers of the Crown will, or may perhaps at length, find that it is not so easy to put down forever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible. . . . Identification is a solid and imperial empire, necessary for the preservation of freedom—necessary for that of maxim; but without union of hearts identification is extinction, is dishonour, is conquest.

Yet I do not give up the country; I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.



COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN, BEFORE THE UNION.

*"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson on thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."*

The description of Grattan's return to the House of Commons is from the Memoirs by his son. The Second Reading of the Union Bill was passed on May 26th, 1800, by 117 votes to 73. Grattan's ornate but sinuous eloquence which excited the grudging admiration of opponents equally ready to pistol him in the Park or to destroy his life's work in College Green—probably never soared higher than in the famous epitaph on that occasion in the old Irish Parliament.

* * * * *

JOHN FITZGIBBON, VISCOUNT CLARE (1800)

THE ORDER OF THE DAY being read for taking His Majesty's Message into consideration, relative to the proposed Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the Articles for that Purpose. My Lords, I rise to call your Lordships' attention to a subject, certainly

the most momentous which has ever been submitted for decision to the Parliament of this country; a subject embracing the vital interests of Ireland, and intimately affecting the strength and prosperity of the British Empire. In this grave assembly, I feel perfect confidence it will receive a calm, and patient, and dispassionate investigation. I am sensible, nevertheless, that it falls to my lot to address your Lordships under great disadvantages. The best talents, the most enlightened minds of which the British Empire has ever had to boast, have been roused to exertion in contemplating an incorporation of these kingdoms; and, after the brilliant and ample discussion which the subject has received in both countries, it cannot well be expected of me to throw new light upon it. But when I recollect the criminal and unexampled efforts which have been made, from the moment when this measure was first proposed for discussion, to bear it down by noise, and faction, and intrigue, if not by recommendations of open rebellion, I should condemn myself for a gross dereliction of my duty if I were to forbear to submit it to your Lordships' most serious consideration, in all its various and important views and bearings; more especially, as I feel a strong conviction, indeed, that nothing but Union can save this kingdom from annihilation, and eventually uphold the stability of the British Empire.

My opinions on this subject have not been recently or lightly formed; early professional habits had taught me to investigate the foundation of Irish titles, and of necessity to look back into Irish history: it has been my fortune to be called into active and forward public service, perhaps during the most eventful period of it; and, from a critical and attentive observation of what has passed in Ireland for the last twenty years, I am satisfied in my judgment and conscience that the existence of her independent Parliament has gradually led to her recent complicated and bitter calamities, and that it has at length become desperate and impracticable. I have, with as little reserve, stated the same opinion since I have had the honour of a seat in this House, and I make no scruple to avow, that in every communication which I have had with the King's ministers on Irish affairs for the last seven years, I have uniformly and distinctly pressed upon them the urgent necessity of Union, as the last resource to preserve this country to the British Crown. I pressed it without effect, until British ministers and the British nation were roused to a sense of the common danger, by the late sanguinary and unprovoked rebellion. . . .

Let us now examine the state of the forfeitures:—

Confiscated in the reign of James I, the whole of the	Acres.
Province of Ulster, containing	2,836,837
Set out by the Court of Claims at the Restoration ..	7,800,000
Forfeitures of 1688	1,060,792
TOTAL ..	11,697,629



COLLEGE GREEN AFTER THE UNION

(One of two cartoons by J. Stockdale, 1812. See also page 53.)

So that the whole of your island has been confiscated with the exception of the estates of five or six old families of English blood, some of whom had been attainted in the reign of Henry VIII, but recovered their possessions before Tyrone's Rebellion and had the good fortune to escape the pillage of the English Republic inflicted by Cromwell; and no inconsiderable portion of the island has been confiscated twice or perhaps thrice in the course of a century. The situation, therefore, of the Irish nation at the revolution stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world.

If the wars of England carried on here from the reign of Elizabeth had been waged against a foreign enemy, the inhabitants would have retained their possessions under the established law of civilized nations, and their country have been annexed as a province to the British Empire. But the continued and persevering resistance of Ireland to the British Crown during the whole of the last century was mere rebellion, and the municipal law of England attached upon the crime. What, then, was the situation



MARRIAGE against Inclination, a Step to SEPARATION.

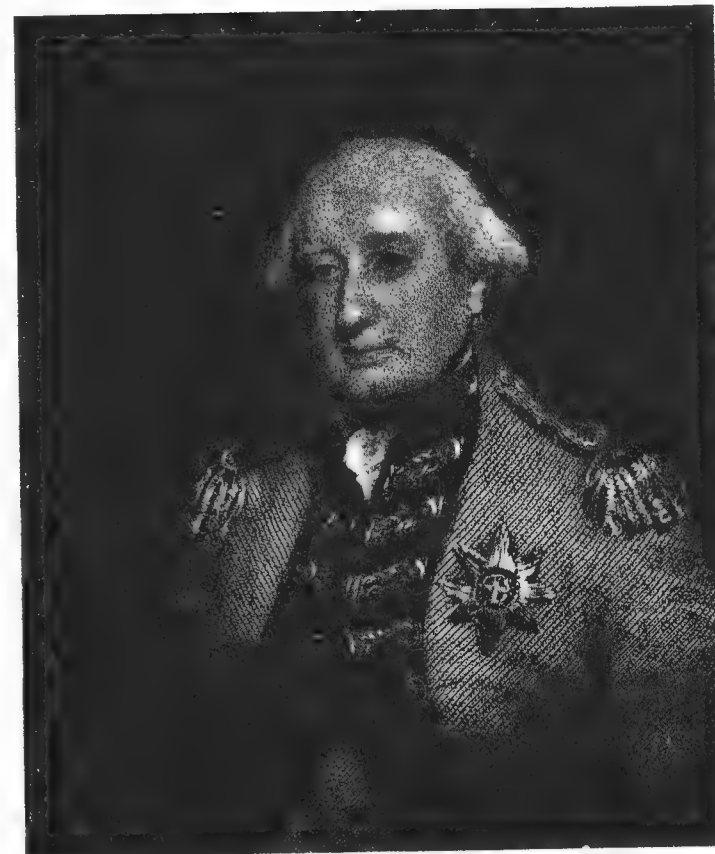
The cartoon entitled "Marriage against Inclination, a Step to Separation," reproduced above is in the "Hibernian Magazine," March, 1800. John Bull is addressing an obviously unwilling lady: "Stop, Dame Erin, foolish prude, Prithee be not quite so rude." Erin protests: "Is this the return for the constant loyalty of my children? By thus forcing my hand you forfeit all claim to my heart." She stands between Castlereagh, who says: "I give her away by distributing the loaves and fishes at the Castle," and Lord Clare, who is adjuring her: "Look at the Map. . . . You are secure from the wooing of the Corsican adventurer" (Napoleon). Behind him, Cornwallis enquires: "Potatoe garden, you Cyclops, you left us with neither bread nor potatoes." Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, (holding mace), implores the officiating Bishop to "Desist on behalf of her distressed children—lead to an eternal Divorce." Henry Grattan, holding duelling pistol, interjects: "A gross violation of a pledge in 1782." On the left, William Pitt, grinning and trampling on the Irish crown, while George III remarks: "What-What-What! More interruption after our will and pleasure expressed so often through the Stewart, Cook and Butler"

of Ireland at the revolution? and what is it at this day? The whole power and property of the country has been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English colony, composed of three sets of English adventurers, who poured into this country at the termination of three successive rebellions. Confiscation is their common title, and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation. It is painful for me to go into this detail, but we have been for twenty years in a fever of intoxication, and must be stunned into sobriety.

It has been demanded triumphantly how we are to be relieved by Union? I answer, first, we are to be relieved from British and Irish faction, which is the prime source of all our calamities. Next, if we become one people with England, the army of the Empire will be employed where it is most wanted for general service; and so long as it is found necessary to garrison every district in Ireland, for the internal safety of the country, the necessary force may be stationed here, without incurring additional expense in either country. And, therefore, in time of war we may hope to be relieved from the separate expense entailed upon Ireland by domestic factions; and in peace, it matters not to the general service of the Empire where the army may be quartered. Again, by Union the resources of Ireland must necessarily increase, if we have but grace to remain in a state of tranquillity for a few years. I have no doubt, our resources would augment most rapidly, if we had but grace to abjure faction.

I feel sanguine hope on the restoration of peace, that Ireland will participate in British capital and British industry; and until we can find employment for the poor, and teach them to feel and value the comforts of life, it is vain to expect that they will be reclaimed from barbarism. If you do not qualify the mass of your people for the enjoyment of sober liberty, you will never teach them to appreciate the blessings of it. Every man who feels for human misery, must lament the hard necessity imposed upon the Irish government, of meeting popular excess by laws of exemplary severity, and will contribute his best exertions to rescue the unfortunate victims of delusion from the depth of misfortune to which they will ever be condemned so long as they are made the instruments of faction, and stimulated to acts of outrage by wicked and inflammatory appeals to their ignorance and incivilization. But, we are told by giving up a separate Government, and separate Parliament, we sacrifice national dignity and independence.

If gentlemen who enlarge on this theme, will talk of their personal dignity and aggrandizement, I can understand them; but when I look at the squalid misery of the mass of the Irish people, I am sickened with this rant of Irish dignity and independence. Is the dignity and independence of Ireland to consist in the continued depression and unredeemed barbarism of the great majority of the people, and the factious contentions of a puny and rapacious oligarchy, who consider the Irish nation as their political inheritance, and are ready to sacrifice the public peace and happiness to their insatiate love of patronage and power? I hope I feel,



MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.
(From a Portrait by John Hoppner.)

"I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court. My occupation obliges me to negotiate and job with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without a Union the British Empire must be dissolved."—To Gen. Ross, 20 May, 1799.

as becomes a true Irishman, for the dignity and independence of my country, and therefore I would elevate her to her proper station in the rank of civilized nations. I wish to advance her from the degraded post of a mercenary province to the proud station of an integral and governing member of the greatest Empire in the world.

The above passages set forth the main argument of what a Unionist admirer, a century later, described as FitzGibbon's "sombre and splendid" oration in favour of the Act of Union.

FitzGibbon, "the Great Father of the Union," was the grandson of a Catholic small farmer in Co. Limerick. "His was the brain," says C. L. Falkiner, "which directed the Irish administration throughout the space of eighteen troubled years." To the Irish people generally he was an object of peculiar hatred. During the Union controversy some lines were recalled from a 16th century Gaelic satirist, Aongus Ó Dálaigh: "ní fuil fearas nac o-téio ar gcúl, áit fearas críost le cloinn Siobhán" (All anger abates but the anger of Christ with the FitzGibbons).

* * * * *

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON (1833)

LORDS CORNWALLIS AND CASTLEREAGH, having made good progress during the recess, now discarded all secrecy and reserve. To recite the various acts of *simple metallic corruption* which were practised without any reserve, during the summer of 1799, are too numerous for this volume. It will be sufficient to describe the proceedings, without particularising the individuals. Many of the Peers, and several of the Commoners had the patronage of boroughs, the control of which was essential to the success of the Minister's project. These patrons Lord Castlereagh assailed by every means which his power and situation afforded. Lord Cornwallis was the remote, Lord Castlereagh the intermediate, and Mr. Secretary Cooke, the immediate agents on many of these bargains. Lord Shannon, the Marquis of Ely, and several other Peers commanding votes, after much coquetry, had been procured during the first session; but the defeat of Government rendered their future support uncertain. The parliamentary patrons had breathing time after the preceding session, and began to tremble for their patronage and importance; and some desperate step became necessary to Government to ensure a continuance of the support of these personages. This object gave rise to a measure which the British nation will scarcely believe possible, its enormity is without parallel.

Lord Castlereagh's first object was to introduce into the House, by means of the Place Bill, a sufficient number of dependants to balance all opposition. He then boldly announced his intention to turn the scale, by bribes to all who would accept them, under the name of *compensation* for the loss of patronage and interest. He publicly declared, *first*, that every nobleman who returned members to Parliament should be paid, in cash, 15,000*l.* for every member so returned; *secondly*, that every member who had *purchased* a seat in Parliament should have his purchase-money repaid to him, by the Treasury of Ireland; *thirdly*, that all members of Parliament, or others, who were losers by a Union, should be fully recompensed for their losses, and that 1,500,000*l.* should be devoted to this service; in other terms, all who supported his measure were, under some pretence or other, to share in this bank of corruption.

A declaration so flagitious and treasonable was never publicly made in any country; but it had a powerful effect in his favour; and, before the meeting of Parliament, he had secured a small majority (as heretofore mentioned), of eight above a moiety of the members, and he courageously persisted.

After the debate of the Union in 1800, he performed his promise, and brought in a Bill to raise one million and a half of money upon the Irish people, nominally to compensate, but really to bribe their representatives, for betraying their honour and selling their country. This Bill was but feebly resisted; the divisions of January and February (1800) had reduced the success of the Government to a certainty, and all further opposition was abandoned. It was unimportant to Lord Castlereagh, who received the plunder of the nation; the taxes were levied, and a vicious partiality was effected in the partition.

The day of extinguishing the liberties of Ireland had now arrived, and the sun took his last view of independent Ireland, he rose no more over a proud and prosperous nation, she was now condemned, by the British Minister, to renounce her rank amongst the States of Europe, she was sentenced to cancel her constitution, to disband her Commons, and disfranchise her nobility, to proclaim her incapacity, and register her corruption in the records of the empire. On this fatal event, some, whose honesty the tempter could not destroy, some, whose honour he durst not assail, and many who could not control the useless language of indignation, prudently withdrew from a scene where they would have witnessed only the downfall of their country. Every precaution was taken by Lord Clare for the security, at least, of his own person. The Houses of Parliament were closely invested by the military, no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted, a British regiment, near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colonnades, the chaste architecture of that classic structure seemed as a monument to the falling Irish, to remind them of what they had been, and to tell them what they were. It was a heart-rending sight to those who loved their country, it was a sting to those who sold it, and to those who purchased it, a victory, but to none has it been a triumph.

The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable, they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches, scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members, nobody seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

At length the expected moment arrived, the order of the day for the third reading of the Bill, for a "Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland," was moved by Lord Castlereagh, unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

At that moment he had no country, no god but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, and with the utmost composure and indifference.

Confused murmurs again ran through the House, it was visibly affected, every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index, some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not despatch some messenger. Several Members

withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The Speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honours and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the Bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, "as many as are of opinion that THIS BILL do pass say aye." The affirmative was languid but indisputable, another momentary pause ensued, again his lips seemed to decline their office: at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice, "*the AYES have it.*" The fatal sentence was now pronounced, for an instant he stood statue-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province, Ireland, as a nation, was EXTINGUISHED.—*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.*

Sir Jonah Barrington was a member of the Irish Parliament at the time of the Union. His reminiscences were published in Paris many years later.

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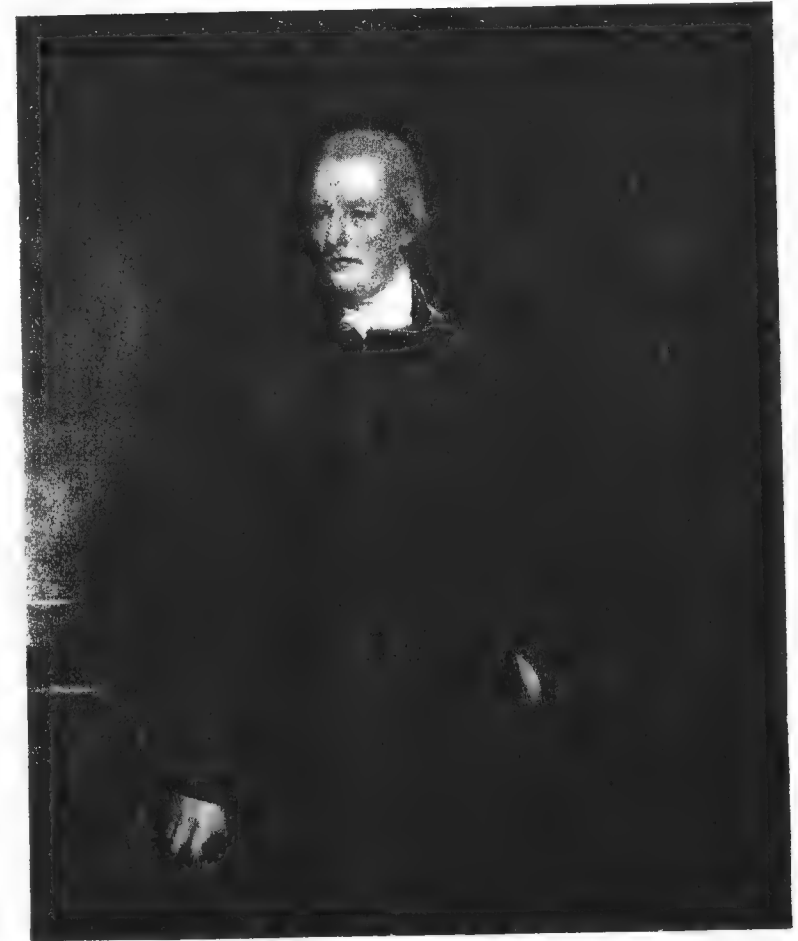
THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

ONE other public scene there was about this time in Dublin. This was the final ratification of the Bill which united Ireland to Great Britain. I do not know that any one public act, or celebration, or solemnity, in my time, did, or could, so much engage my profoundest sympathies. Wordsworth's fine sonnet on the extinction of the Venetian Republic had not then been published, else the last two lines would have expressed my feelings. . . .

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has pass'd away."

But here the previous circumstances were far different from those of Venice. *There* we saw a superannuated and paralytic state, sinking at any rate into the grave, and yielding, to the touch of military violence, that only which a brief lapse of years must otherwise have yielded to internal decay. *Here*, on the contrary, we saw a young eagle, rising into power, and robbed prematurely of her natural honours, only because she did not comprehend their value, or because at this great crisis she had no champion. Ireland in a political sense, was surely then in her youth, considering the prodigious developments she has since experienced in population, and in resources of all kinds.

This great day of UNION has been long looked forward to by me; with some mixed feelings also by my young friend, for he had an Irish heart, and was jealous of whatever appeared to touch the banner of Ireland. But it was not for him to say anything which should seem to impeach his father's patriotism in voting for the Union, and promoting it through his borough influence. Yet oftentimes it seemed to me, when I introduced



WILLIAM PITT, FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF THE UNITED KINGDOM
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

(From a Painting by John Hoppner.)

*Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
Nec [nova] regna peto: paribus se legibus ambae
Invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.*

("I shall neither command the Italians to obey the Trojans, nor do I seek a new kingdom. Let the two peoples, both unconquered, agree to a perpetual compact with equal laws.")—Virgil, *Aeneid*, XII, 189-91.

—Speech introducing the Union Bill, January, 1799.

the subject, and sought to learn from Lord Altamont the main grounds which had reconciled him and other men, anxious for the welfare of Ireland, to a measure which at least robbed her of some splendour, and above all, robbed her of a name and place amongst the independent states of Europe—that neither father nor son was likely to be displeased should some great popular violence put force upon the recorded will of Parliament, and compel the two Houses to perpetuate themselves. Dolorous they must of course have looked, in mere consistency; but I fancied that internally they would have laughed. Lord Altamont, I am certain, believed (as multitudes believed) that Ireland would be bettered by the commercial advantages conceded to her as an integral province of the empire, and would have benefits which, as an independent kingdom, she had not. It is notorious that this expectation was partially realised. But let us ask, could not a large part of these benefits have been secured to Ireland, remaining as she was? Were they, in any sense, dependent on the sacrifice of her separate parliament?

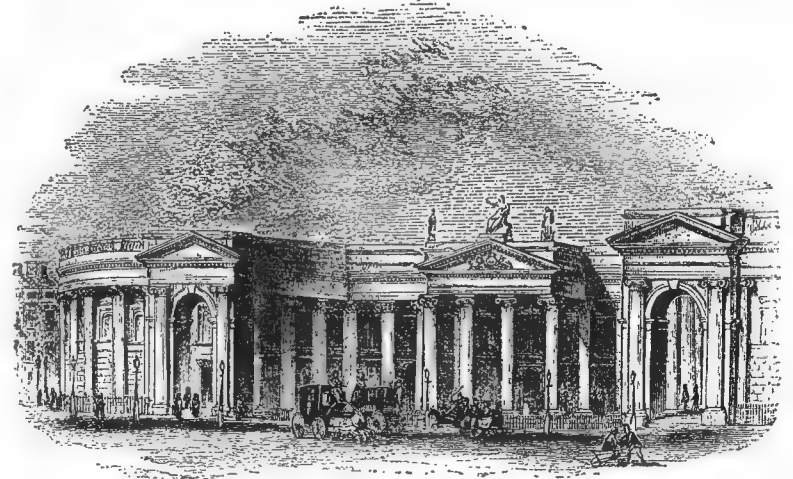
It was about the middle of the day, and a great mob filled the whole space about the two Houses. As Lord Altamont's coach drew up to the steps of that splendid edifice, we heard a prodigious hissing and hooting; and I was really agitated to think that Lord Altamont, whom I loved and respected, would probably have to make his way through a tempest of public wrath—a situation more terrific to him than to others from his embarrassed walking. I found, however, that I might have spared my anxiety; the subject of commotion was, simply, that Major Sirr, or Major Swan, I forget which (both being so celebrated in those days for their energy as leaders of the police), had detected a person in the act of mistaking some other man's pocket-handkerchief for his own—a most natural mistake, I should fancy, where people stood crowded together so thickly. No storm of any kind awaited us, and yet at that moment there was no other arrival to divide the public attention; for, in order that we might see everything from first to last, we were amongst the very earliest parties. Neither did our party escape under any mistake of the crowd; silence had succeeded to the uproar caused by the tender meeting between the thief and the major; and a man, who stood in a conspicuous situation, proclaimed aloud to those below him the name or title of members as they drove up. "That," said he, "is the Earl of Altamont; the lame gentleman, I mean." Perhaps, however, his knowledge did not extend so far as to the politics of a nobleman who had taken no violent or factious part in public affairs. At least the dreaded insults did not follow, or only in the very feeblest manifestations. We entered; and, by way of seeing everything, we went even to the robing-room. The man who presented his robes to Lord Altamont seemed to me, of all whom I saw on that day, the one who wore the face of the deepest depression. But, whether this indicated the loss of a lucrative situation, or was really disinterested sorrow, growing out of a patriotic trouble at the knowledge that he was now officiating for the last time, I could not guess. The House of Lords, decorated (if I remember) with hangings representing the battle of the Boyne, was nearly empty when we entered—an accident which furnished

to Lord Altamont the opportunity required for explaining to us the whole course and ceremonial of public business on ordinary occasions.

Gradually the House filled: beautiful women sat intermingled amongst the peers. . . . Next came a stir within the House, and an uproar resounding from without, which announced the arrival of His Excellency. Entering the House, he also, like the other peers, wheeled round to the throne, and made to that mysterious seat a profound homage. Then commenced the public business, in which, if I recollect, the Chancellor played the most conspicuous part—that Chancellor (Lord Clare) of whom it was affirmed in those days, by a political opponent, that he might swim in the innocent blood which he had caused to be shed

At which point in the order of succession came the royal assent to the Union Bill, I cannot distinctly recollect. But one thing I do recollect—that no audible expression, no buzz, nor murmur, nor *susurrus* even, testified the feelings which, doubtless, lay rankling in many bosoms. Setting apart all public or patriotic considerations, even then I said to myself, as I surveyed the whole assemblage of ermined peers, "How is it, and by what unaccountable magic, that William Pitt can have prevailed on all these hereditary legislators and heads of patrician houses to renounce so easily, with nothing worth the name of a struggle, and no reward worth the name of an indemnification, the very brightest jewel in their coronets? This morning they all rose from their couches Peers of Parliament, individual pillars of the realm, indispensable parties to every law that could pass. To-morrow they will be nobody—men of straw—*terrae filii*. What madness has persuaded them to part with their birthright, and to cashier themselves and their children for ever into mere titular Lords?"

Perhaps there might be a little pause—a silence like that which follows an earthquake; but there was no plain-spoken Lord Bel-



THE IRISH PARLIAMENT HOUSE

haven, as on the corresponding occasion in Edinburgh, to fill up the silence with, "So, there's an end of an auld sang"! All was or looked courtly, and free from vulgar emotion. One person only I remarked whose features were suddenly illuminated by a smile, a sarcastic smile, as I read it; which, however, might be all a fancy. It was Lord Castlereagh; who, at the moment when the irrevocable words were pronounced, looked with a penetrating glance amongst a party of ladies. His own wife was one of that party; but I did not discover the particular object on whom his smile had settled. After this I had no leisure to be interested in anything which followed. "You are all," thought I to myself, "a pack of vagabonds henceforward, and interlopers, with actually no more right to be here than myself. I am an intruder, so are you." Apparently they thought so themselves; for, soon after this solemn fiat of Jove had gone forth, their lordships, having no farther title to their robes (for which I could not help wishing that a party of Jewish old-clothesmen would at this moment have appeared, and made a loud bidding), made what haste they could to lay them aside for ever. The House dispersed much more rapidly than it had assembled. Major Sirr was found outside, just where we left him, laying down the law (as before) about pocket-handkerchiefs to old and young practitioners; and all parties adjourned to find what consolation they might get in the great evening event of dinner.—*Autobiographic Sketches.*

Thomas De Quincey, author of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," visited Ireland in 1800, at the age of fifteen, as the guest of Lord Westport, son of the Earl of Altamont (afterwards Marquess of Sligo).

* * * * *

PROTEST OF TWENTY IRISH LORDS (1800)

WE cannot help observing that the terms proposed in the said Bill are inconsistent with those principles and totally unequal; that Great Britain is thereby to retain entire and undiminished her House of Lords and Commons, and that two-fifteenths of the Irish peers are to be degraded and deprived of their legislative functions and that two-thirds of the Irish House of Commons are to be struck off. Such a proceeding appears to us totally unequal, both in respect of numbers and the mode of forming the united parliament; and we cannot suggest any reason for reducing the number of the members of the Irish Houses of Parliament which does not apply with more force to reducing the number of the members in the British Houses of Parliament, whose numbers so greatly exceed that of the members of the Irish Houses of Parliament. . . .

Because when we advert to the corrupt and unconstitutional language held out by the Minister to such members as claimed property in boroughs intimating to them that they should be considered as their private property, and should be purchased as such, and the price paid out of the public purse, such language appears to us to amount to a proposal to buy the Irish Parliament for Government, and makes the Union a measure of bargain and sale between the Minister and the individual.

Because when we compare the relative abilities of Great Britain and Ireland, we find the contribution to be paid by the two kingdoms, to the expenses of the united empire, most unequally adjusted; and that the share of two-seventeenths, fixed upon as the proportion to be paid by Ireland, is far beyond what her resources will enable her to discharge. . . .

Because the transfer of our legislature to another Kingdom will deprive us of the only security we have for the enjoyment of our liberties, and, being against the sense of the people, amounts to a gross breach of trust; and we consider the substitute for our constitution, namely the return of the proposed number of persons to the united Parliament as delusive, amounting, indeed, to an acknowledgement of the necessity of representation, but in no sort supplying it, inasmuch as the thirty-two peers and the hundred commoners will be merged in the vast disproportion of British members, who will in fact be the legislators for Ireland. . . .

Because we consider the intended Union a direct breach of trust, not only by the Parliament with the people, but by the Parliament of Great Britain with that of Ireland, inasmuch as the tenor and purport of the settlement of 1782 did intentionally and expressly exclude the re-agitation of constitutional questions between the two countries, and did establish the exclusive legislative authority of the Irish Parliament, without the interference of any other. That the breach of such a solemn contract, founded on the internal weakness of the country and its inability at this time to withstand the destructive design of the Minister, must tend to destroy the future harmony of both, by forming a precedent, and generating a principle of mutual encroachment, in times of mutual difficulties.

Because that when we consider the weakness of this Kingdom at the time that the measure was brought forward, and her inability to withstand the destructive designs of the Minister, and couple to the act itself the means that have been employed to accomplish it, such as the abuse of the Place Bill, for the purpose of modelling the Parliament—the appointment of sheriffs to prevent county meetings—the dismissal of the old steadfast friends of constitutional government for their adherence to the constitution, and the return of persons into Parliament who had neither connection nor stake in this country, and were therefore selected to decide upon her fate—when we consider the armed force of the Minister, added to his powers and practices of corruption, when we couple these things together we are warranted to say, that the basest means have been used to accomplish this great innovation, and that the measure of Union tends to dishonour the ancient peerage forever, to disqualify both Houses of Parliament and subjugate the people of Ireland forever. . . .

Because the argument made use of in favour of the Union, namely, that the sense of the people of Ireland is in its favour, we know to be untrue; and as the ministers have declared, that they would not press the measure against the sense of the people, and as the people have pronounced, and under all difficulties, their judgement against it, we have, together with the sense of the country, the authority of the Minister to enter our protest against the project of union, against the yoke which it imposes, the dis-

honour which it inflicts, the disqualification passed upon the peerage, the stigma thereby branded on the realm, the disproportionate principle of expense it introduces, the means employed to effect it, the discontents it has excited, and must continue to excite; against all these, and the fatal consequences they may produce, we have endeavoured to interpose our votes, and, failing, we transmit to after-times our names in solemn protest on behalf of the parliamentary constitution of this realm, the liberty which is secured, the trade which it protected, the connection which it preserved, and the constitution which it supplied and fortified.

This we feel ourselves called upon to do in support of our characters, our honour, and whatever is left to us worthy to be transmitted to our posterity.

LEINSTER,
MEATH,
GRANARD,
MOIRA (for the 8th, 10th, and
11th reasons),
LUDLOW,
ARRAN,
CHARLEMONT,
KINGSTON,
RIVERSDALE,
MOUNTCASHEL,

FARNHAM,
BELMORE,
MASSEY,
STRANGFORD,
POWERSCOURT,
DE VESCI,
W. DOWN AND CONNOR,
R. WATERFORD AND KILMORE,
SUNDERLIN (except for the 7th
reason),
LISMORE.

CHAPTER III.

The United Irishmen and 1798

Let the nation stand.—*Motto of the United Irishmen.*

* * * * *

The reign of a simple force was established beyond dispute, and the men who had driven Lord Fitzwilliam from Ireland and Grattan from Parliament were now omnipotent.

—W. E. H. LECKY

* * * * *

"Well," said he smiling, "all ground of jealousy between us and the Catholics is now done away. They have denied us reform and them emancipation. They have oppressed them with penal laws and us with military ones. We are all subject to the tender, to dungeons and to death. There is nothing surer than that Irishmen of every denomination must stand or fall together."

—WILLIAM ORR, "the first Protestant martyr for Irish freedom,"
1797.

* * * * *

At Three Rocks and Tubberneering how well we won the day.
Depending on the long bright pike, and well it worked its way.
At Wexford and at Oulart we made them quake with fear;
For every man could do his part, like Forth and Shelmaliere.

We are the boys of Wexford, who fought with heart and hand,
To burst in twain the galling chain and free our native land.

—*The Boys of Wexford.*

* * * * *

W. E. H. LECKY (1871)

LORD FITZWILLIAM landed in Ireland in December, 1794, and was at once received with a most significant enthusiasm of loyalty. Petitions in unprecedented numbers poured in from Catholics, asking for emancipation; and the great majority of the Protestants were unquestionably strongly in favour of it. Lord Fitzwilliam was afterwards able to represent to the King "the universal approbation with which the emancipation of the Catholics was received on the part of his Protestant

subjects"; and in his letter to Lord Carlisle, after his recall, he described the state of feeling in Ireland in terms which need no comment. "It was a time" he wrote, "when the jealousy and alarm which certainly at the first period pervaded the minds of the Protestant body exist no longer—when not one Protestant corporation, scarcely an individual, has come forward to deprecate and oppose the indulgence claimed by the higher order of Catholics—when even some of those who were most alarmed in 1793 and were then the most violent opposers, declare the indulgences now asked to be only the necessary consequence of those granted at that time, and positively essential to secure the well-being of the two countries". . . . Grattan obtained leave to bring in an Emancipation Bill, with but three dissentient voices; and that Bill had been drawn up by him in concert with Lord Fitzwilliam and the Cabinet. It was understood that a Reform Bill would follow; and one of the most important leaders of the United Irishmen afterwards said that in that case their quarrel with England would have been at an end. The whole Catholic population was strung to the highest pitch of excitement. The Protestants were, for the most part, enthusiastically loyal; and the revolutionary spirit had almost subsided, when Pitt suddenly and peremptorily recalled Lord Fitzwilliam, and made the rebellion which followed inevitable.

The precise motives of this result, which plunged Ireland into the agonies of civil war and threw back the Catholic question for thirty-four years, have been a matter of much controversy. Lord Fitzwilliam, in going to Ireland, thought it necessary to exercise his authority as chief governor by dismissing certain officials who were directly opposed to the policy he intended to pursue. . . . The truth seems to be that Pitt was extremely jealous of his Whig colleagues, and afraid of their obtaining a predominant influence in the Cabinet. The King had declared his strong opposition to emancipation. . . . The steady object of his later Irish policy was to corrupt and to degrade, in order that he ultimately might destroy the Legislature of the country. Had Parliament been made a mirror of the national will—had the Catholics been brought within the pale of the constitution—his policy would have been defeated. . . . Pitt sowed in Ireland the seeds of discord and bloodshed, of religious animosities, and social disorganisation, which paralysed the energies of the country and rendered possible the success of his machinations. The rebellion of 1798, with all the accumulated miseries it entailed, was the direct and predicted consequence of his policy. Lord Fitzwilliam had solemnly warned the government that to disappoint the hopes of the Catholics "would be to raise a flame in the country that nothing but the force of arms could keep down". . . . His carriage was drawn to the water's edge by an enthusiastic crowd, while a violent riot marked the public entry of his successor. The belief in the possibility of obtaining reform by constitutional means speedily waned. A sullen, menacing disloyalty overspread the land, "creeping," in the words of Grattan, "like the mist at the heels of the countrymen."—*The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.*



LADY PAMELA FITZGERALD.



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AS A CHILD.

THE SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN (1799)

THE disunion that had long existed between the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland, particularly those of the Presbyterian religion, was found by experience to be so great an obstacle to the obtaining of a reform in Parliament, or anything of just and popular principles, that some persons, equally friendly to that measure and to religious toleration, conceived the idea of uniting both sects in pursuance of the same object—a repeal of the penal laws and a reform, including in itself an extension of the right of suffrage to the Catholics.

From this originated the societies of the United Irishmen in the end of the year 1791; even then it was clearly perceived that the chief support of the borough interest in Ireland was the weight of English influence; but as yet that obvious remark had not led the minds of the reformers towards a separation from England. Some individuals, perhaps, had convinced themselves that benefit would result to this country from such a measure; but during the whole existence of the society of United Irishmen of Dublin we may safely aver, to the best of our knowledge and recollections, that no such object was ever agitated by its members, either in public debate or private conversation, nor until the society had lasted a considerable time, were any traces of republicanism to be met with there. . . .

While the minds of men were taking this turn, the society of United Irishmen in Dublin was in the year 1794 forcibly dissolved, but the principles by which it was actuated were as strong as ever; as hypocrisy was not of the vices of that society, it brought its destruction on itself by the openness of its discussion and publicity of its proceeding. Its fate was a warning to that of Belfast, and suggested the idea of forming societies,

with the same object, but whose secrecy should be their protection—The first of these societies was, as we best recollect, in the year 1795. In order to secure co-operation and uniformity of action, they organized a system of committees, baronial, county, and provincial, and even national; but it was long before the skeleton of this organization was filled up.

While the formation of these societies was in agitation, the friends of liberty were gradually, but with a timid step, advancing towards republicanism; they began to be convinced, that it would be as easy to obtain a revolution as a reform, so obstinately was the latter resisted, and as the conviction impressed itself on their minds, they were inclined not to give up the struggle, but to extend their views; it was for this reason that in their test the words are "an equal representation of all the people of Ireland," without inserting the word Parliament. The test embraced both the republican and the reformer, and left to future circumstances to decide to which the common strength should be directed; but still the whole body, we are convinced, would stop short at reform. Another consideration, however, led the minds of the reflecting United Irishmen to look towards a republic and separation from England—this was the war with France. . . . A reform in the Irish Parliament was no object to the French—a separation of Ireland from England was a mighty one indeed.

About the middle of 1796, a meeting of the executive took place, more important in its discussions and its consequences, than any that had preceded it; as such we have thought ourselves bound to give an account of it with the most perfect frankness, and more than ordinary precision. The meeting took place in consequence of a letter from one of the society, who had emigrated on account of political opinions: it mentioned that the state of the country had been represented to the government of France in so favourable a point of view, as to induce them to resolve upon invading Ireland, for the purpose of enabling it to separate itself from Great Britain. On this solemn and important occasion, a serious review was taken of the state of the Irish nation at that period: it was observed that a desperate ferment existed in the public mind; a resolution in favour of a parliamentary reform had indeed been passed in 1795 by the House of Commons—but after it had been frustrated by several successive adjournments, all hope of its attainment vanished, and its friends were everywhere proscribed; the Volunteers were put down; all power of meeting by delegation for any political purpose, the mode in which it was most usual and expedient to cooperate on any subject of importance, was taken away at the same time.

The provocations of the year 1794, the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the re-assumption of coercive measures that followed it, were strongly dwelt on: the County of Armagh had been long desolated by two contending factions, agreeing only in one thing, an opinion, that most of the active magistrates in that county treated one party with the most fostering kindness, and the other with the most rigorous persecution. It was stated, that so marked a partiality exasperated the sufferers, and those who sympathized in their misfortunes. It was urged with indignation, that

notwithstanding the greatness of the military establishment in Ireland, and its having been able to suppress the Defenders in various counties, it was not able, or was not employed to suppress these outrages in that county, which drove 7,000 persons from their native dwellings. The magistrates, who took no steps against the Orangemen, were said to have over-leaped the boundaries of law to pursue and punish the Defenders. The Government seemed to take upon themselves those injuries by the Indemnity Act, and even honoured the violators; and by the Insurrection Act, which enabled the same magistrates, if they chose, under colour of law, to act anew the same abominations.

Nothing, it was contended, could more justly excite the spirit of resistance, and determine men to appeal to arms, than the Insurrection Act; it punished with death the administering of oaths, which in their opinion were calculated for the most virtuous and honourable purposes. The power of proclaiming counties, and quieting them by breaking open the cabins of the peasants between sunset and sunrise, by seizing the inmates, and sending them on board tenders, without the ordinary interposition of a trial by jury, had, it was alleged, irritated beyond endurance the minds of the reflecting, and the feelings of the unthinking inhabitants of that province. It was contended, that even according to the constitution and example of 1688, when the protection of the constituted authorities was drawn from the subject, allegiance, the reciprocal duty, ceased to bind; when the people were not redressed, they had a right to resist, and were free to seek for allies wherever they were to be found.

The English revolutionists of 1688 called in the aid of a foreign republic to overthrow their oppressors. There had sprung up in our own time a much more mighty Republic, which, by its offers of assistance to break the chains of slavery, had drawn on itself a war with the enemies of our freedom, and now particularly tendered us its aid. These arguments prevailed, and it was resolved to employ the proffered assistance for the purpose of separation. We are aware it is suspected that negotiations between the United Irishmen and the French were carried on at an earlier period than that now alluded to, but we solemnly declare such suspicion is ill-founded. In consequence of this determination of the executive, an agent was despatched to the French Directory, who acquainted them with it, stated the dispositions of the people, and the measures which caused them. He received fresh assurances that the succours should be sent as soon as the armament could be got ready.

The parts we have acted, have enabled us to gain the most intimate knowledge of the dispositions and hearts of our countrymen. From that knowledge we speak, when we declare our deepest conviction that the Penal Laws, which have followed in such doleful and rapid succession—the house-burnings—arbitrary imprisonments—free quarters—and above all, the tortures to extort confessions—neither have had, nor can have, any other effect but exciting the most lively rancour in the hearts of almost all the people of Ireland, against those of their countrymen who have had recourse to such measures for maintaining their powers, and against the

connexion with Great Britain, whose men and whose aid have been poured in to assist them. . . .

ARTHUR O'CONNOR,
THOMAS ADDIS EMMET,
WILLIAM JAMES MACNEVEN.

* * * * *

JEMMY HOPE (1846)

JAMES HOPE, a native of Templepatrick, in the North of Ireland—a poor mechanic, self-taught and self-ennobled, now verging on his eighty-first year, has told his own story, recorded his own acts and opinions. . . . I had an opportunity of seeing the qualities of this man strikingly displayed on a dreary journey, in his company, between Belfast and Antrim, on a most tempestuous night in the depth of winter, when we arrived at our journey's end (after visiting the scene of that struggle at Antrim, in which he had taken so prominent a part five-and-forty years before), so benumbed with cold and wet, as scarcely to have the power of motion. . . .

Hope is a modest, observant, though retiring man, discreet and thoughtful. His height is about five feet seven inches, his frame slight but compact, his features remarkable for the tranquillity and simplicity of their expression. His spirits seemed to undergo no change: he is always in good humour, gay without levity, and yet laughter appears seldom to go beyond his eyes. His private character is most excellent: he is strictly moral, utterly fearless, inflexible, and incorruptible. The most eminent leaders, both of 1798 and 1803, had a thorough confidence in him. . . . His courage has been tried on numerous occasions: his fidelity to his associates no less often—to Neilson, M'Cracken, Emmet, Russell, and Hamilton. He was at all times averse to bloodshed. His mind seems so constructed, as to make it impossible for him to feel or manifest any respect for men, whatever may be their station, except on account of their good qualities.

"I was born in the Parish of Temple Patrick, in the County Antrim, the 25th August, 1764. . . . I was apprenticed to a linen weaver, and I served my full time to him without reproof. On leaving my old master I entered into an engagement with a small farmer who had a loom in his house, at which I wrought, for eight years and a half, during which time I improved in reading and writing by attending a night school during the winter seasons. I subsequently worked as a journeyman weaver with a man of the name of Mullen, and married the daughter of my employer, Rose Mullen, a young woman gifted with noble qualities, with every advantage of mind and person. She was everything in this world to me, and when I lost her, my happiness went to the grave with her. She died in 1831.

My connection with politics began in the ranks of the Volunteers; I was a member of the Roughfords corps. Of the first founders of the United Societies only two were intimately known to me—Mr. Samuel Neilson



The Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council of Ireland have issued a proclamation declaring that they have received information upon oath, that Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD has been guilty of High Treason, and offer a reward of £1000 sterling, to any person who shall discover, apprehend, or commit him to prison.

An unexpected event has taken place in this city, namely a cession made by the Corporation for the improvement of Dublin Harbour, of their property in the Pigeon-house Dock, and the newly-constructed Hotel to Government, for the purpose of a place of arms and military post, if not for ever, at least during the present war. The part allotted for this place of arms is, we hear, to be insulated by strong redoubts mounted with cannon.

Dublin, May 20th.

Yesterday evening information having been given of the place in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald had concealed himself. Mr. Justice Swan, Major Sirr, and Captain Ryan, with a small guard, went in two coaches to the house of one Murphy, a feather merchant, in Thomas-street. Major Sir instantly proceeded to plant sentinels on the different doors of the house; Mr. Swan and Captain Ryan rushed in, and ran up to a room two pair of stairs backwards. Mr. Swan having first reached the door, opened it, and told Lord Edward, who lay upon a bed in his dressing-gown and breeches, that he had a warrant against him; adding, "You know me, my Lord, and I know you, it will be in vain to resist". They approached each other, his Lordship, on their meeting, stabbed Mr. Swan, with a dagger; the latter fired, they struggled; Lord Edward, in the struggle, wounded him a second time in the back; the dagger glanced upon his ribs: Mr. Swan staggered back, crying out that he was killed. Captain Ryan by this time arrived, and rushed in, he presented a pocket pistol, it missed fire, he drew a sword from his stick, the sword bent double upon the body of Lord Edward, the latter staggered, and fell backwards on the bed, Captain Ryan, threw himself upon him, Lord Edward plunged the dagger into Captain Ryan, they grappled with each other, Captain Ryan endeavouring to wrest the dagger, Lord Edward stabbed him and eluded his grasp. The whole business was so instantaneous, that Major Sirr had only time to reach the room door, from hearing the discharge of the first shot, which had alarmed him, he rushed in, saw Captain Ryan and Lord Edward struggling and entwined upon the floor, Major Sirr discharged a pistol, wounding Lord Edward in the shoulder, the latter then cried out for mercy, and was secured. Some of Captain Ryan's wounds are of the most alarming nature, he has received no less than 14 stabs in different parts of his body, of these, one is particularly alarming, it is situated under his left ribs, and though there is every reason to hope that the intestines are uninjured, we cannot venture to pronounce him out of danger. Mr. Swan's wounds are not so serious, they are likely soon to heal, Lord Edward was sent from the Castle, after a short examination, to Newgate, his wounds are supposed to be but slight.

Dublin: Printed by Grierson Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

FACSIMILE OF GOVERNMENT BULLETIN, DESCRIBING THE ARREST OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

and Henry Joy M'Cracken. I lived in the country when I joined the society, and was delegated to a committee in Belfast, where I met them. . . . My motives for joining the United Irishmen were, to carry out the objects

of the Volunteers; my first views were not beyond theirs; they became more extensive. The person who induced me to join the society is still living. I was employed in 1796, 1797, and the spring of 1798, and again in 1803, as an emissary, going from place to place throughout the country organising the people. I received my orders generally from Russell, Wilson, and M'Cracken, and communicated with certain persons, I was sworn never to name; also with John M'Can and Edward Dunn, foreman in Jackson's foundry, who had a very close acquaintance with the views of the Directory. . . .

We had traitors in our camp from the beginning to the close of the career of our society. For years our agent in Hamburg (Mr. Turner), and one of our state prisoners, at Fort George, were furnishing Pitt with all our secrets, foreign and domestic. M'Cracken, who was by far the most deserving of all our northern leaders, observed that what we had latterly gained in numbers, we lost in worth: he foresaw that the corruption of Ulster would endanger the union in the south. . . . The very perfection of our organization in Ulster gave treachery the greater scope, from the greater intercourse it caused in societies and committees, and numbers of persons, thus becoming personally known to each other, the organization of treachery was rendered still more complete, and, if a comparative few had not thrown their lives into the scale, Castlereagh's plan of keeping the north and south divided, must have sooner succeeded. When all our leaders deserted us, Henry Joy M'Cracken stood faithful to the last."—DR. R. R. MADDEN: "LIVES AND TIMES OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN," 3RD SERIES.

Jemmy Hope, when Dr. Madden met him in 1846, was verging on his eighty-first year, still "hale, hearty, cheerful, and steadfast in his early principles and opinions."

* * * * *

ANASTASTIA O'BYRNE

IN May, 1798, the narrator, then a comely matron of thirty, possessing a soft innocent expression and a delicate rose-hue complexion, donned her bonnet of the previous season, with intent to make some purchases in the drapery line at a flourishing mart in Thomas Street. The bonnet was of bright green silk, had often been worn without remark, was purchased for its supposed becoming effect, and had lain quietly ensconced in its bandbox throughout the winter. But during that eventful season the political atmosphere had undergone disturbance, and the storm which shattered to pieces many happy homesteads was about to sweep through Ireland.

Amid other signs of the times, "the wearing of the green" came to be regarded with suspicion and dislike by the authorities of the day. Of this, however, the wearer of the green bonnet was then quite unconscious. On she went, but was rather concerned, and somewhat puzzled to find herself attracting an unusual share of the attention of the passers-by, particularly as she was alone. As she passed out of Dame Street into



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, NOW THE CITY HALL, DUBLIN.
(From Malton's Views of Dublin, 1797.)

"The Royal Exchange, one of the principal ornaments of the City, is nearly in the centre of Dublin, on the south side of the River Liffey . . . and terminates the view with an object at once grand, cheerful and elegant. It adjoins Dublin Castle, and was used as headquarters of the Yeomanry, as a prison, and for 'interrogation' of suspected rebels in 1798."

Castle Street and Skinner's Row, where the narrowness of the flagway made collisions of passengers a rule rather than an exception, she was startled to hear, every other moment, a voice whispering, almost under her bonnet: "God bless your colour, ma'am!" She remarked that those who did not use this phrase regarded her with an angry scowl; but still no thought of connecting these incidents with the hue of her bonnet ever crossed her mind.

On her return from Thomas Street her attractive power seemed to increase, the cabalistic words: "God bless your colour, ma'am!" were not uttered so frequently, but the streets were greatly crowded by men, some of whom regarded her bonnet with so fierce a glare that she thought they had a notion of plucking it from her head. She then began to perceive, with some alarm, that scarcely any women were abroad, and that military and yeomanry paraded the streets. When she reached Cork Hill she

saw masses of people thronging the line of way in Dame Street, whilst the crowd about the Castle gates and the Royal Exchange seemed heaving in agitation like the waves of a troubled sea. Whilst trying to pierce the dense crowd around the Royal Exchange, she heard a familiar voice shout her name twice in a loud, excited tone. She glanced in the direction of the sound, and saw the pale and eager face of a young man of her acquaintance, the husband and brother of two intimate female friends, peering at her through one of the windows of the Royal Exchange, then a receptacle for State prisoners.

Entering a little by-street she turned with great difficulty from the surge of the crowd which was floating from College Green side, and soon got into more quiet quarters. By the circuitous route she reached home unmolested, but found the household in great alarm about her, for tidings had reached them that several females during the tumult of the day had been rudely insulted, and roughly treated, for wearing ribbons or garments of green hue, one most respectable lady having had a gown of the obnoxious colour sliced from her body by the sabre of a loyal trooper. The excitement of the day was caused by the arrest of the unfortunate brothers Sheares. The young prisoner who called on her from the window had just recently been arrested in the street on suspicion, solely on account of having used indignant words of remark in the hearing of a loyal yeoman. His great anxiety to gain the notice of the wearer of the green bonnet was caused by his desire that his relatives, who were ignorant of his arrest, should learn it, and take measures for his release, before the tidings of it could reach the ears of a very youthful wife in a very delicate condition.

This memory of the terror and suspense that pervaded Dublin in 1798 was recorded by the well-known historian, W. J. Fitzpatrick, from information supplied by Mrs. O'Byrne when she was over a hundred years old. The vivid, dream-like atmosphere of the narrative is remarkable. "The Wearing of the Green," it need hardly be said, was first favourite of all the 'Ninety-Eight ballads. "In the years which followed 'Ninety-Eight," said George Petrie, "it was the solace of every peasant—of every heart, gentle or simple—which felt for the sorrows of Ireland."

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THEOBALD WOLFE TONE (1796)

DECEMBER 22ND. This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered; no news of the *Fraternite*. I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight night, parting company with his fleet. Captain Grammont, our first lieutenant, told me his opinion is that she is either taken or lost, and, in either event, it is a terrible blow to us. All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirits and talents to play it. If he succeeds, it will immortalise him. I do not at all like the countenance of the *Etat-Major* in this crisis. When they speak of the expedition, it is in a style of despondency, and, when they are not speaking of it, they are playing cards and laughing; they are every one of them brave of their

IRISHMEN.

YOU have not forgot Bantry Bay. You know what efforts France has made to assist you.

Her affection for you, her desire of avenging your wrongs and assuring your independence can never be impaired.

After several unsuccessful attempts behold at last Frenchmen arrived amongst you.

They come to support your courage, to share your dangers, to join their arms and mix their blood with yours in the sacred cause of liberty.

They are the forerunners of other Frenchmen, whom you shall soon unfold in your arms.

Brave IRISHMEN, our cause is common. Like you we abhor the avaricious and blood-thirsty policy of an oppressive government. Like you we hold as infeasible the right of all nations to liberty. Like you we are persuaded that the

A FRENCH PROCLAMATION TO THE IRISH; 1798.

Portion of a copy brought to Ireland by General Humbert, which was picked up on the battlefield of Ballinamuck, Co. Longford, and is now in the National Library of Ireland.

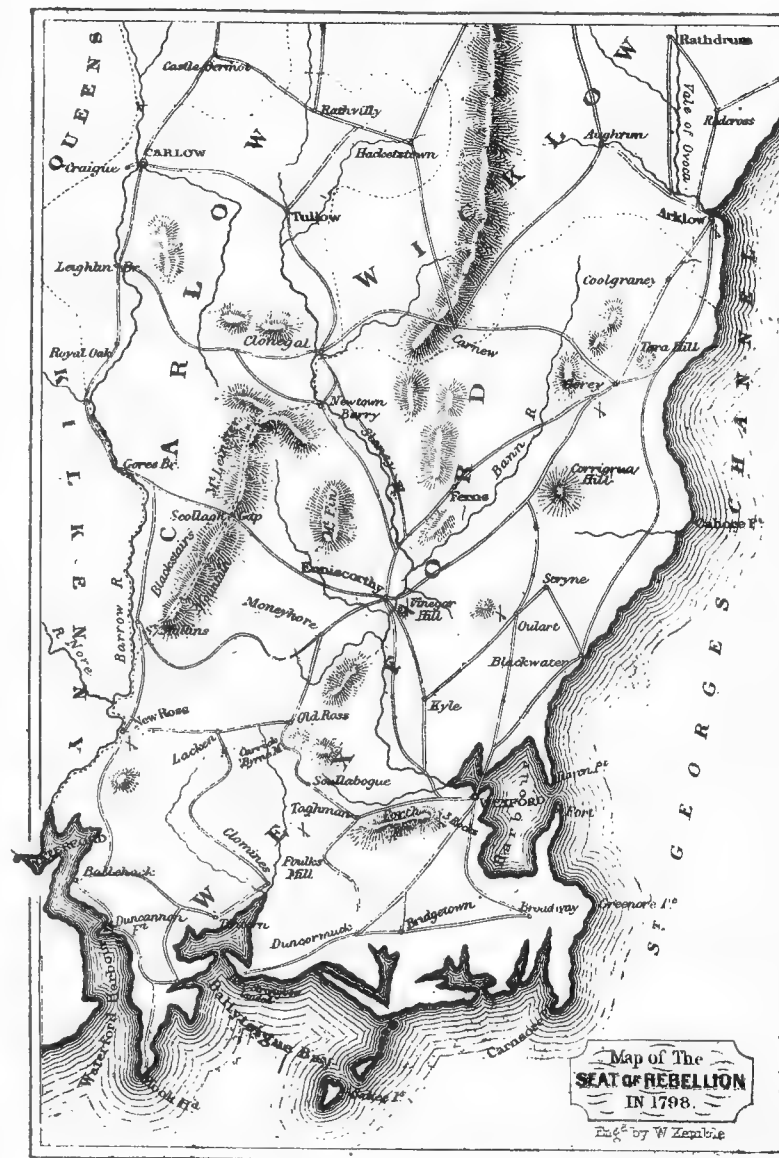
persons, but I see nothing of that spirit of enterprise, combined with a steady resolution, which our present situation demands. They stared at me this morning when I said that Grouchy was the man in the whole army who had least reason to regret the absence of the General, and began to talk of responsibility and difficulties, as if any great enterprise was without responsibility and difficulties. I was burning with rage; however I said nothing, and will say nothing until I get ashore, if ever I am so happy as to arrive there. We are gaining the Bay by slow degrees, with a head wind at east, where it has hung these five weeks. To-night we hope, if nothing extraordinary happens, to cast anchor in the mouth of the Bay, and work up to-morrow morning; these delays are dreadful to my impatience. I am now so near the shore that I can see, distinctly, two old castles, yet I am utterly uncertain whether I shall ever set foot

on it. According to appearances, Bouvet and Grouchy are resolved to proceed; that is a great point gained, however. Two o'clock; we have been tacking ever since eight this morning, and I am sure we have not gained one hundred yards; the wind is right ahead, and the fleet dispersed.

DECEMBER 23RD. Last night it blew a heavy gale from the eastward with snow, so that the mountains are covered this morning, which will render our bivouacs extremely amusing. It is to be observed, that of the thirty-two points of the compass, the E. is precisely the most unfavourable to us. In consequence we are this morning separated for the fourth time; sixteen sail, including nine or ten of the line, with Bouvet and Grouchy, are at anchor with us, and about twenty are blown to sea; luckily the gale set from the shore, so I am in hopes no mischief will ensue. The wind is still high, and, as usual, right ahead; and I dread a visit from the English, and altogether I am in great uneasiness. Oh! that we were once ashore, let what might ensue after; I am sick to the very soul of this suspense.

I am now so near the shore, that I can in a manner touch the sides of Bantry Bay with my right and left hand, yet God knows whether I shall ever tread again on Irish ground. There is one thing which I am surprised at, which is the extreme *sang-froid* with which I view the coast. I expected I should have been violently affected, yet I look at it as if it were the coast of Japan; I do not, however, love my country the less, for not having romantic feelings with regard to her. Another thing, we are now three days in Bantry Bay; if we do not land immediately, the enemy will collect a superior force, and perhaps repay us our victory of Quiberon. In an enterprise like ours, everything depends upon the promptitude and audacity of our first movements, and we are here, I am sorry to say it, most pitifully languid. It is mortifying, but that is too poor a word; I could tear my flesh with rage and vexation, but that advances nothing, and so I hold my tongue in general, and devour my melancholy as I can. To come so near, and then to fail, if we are to fail! And every one aboard seems now to have given up all hopes.

DECEMBER 24TH. This morning the whole Etat-Major has been miraculously converted, and it was agreed, in full council, that General Cherin, Colonel Waudre, Chef d'Etat Major of the Artillery, and myself, should go aboard the *Immortalite*, and press General Grouchy in the strongest manner, to proceed on the expedition, with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly, we made a signal to speak with the Admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I must do Grouchy the justice to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, and like a man of spirit; he instantly set about preparing the *ordre de bataille*, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers, who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. It is a bold attempt, and truly original. All the time we were preparing the *ordre de bataille*, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means, and I believe, under the circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held; but "*Des Chevaliers francais tel est le caractere.*" Grouchy, the commander-in-chief, never



MAP OF WEXFORD.

had so few men under his orders since he was Adjutant-General; Waudre, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, finds himself now at the head of the artillery, which is a furious park, consisting of one piece of eight, one of four, and

two six-inch howitzers; when he was a Captain he never commanded fewer than ten pieces, but now that he is in fact General of the artillery, he prefers taking the field with four. He is a gallant fellow, and offered, on my proposal last night, to remain with me and command his company, in case General Grouchy had agreed to the proposal I made to Cherin. It is altogether an enterprise truly *unique*; we have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the General-in-Chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but the arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage, but that is sufficient. With all these original circumstances, such as I believe never were found united in an expedition of such magnitude as that we are about to attempt, we are all as gay as larks. I never saw the French character better exemplified than in this morning's business. Well, at last I believe we are about to disembark; God knows how I long for it. . . .

DECEMBER 26TH. The gale continues, and the fog is so thick that we cannot see a ship's length ahead; so here we lie in the utmost uncertainty and anxiety. In all probability we are now left without Admiral or General; if so, Cherin will command the troops, and Bedout the fleet, but at all events there is an end of the expedition. Certainly we have been persecuted by a strange fatality from the very night of our departure to this hour. We have lost two commanders-in-chief; of four admirals not one remains; we have lost one ship of the line, that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing; we have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen. There only wants our falling in with the English to complete our destruction; and, to judge of the future by the past, there is every probability that that will not be wanting. . . .

It is hard, after having forced my way thus far, to be obliged to turn back; but it is my fate, and I must submit. Notwithstanding all our blunders, it is the dreadful stormy weather and the easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously and without intermission since we made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada, and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather; the elements fight against us, and courage is here of no avail. . . . God knows whether I shall ever reach France myself, and in that case what will become of my family? It is horrible to me to think of. Oh! my life and soul, my darling babies, shall I ever see you again? This infernal wind continues without intermission, and now that all is lost I am as eager to get back to France as I was to come to Ireland.

A French expedition, consisting of 15,000 first-class troops, well equipped with arms and field artillery, left Brest for Ireland on 16 December, 1796. It was commanded by Hoche, whose military reputation was second only to Napoleon's. Mismanagement and bad seamanship dogged the enterprise from the first. ("The next

thing I expect to hear," said Hoche, speaking of the obstacles put in his path by the Ministry of Marine, "is that there's not enough water in the sea.") "Hoche," Napoleon told Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena, "was one of the first generals that France ever produced. If he had landed in Ireland he would have succeeded. . . . but by some imbecility he was placed on board of a frigate which never reached the Irish coast, while the rest of the expedition got into Bantry Bay, where they remained for some days, perfectly masters of the art of disembarkation. But Grouchy, who, I believe, was second in command, did not know what to do; so that after having it in their power to land and send the ships away, as they ought to have done, they remained a short time, did nothing, and then departed like imbeciles. If Hoche had arrived, Ireland was lost to you." It has been remarked that Grouchy twice held the fate of Europe in his hands—first at Bantry Bay, and nineteen years later at Waterloo.

Wolfe Tone's audacity, his good-humour, and his resignation as he saw the moments of destiny passing, are well illustrated in his intimate journal. "Wolfe Tone was an extraordinary man," said the Duke of Wellington, "with a hundred guineas in his pocket, unknown and unrecommended, he went to Paris, in order to overturn the British Government in Ireland."

* * * * *

THOMAS CLONEY (1832)

I AT this time was about twenty-three years of age, and lived with my father Denis Cloney, at Moneyhore, within three miles of Enniscorthy, and in a direct line from that town to Ross. He rented large tracts of land, both in the Counties of Wexford and Carlow, a good part of which his father left him in possession of, and the remainder he acquired by industry. Altogether they would, if let, produce him an interest of several hundred pounds a year. His circumstances in every way were very independent; he stood also on terms of independent friendship with several landed proprietors, both of Wexford and Carlow. I was the only son, and had three sisters, all younger than myself and unprovided for; and as my father was aged, and his health then in a very precarious state, they might be considered almost without any other protector but myself, and they were truly dear to me. I was a Catholic, and that placed me in those days on the proscribed list, and under the ban of a furious Orange ascendancy.

On Saturday night the 26th May, the chapel at Boolavogue and about twenty farmers' houses in that neighbourhood were burned, as also the house of the Catholic curate, the Rev. J. Murphy. It was on that night that the first assemblage of the people took place in any part of the county of Wexford. Some of the farmers and their men met a party of the Camolin Yeomen Cavalry, and in a short encounter, killed Lieutenant Bookey, who commanded the party, and one of his men. They then proceeded to rise that quarter of the country, north and east of Enniscorthy; and on Sunday morning the 27th, they appeared in considerable force on Oulart Hill, about six miles to the northeast of Enniscorthy, headed by a man hitherto the least likely of any other Priest in that county to appear in arms, a quiet inoffensive man, devoting his time and entire energies to the care and spiritual instruction of a peaceable, and orderly and industrious flock.

Expresses were soon sent from different quarters to Wexford, for a military force to check the progress of the Insurgents, and a division of the North Cork Militia, which had been for some time commanded there by Lord Kingsborough, was now led out by Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, and consisted of about 110 men, besides six officers, who, on arriving at Oulart Hill, ascended rapidly at the North side, while a body of Yeomen Cavalry appeared advancing towards it on the south. The bold and rapid advance of the North Cork Militia struck terror for a moment in the people, and they were actually on the point of flight, when they perceived the cavalry coming too close, and found they would, by retreating into an open and level country, be exposed to immediate and certain destruction. A number of them were instantly ordered to conceal themselves behind the fences of a ditch, while the others lay in ambush in a sort of trench, and allowed the military to approach within a few yards of their main body, when they rushed suddenly on them, and killed with their pikes 106 men, their Major, Lombard, and four other Officers; Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, a sergeant, two privates and a drummer, out of the whole division, only escaping to Wexford, while of the insurgents only five were killed and two wounded. The number of the peasantry who shared in this victory, scarcely exceeded the number of the slain Militia. No doubt the advantageous ground, the close quarters, and the formidable weapons, of which they made so good a use, contributed to their victory.

The conquerors, flushed with victory, marched immediately to Carrigrue Hill, where they rested for the night, and very early on Monday morning marched upon the little town of Camolin, where they seized a quantity of arms which had been deposited there for safety. From thence they hastily proceeded to Ferns, and on to Scarawalsh Bridge, where they crossed the river Slaney. Here they halted for a short time, to obtain an accession of strength, which they obtained on Ballyorrell Hill, and thence proceeded rapidly to Enniscorthy, having then a force of about 7,000 men, 1,000 of which were furnished with firearms.

While the events which I have related were occurring on the 25th, 26th and 27th, the people in my quarter of the country were in the most terror-struck and feverish anxiety, as reports were for some time industriously circulated that the Orangemen would turn out, and commit general and indiscriminate massacre on the Roman Catholics. The reports from different quarters of what had been already effected by the Orangemen in this way, confirmed the opinion that the Insurrection would become general. The most peaceable and well disposed fancied they saw themselves, their families, and their neighbours, involved in one common ruin, and that each approaching night might possibly be the last of their domestic happiness. No one slept in his own house—the very whistling of the birds seemed to report the approach of the enemy. The remembrance of the wailings of the women and the cries of the children awakes in my mind, even at this period, feelings of the deep horror. Such was the state of things in my neighbourhood, yet not one act of hostility against the Government had been even slightly indicated. . .

The morning of the 28th having arrived, the people began to collect



THE SHAN VAN VOCHT

OH! the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Oh! the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys will all be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

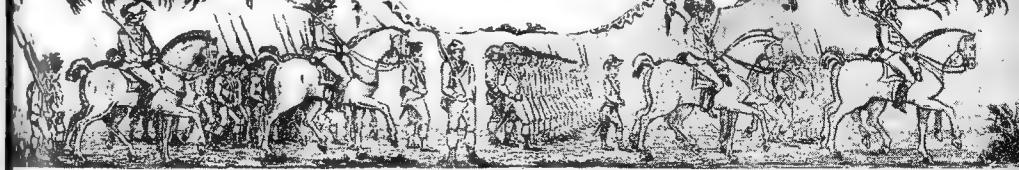
And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Yes! Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.



1798



NINETY-EIGHT SCENES FROM A CONTEMPORARY PICTURE.

for mutual protection and advice—and I have often since reflected what a powerful effect mutual adversity has on our passions and prejudices; it soothes and softens down mental asperities, and reconciles the most obstinate differences, while prosperity bursts many a link in the social chain, and often severs the tenderest ties of nature. Such as had families consulted how they might best provide for their safety, if any one could expect to be safe, or any retreat secure against the licensed incendiary. In the midst of those gloomy forebodings, the firing commenced at Enniscorthy, and it was continued with the little intermission for a considerable time and was distinctly heard by us, until the town surrendered to the Insurgents; and soon after, a horseman was seen riding in full speed from Enniscorthy towards Moneyhore, to the place of my father's residence. When he came within hearing he began to cheer, and continued as he galloped along, crying out "VICTORY! VICTORY!" Never were tidings more joyfully heard, nor more eagerly listened to. After having attended some moments to an imperfect but probably heightened account of the action, which the rude herald gave in an impassioned tone, men, whom consternation, terror, and want of resolve had a few hours before fixed to the ground on which they stood, proceeded to the road in groups.

On Tuesday, the 29th May, before day, a large body of men came to my father's house and pressed me to proceed with them to Enniscorthy. I put them off by promising them to follow in a short time. Soon after another and a much more numerous party came, louder and more peremptory in their demands. There was now no time to be lost in deliberating. The innocent and guilty were alike driven into acts of unwilling hostility to the existing Government; but there was no alternative. I saw no second course for me, or indeed for any Catholic in my part of the country, to pursue. I joined the people, and took an affectionate farewell of my father and sisters. This was not a moment for indecision. I proceeded as a Volunteer, among many others, to Enniscorthy, without authority or command.—*A personal Narrative of those transactions in the Co. Wexford, in which the Author was engaged, during 1798.*

Thomas Cloney is said to have shown considerable military ability in the Insurrection, which, as he says, he agreed to join with some reluctance. Writing 34 years later, he explained that he intends "to convince his own countrymen, by practical illustration, how little a good cause, personal valour, and numerical strength will avail the most courageous people, when opposed to military discipline, combined movements, and experienced officers. The narrator is also desirous that such members of H.M.'s Govt., as may read his book, should learn from thence, that though a furious and undisciplined people may not conquer, they can destroy."

* * * * *

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON (1833)

WEXFORD, though so near the metropolis, is not a frequented county, as it is not a direct thoroughfare to any other part of the kingdom: the towns of Gorey, Arklow, and Wicklow, intervene between Wexford and Dublin. The King's troops were in possession of Arklow, and the country to the metropolis, through Wicklow. They

Dublin Castle, 5th June, 1798, 5 o'Clock, P. M.

MAJOR MARLEY is just arrived from Major General Loftus, and brings an Account that the Major General, finding that Colonel Walpole's Detachment had received a Check, thought it prudent to move to Carnew, which he effected without the Loss of a Man.

It appears that Colonel Walpole had met with the main Body of the REBELS in a strong Post near Slievebuy Mountain, and having attacked them, he was unfortunately killed by a Shot in the Head in the Beginning of the Action, when his Corps being in a Situation where it could not act with Advantage, was forced to retire to Arklow. The Loss was fifty-four Men killed and missing, and two six Pounders. Captain Stark, Captain Armstrong, Captain Duncan were wounded, but not dangerously, and Sir Watkins William Wynne received a Contusion in the Hand.

DUBLIN: Printed by GEORGE GARRISON, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

A BULLETIN ISSUED FROM DUBLIN CASTLE DURING THE INSURRECTION IN WEXFORD.
(From a copy in the National Library.)

interrupted the communication between Wexford and the Wicklow mountains; and, on that side, left the Wexford insurgents almost isolated in their original position.

In the interior of the county, however, the insurgents had many strong positions; and, on the south side, the town of New Ross was the only impediment to their making themselves masters of Waterford, where they were certain of being immediately joined by the Munster insurgents, particularly by the Waterford and Tipperary men, the most numerous and efficient in the kingdom; and this possession of New Ross gave rise to one of the most bloody and most protracted battles ever fought in Ireland. . . .

On the Wexford side the insurgents at first were almost uniformly successful. They took Wexford without resistance; the garrison retreated with much fighting and some loss. Enniscorthy was stormed by the peasantry, and after a desperate conflict, most of the town was burned, and a great portion of the garrison cut to pieces; the residue escaped with great difficulty through the flames. The victory was complete, and gave them the possession of that fine position, Vinegar Hill, and the total command of an extensive country. . . .

This insurrection, which commenced on the 23rd of May, 1798, and concluded in a few months, produced a greater effusion of blood, more ferocity and more devastation than ever were witnessed in Ireland within an equal period. Partial battles and skirmishes were incessant, but general engagements were not numerous. It was generally in small bodies that the insurgents were successful. The principal battles were those of Arklow, Gorey, and Vinegar Hill, and the storming of Enniscorthy and Ross by the peasantry. At Arklow, in a regular line, the peasantry assailed a disciplined army in the field, and the result was a drawn battle. At Ross, after storming and gaining the town, after ten hours' incessant fighting, they surrendered themselves to drunkenness and plundering, and were slaughtered in their inebriety.

At Vinegar Hill, the entrenchments were defended for several hours, though attacked by twenty thousand regular troops, with ordnance, and the loss of the insurgents was disproportionately small. They retired unpursued, and soon formed another army, and marched to the very heart of Ireland. At Gorey, Carnew, the Three Rocks, and other places where they fought in ambuscade they always succeeded; and had they confined themselves to desultory attacks and partisan warfare, they might soon have destroyed their local enemies the yeomen and wearied and exhausted the regular troops. After the storming of Gorey, had they succeeded in taking Arklow, they might have marched to the metropolis in one day. . . . they would have been reinforced every mile of their march to Dublin, by the excited population of Wexford and Wicklow. Kildare, Meath, and Westmeath were in arms, and the capital itself had more than 30,000 organized United Irishmen within its walls: and, however intrepidly defended, must have yielded, in a river of blood, to the innumerable hosts of its enthusiastic assailants. Their failure, however, in the principal

attacks in Kildare and Wicklow had dispirited and disorganised a multitude without officers to direct them, and Ireland was thus saved. . . .

The battle of Ross, with respect to its incidents and extensive results, was one of the most important of the insurrection. Ross is surrounded on three sides by steep hills, and on the fourth by a river, dividing it from the southern counties, and having a long wooden bridge. The possession of Ross, therefore, would open a communication with the southern insurgents, who were prepared to rise, *en masse*, the moment their friends should occupy that town; and the city of Waterford, and probably the whole of the western and southern counties, would have risen in their favour. Nearly 30,000 insurgents assembled on Corbet Hill, near the town of Ross. Their general, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, was of all men probably the most unfit for so desperate an enterprise. . . .

The main street became the scene of a most sanguinary and protracted conflict; the royalists were forced back, and their artillery taken and turned on themselves. The market-house alone remained in possession of the troops; and, after a long and bloody conflict, they retreated to the bridge, prepared, if necessary, to pass to the other side and destroy the communication. Had they done this, they must have marched through the very heart of an insurgent country, and all would have been cut to pieces. There is scarcely a trait of individual courage which was not exemplified during that contest; the battle occasionally slackened, but never ceased for a moment. The peasantry, certain of victory, lost all subordination; and, in their turn, were attacked by such of the garrison as had time to rally. Many were killed, almost without resistance. The town was set on fire, and in the midst of the flames the battle raged for hours most violently. The royalists recovered the main street. . . .

Vinegar Hill is a beautiful, verdant, low mountain; the river Slaney rolls smoothly at its foot on the one side, and the large town of Enniscorthy lies immediately under its base upon another; at one point the ascent is rather steep, on the others gradual; the top is crowned by a dilapidated stone building. The hill is extensive, and completely commands the town and most of the approaches to it; the country around it is rich, sufficiently wooded, and studded with country seats and lodges. Few spots in Ireland, under all its circumstances, can at this moment be more interesting to the traveller. . . . On the summit of this hill the insurgents had collected the remains of their Wexford army; the number may be decided from General Lake deciding that 20,000 regular troops were necessary for the attack. . . .

It was astonishing with what fortitude the peasantry, uncovered, stood the tremendous fire opened upon the four sides of their position; a stream of shells and grape was poured upon the multitude; the leaders encouraged them by exhortations, the women by their cries, and every shell that broke amongst the crowd was followed by shouts of defiance. General Lake's horse was shot, many officers wounded, some killed, and a few gentlemen became invisible during the heat of the battle. The troops advanced gradually but steadily up the hill; the peasantry kept up their fire, and maintained their ground, their cannon was nearly useless, their

powder deficient, but they died fighting at their post. At length, enveloped in a torrent of fire, they broke and sought their safety through the space that General Needham had left by the non-arrival of his column. They were partially charged by some cavalry, but with little execution; they retreated to Wexford, and that night occupied the town.—*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.*

* * * * *

REV. PATRICK KAVANAGH, O.F.M. (1872)

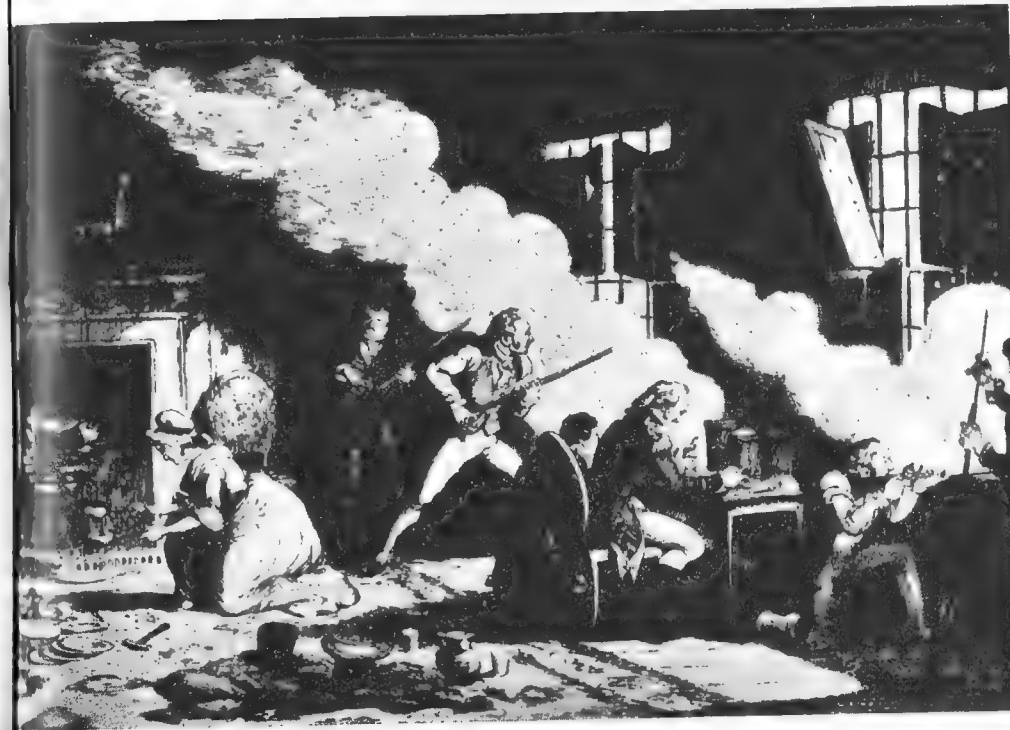
IMAGINE him [my grandfather] seated in his armchair, while the writer sat near him, listening attentively to all he said. At such a distance of time I do not pretend to remember all the interesting information my aged relative communicated to me on his experience of '98 and the twenty years preceding, to which his memory went back, but I will give what I do remember, giving merely the substance, not the exact words which, of course, the reader does not expect.

"Grandfather, could you give me any idea of the condition of our people before the Union, for I suppose you remember it?"

Grandfather: "I remember it very well, for when the Union, as they call it, was passed by means of a bribery, I was in my twenty-seventh year. I think that the country was very much better off than it has been ever since. It is true that we Catholics—or Papists, as they call us in contempt—had no votes and were governed by a Protestant Parliament. Still, everyone had enough to eat and drink, and the common people had better food, and more of it, than they have now. They were better clad, too. Now we are all toiling and striving worse than negro slaves in America, and can scarce make the two ends meet. Little children have to work now as hard as grown men, and are stunted in their growth, old before their time and vicious, too, from beginning the world too soon. No young person was put to hard work then till he was fully grown, so that what with amusement and exercise they grew up to be men, indeed. I know that in my native parish the greater number of young men were near or over six feet, and strong and active as young colts. I could reckon two hundred men in the parish who were over six feet in height where now I could scarce find a dozen. Bad food and hard labour at the same time are destroying the people; their spirits are broken. It was not so before the Union; then there was a heart among the people. Besides, people were charitable, and the well-to-do and rich helped the poor. Now we have those dreadful poorhouses. Once the people go in there they are destroyed for life; there is no good in them; and yet that is all the poor have to look forward to. All people earn now goes to support the people there, and to pay the rent."

"That is true; but then you had to pay the rent in the old times, had you not?"

"Of course we had; but then the rents were not nearly so high, not more than half what they are now, and in many cases not a fourth; and, besides, while our own Parliament lasted, nearly all the money paid in rent



DEFENCE OF A HOUSE AGAINST INSURGENTS.
(From W. H. Maxwell's *History of the Rebellion.*)

was spent in the country, and went back one way or another, into the pockets of the people. Now it is all spent abroad, and nobody is any better for it. The lords and gentry then took some interest in the poor people, and many amongst them did not like a bad name; but now they live in England or in some foreign country, and, so long as their rents are paid, they don't care much what people say about them. When they get into debt they raise the rent, and as they are always getting into debt, they are always raising it, so that the working people are getting poorer and poorer. Then, too, there was a good feeling—a friendly feeling—between Catholics and Protestants, and although they had the upper hand so far as law went, most of them were good neighbours.

"If the English lords would have let us alone we would have lived in peace, and in time all would have gone well. But they did not want us to live in peace, and so they started the Orange Society, and others like it; and every Protestant who showed a friendly feeling towards us, whether he was gentle or simple, soon learned that he had nothing to expect from the Government, but would be treated as badly as we were if he fell into

their power. Still, with all they could do, the spirit of patriotism and union amongst the people was growing; and Grattan and other good and true men in Parliament and out of it were doing their best to unite all classes, and to make Ireland a nation. But it was all of no use. The power of England was too great and her purse was too long. The members of our Parliament were bought up one by one. They were, most of them poor, and were sorely tempted. The Government were prepared to pay any price to make traitors of them. Yet the patriots were such able, eloquent men—and others, who were not very patriotic, found it hard to sell their own country for money or titles—that the Government began to fear they would not succeed after all. So they made up their minds to drive us into insurrection, or 'rebellion' as they call it, feeling quite certain that as we had no arms to speak of, and no trained soldiers (for the Volunteers were broken up—the treachery that brought that about was well paid for, no doubt), we would in the end be beaten, as we were, and then, when so many of the people had been slaughtered, the rest would be too terrified to oppose anything that might be attempted against the country."

"Then you think, grandfather, that the Government purposely drove the people into insurrection?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it. We saw the thing done under our very eyes. No one in this country thought of fighting until our houses were burned, I may say, over our very heads; till our chapels were burned down, and innocent people were pitchcapped and flogged to death without a trial by the command of Orange yeomen captains; till everything was done the Government could think of, however cruel and horrible, to drive us into madness. Had we not risen then, we would not have been men but beasts, and cowardly beasts, at that. . . ."

"It was Father John Murphy led the men at Oulart—did you ever see him?"

"Oh, yes, often and often. I knew him well."

"What did he look like?"

"He was stout but rather low-sized, and very well made and active—very active. He looked very pleasant, but was terrible when he was opposed. A fair-complexioned man, with blue eyes. Altogether he was a good-looking man. He was as brave as a lion. The people would never have had the courage to rise but for him. They loved him, and would follow him anywhere, and thought he could not be beaten, and he never was. . . . He was the bravest of men, and the best. He died the death of a martyr, and kept his courage up to the last, and true to faith and country. Had he not been so true, he might have escaped, as others did. If ever there was a hero he was one."

"You knew Father Michael? What sort of man was he?"

"I knew him, of course, for my mother was his sister. He was my uncle; and you, boy, are his great grand-nephew. He was a bigger man than Father John, and brave, too, but not so good a general as Father John. Yet he was one of the best we had. I was near him when he fell when he was leading us to the charge; we fell back when we saw him fall. His body was riddled with bullets. We did not run away, but retreated



'NINETY-EIGHT CARTOONS FROM "THE IRISH MAGAZINE" (1808-10).

Lurid pictures of the atrocities which led to the Insurrection and accompanied its suppression. Hepenstall, a gigantic soldier in the Wicklow Militia, lives in the epitaph:

"Here lie the bones of Hepenstall,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all."

then, and the enemy did not stir to pursue us. They were afraid to leave the place where they stood behind their cannon. . . ."

"What were the men like who came to Wexford to join the patriots there?"

"Well, the bulk of them were young men, between twenty and thirty, although we had a good number of men who were much older. They were as active men as could be found, for at that time young fellows did not go to hard work till they were fully grown, but spent their time in amusements, such as hurling and football. They went to fairs and races and, indeed, everywhere any fun or amusement was going on. It

is true there was too much fighting and drinking; but, with all that, the people were more innocent than they are now, and there was little or no vice amongst them. As for activity, I think the world could not beat them—that gave them a great advantage over the soldiers. At first there were many who were timid in meeting the soldiers, but they soon thought nothing of them. As for the yeomanry, they were the greatest cowards alive, and galloped off whenever they saw us coming. The regulars were the only men that could stand their ground; but if we had muskets and ammunition we would have made them run away too, oftener than they did."

"That was the great want on your side?"

"Yes, we never had enough muskets and ammunition; even when we got the muskets we could not find powder and ball, so they were useless, and we had very often to depend on the pike alone. Nothing, of course, could be better in its way than the pike, but that was good only at close quarters."

"How long were the pikes?"

"They were from eight to twelve feet long, blade and all. Some of them had a hook at the side, which was very useful in cutting the leather bridles of the cavalry. I heard that they afterwards got steel chains instead. From what I saw no cavalry could stand the pike, for when the horse got a prod he reared and the rider was either thrown out of the saddle or could not use his sword, so that we had him at our mercy. . . ."

This, as well as I can remember, is the substance of my grandfather's experiences communicated to me so many years ago, but which is still fresh in my mind, for we all remember things we heard when young much better than what happens in later years.—*A Popular History of the Insurrection of 1798.*

* * * * *

LORD CLARE, June 5, 1798.

My dear Lord—Our rebellion, I am sorry to say, begins to wear a very serious and formidable aspect. The insurgents are now in possession of nearly the whole of the County of Wexford, and are so strong that I fear the force which has been sent against them is altogether unequal to dislodge them. Yesterday a column of five hundred of the King's troops received a very severe check near Gorey, and lost three pieces of cannon with all their ammunition, breadcarts, etc., etc. This misfortune was altogether owing to the rashness and ignorance of Colonel Walpole who commanded them. General Loftus, who commanded another body of troops which was to have co-operated with Walpole, has fallen back several miles and, as yet, we have had no accounts from Johnson and Eustace (Useless) who marched from another point against Walpole.

Our situation is critical in the extreme. We know that there has been a complete military organization of the people in three-fourths of the kingdom. In the North nothing will keep the rebels quiet but a conviction that where treason had broken out the rebellion is merely Popish, but even



'NINETY-EIGHT CARTOONS FROM "THE IRISH MAGAZINE," 1808-10.

(1) *The Travelling Gallows.* (2) *The arrest of Lord Edward FitzGerald.* "The car," says Watty Cox, "was so convenient by its construction, that it could be used as a gallows or a triangle."

with this impression in their minds, we cannot be certain that their love of republicanism will not outweigh their inveteracy against Popery. In the Capital there is a rebel army organized, and if the garrison was forced out to meet an invading army from the side of Wexford, they would probably on their return find the Metropolis in possession of its proper rebel troops. In a word, such is the extent of treason in Ireland, that if any one district is left uncovered by troops, it will be immediately possessed by its own proper rebels. Believe me I do not magnify our danger; you know that I have long foreseen the mischief and condemned the imbecility which has suffered it to extend itself.

TO LORD AUCKLAND.

* * * * *

MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, July 24, 1798.

EXCEPT in the instances of the six State trials that are going on here there is no law either in town or country but martial law, and you know enough of that to see all the horrors of it, even in the best administration of it. Judge, then, how it must be conducted by Irishmen, heated

with passion and revenge. But all this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The yeomanry are in the style of the loyalists in America, only much more numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious. These men have saved the country, but they now take the lead in rapine and murder. The Irish militia, with few officers, and these chiefly of the worst kind, follow closely on the heels of the yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity, and the fencibles take a share, although much behind-hand with the others. The feeble outrages, burnings and murders which are still committed by the rebels, serve to keep up the sanguinary disposition on our side; and as long as they furnish a pretext for our parties going in quest of them, I see no prospect of amendment.

The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, etc., and if a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland, and my wretched situation.—*To Major-General Ross.*

* * * * *

ROBERT EMMET (1803).

THE Clerk of the Crown then, in the usual form, addressed the prisoner, concluding in these words: "What have you, therefore, now to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?"

Mr. Emmet, standing forward in the dock, in front of the bench, said "My lords, as to why judgment of death and execution should not be passed upon me, according to law, I have nothing to say; but as to why my character should not be relieved from the imputations and calumnies thrown out against it, I have much to say. I do not imagine that your lordships will give credit to what I am going to utter; I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of the court, I only wish your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories until it has found some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms with which it is at present buffeted. Was I to suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence to the fate which awaits me; but the sentence of the law which delivers over my body to the executioner, consigns my character to obloquy. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice. Whilst the man dies, his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France: it is false—I am no emissary. I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all, to France. Never did I entertain the remotest idea of establishing French power in Ireland.

"From the introductory paragraph of the address of the Provisional Government, it is evident that every hazard attending an independent effort, to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into this country. Small, indeed, would be our claim to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affection of the love of liberty, if we were to sell our country to a people, who are not only slaves themselves, but the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others. And, my lords, let me here observe, that I am not the head and life's blood of this rebellion. When I came to Ireland I found the business ripe for execution. I was asked to join in it. I took time to consider; and after mature consideration I became one of the Provisional Government; and there then was, my lords, an agent from the United Irishmen and Provisional Government of Ireland at Paris, negotiating with the French Government, to obtain from them an aid sufficient to accomplish the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, the preliminary of which assistance has been a guarantee to Ireland similar to that which Franklin obtained for America; but the intimation that I, or the rest of the Provisional Government, meditated to put our country under the dominion of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe, is utterly false and unfounded. Did we entertain any such ideas, how could we speak of giving freedom to our countrymen? How could we assume such an exalted motive? If such an inference is drawn from any part of the proclamation of the Provisional Government it calumniates their views, and is not warranted by the fact.

"Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it—as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace.

"Were the French to come as invaders or enemies uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other.

"My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from a reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country, why then insult me, or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that the form prescribes that you should put the question, the form also confers a right to answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury were impanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit, but I insist on the whole of the forms."

(Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the court desired him to proceed.)

"My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you

seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, and in a little time it will cry to heaven—be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—I have parted with everything that was dear to me in this life, and for my country's cause with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections. My race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

Robert Emmet's insurrection, last episode in the story of "The United Irishmen and 1798," was easily suppressed and soon over, but Emmet's daring and unselfishness made him then and afterwards a hero of the people. Published versions of the famous speech differ considerably. The extracts given above are from Dr. Madden's edition, which, he claimed, was "tolerably correct"—the passages censored out at the time by Dublin Castle having been restored after consultation with several persons present in Court when the speech was delivered. Madden's collaborators, who included two ministers of the Established Church, "all speak of his address as surpassing anything they had ever witnessed in oratory." They recollected vividly after many years the loud, beautifully-modulated voice, reaching beyond the outer door of the courthouse, while the speaker moved restlessly about the dock, hampered by his chains. The words "My lamp of light is nearly extinguished" towards the end were uttered as the lamps in the court-house flickered. Eight hours later, before a vast, silent crowd, the executioner was walking up and down the scaffold, holding out the dripping head, and shouting again and again in a loud voice, "This is the head of Robert Emmet."

* * * * *

Buaicéillí Loc' Sarmain

Deir lictir uaim do'n mhuam leat,
A rún 'óil 's a stóir,
A's aicris-se tré rún 'óil
Go bfuil an cúrsa 'na scomhair:
Innis gur mó ainmí mílis máinte
A's leand fireann pionn, leis,
A's fear breag cliste cumta
Do fúigead ar peod.

A's fiafraí créad ná h-éirí
A's teirdeact linn sa gleo,
I n-arm greadta greadnac
Dead pargarta go leor.
Cé táimí-ne bráite millte
'S go leor dár namhaid 'nár dtiméall
Innis go bfuil na laighní
A's adaint na teime leó.

Do gluais ó dóige Connacht cáinn
Tuille 'sus deic míle laoc
A's doctuaró ó cuantaib' Ulaó iar sin
An oiread eile i b'fíoc 's i b'páodar.
Ní b'fuaramair fuarad ar bit acu
Go rugamar bualaó a's píce ortá
A's ba truaḡ mar b'ois cuirp aḡaim
A's fuil i nde read lae.

A's cá b'fuil congnam Muimneac
Nó'n fíor go mairio beo
I n-arm lonnraó líomta
Ná t'io linn 'san ngleo?
A ndeacair-puóair do 'óioḡailt
A's gaila-búir do 'óibirt
A's fearann d'úccais 'óileas
A's sinnsear go deo.

Um lino 'na 'óiair sin 'san mbliaóain 1799, is ead éiríḡ Connacht
an Cláir, aet níorb é am é aet i 'ótosac an t-samraio roime sin,
aimisr Chuic an Vincair. Bí a rian air: do buailead a sgeann
fúta san moill. 'Óia linn!

A'omhuigim gur neamh-slactmhar aetáir na ranna beaḡa sin 'deanta,
a'sus dá b'ri sin iarruim a'sus aiccím sib-se, a luett 'deanta na
nduan ndeas, san m'imdeargad tré ḡac loct nó toibéim do-cítear
lió ionnta, do b'ri go b'fuilim ró-buarta a'ois, a'sus go b'fuil deifir
mór orm; aet bíod a fíos aḡaib go raib aigne maic leó.

Our seardóntaorí doct bit-óileas go bás .i.,

Míceál Ó Longáin.

Dear friend, carry a letter from me to Munster, and tell them
secretly that something awaits them: say that many a pleasant
mannerly girl, and fair-haired male child, too, and fine handsome
intelligent man has been left decaying.

And ask why they do not rise and come with us to battle, in gay
shining well-tempered armour. Although we are bruised and battered,
surrounded by enemies, say that the Leinstermen are keeping the
fire alight.

From Connacht more than ten thousand troops marched against
us, and as many again after that in anger and in arms from the bays
of Ulster in the North. They gave us no respite till we had fought
them victoriously twenty-one times, and it was sad as each day ended
to see the blood and corpses in our camp.

And what help do the Munstermen bring, or indeed do they live
at all, inasmuch as they do not come with us to the fight in shining
armour, to avenge their grievous wrongs and to banish foreign boors
from the true hereditary land of our ancestors forever?

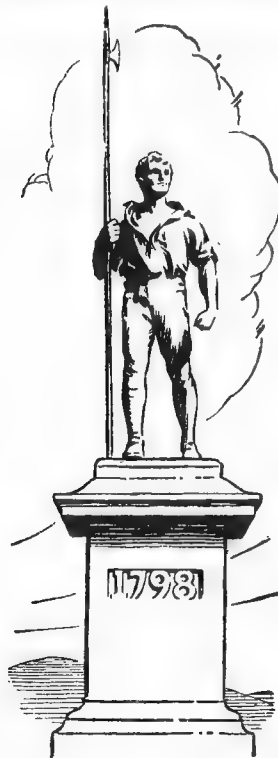
County Clare rose the following Whitsuntide, in the year 1799; that wasn't the right time, but at the beginning of the preceding summer during the Vinegar Hill period. What might have been expected happened: they were immediately put down. God save us!

I admit that these little verse show signs of untidiness, and I therefore ask and beseech you all who make elegant poems not to blame me for every flaw or fault you discover in them, seeing that I am in great trouble at present and have to write in haste; but know that they are well intended.

Your poor servant, ever-faithful till death,

MICHEAL Ó LONGAIN.

Micheal O'Longain, farm-labourer, poet and scribe of many manuscripts, was himself a United Irishman, and took an active part in the various attempts made to organise the Insurrection in Munster. Several of his poems refer to 'Ninety-Eight, and the song by him printed above should be understood as being spoken by one of the Leinster insurgents. It is to be found in the author's own handwriting in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, among a collection of Irish poems and tales transcribed by him in Cork and Kerry at various dates between the years 1796 and 1819. The song, which, with the addition of other verses, is still sung in Munster to a moving and mournful air, is preceded in the manuscript by a prose account of the circumstances in which it was written.



"MAR CUAIRÉ D'ORONG D'ÉIREANN AN
Cnoc an 'Dinégire i Laignib 'san mbliadain
1798, i n-dóic go n-éireódad an mhuin
agus an cúir eile d'éirinn do congnaim
leó"—

"When a group of the men of Ireland went to Vinegar Hill in Leinster in the year 1798, hoping that Munster and the rest of Ireland would rise to help them," he says, and when they were overwhelmed by the armies that gathered round them "it was then I wrote this little song to stir the men of Munster to come to help their brothers."

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THE PIKEMAN OF WEXFORD

This statue of a Wexford pikeman by Oliver Sheppard was erected in the town of Wexford and unveiled by John Edward Redmond, M.P., Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, in 1908.

CHAPTER IV.

Catholic Emancipation

Thy rival was honoured, while thou wert wronged and scorned;
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves:
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I'd rather be
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

—THOMAS MOORE.

* * * * *

If the Irish Catholics had not brought matters to this pass by agitation and association, things might have remained as they were forever, and all these Tories would have voted on till the day of their death against them.

—CHARLES GREVILLE.

* * * * *

I would rather give up my throne and beg my bread from door to door throughout Europe than consent to such a measure.

—GEORGE III.

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He [O'Connell] was the greatest popular leader whom the world has ever seen.—GLADSTONE.

* * * * *

W. E. H. LECKY (1873)

TO sum up briefly their provisions [the Penal Laws], they excluded the Catholics from the Parliament, from the magistracy, from the corporations, from the university, from the bench, and from the bar, from the right of voting at parliamentary elections or at vestries, of acting as constables, as sheriffs, or as jurymen, of serving in the army or navy, of becoming solicitors, or even holding the position of game-keeper or watchman. They prohibited them from becoming schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors, or from sending their children abroad to receive the Catholic education they were refused at home. They offered an annuity to every priest who would forsake his creed, pronounced a sentence of exile against the whole hierarchy, and restricted the right of celebrating the Mass to registered priests, whose number, according to the first intention of the Legislature, was not to be renewed.

The Catholics could not buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or leases for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. A Catholic, except in the linen trade, could not

have more than two apprentices. He could not have a horse of the value of more than £5, and any Protestant on giving him £5 might take his horse. He was compelled to pay double to the militia. In case of war with a Catholic power, he was obliged to reimburse the damage done by the enemy's privateers. To convert a Protestant to Catholicism was a capital offence.

No Catholic might marry a Protestant. Into his own family circle the elements of dissension were ingeniously introduced. A Catholic landowner might not bequeath his land as he pleased. It was divided equally among his children, unless the eldest son became a Protestant, in which case the parent became simply a life tenant, and lost all power of either selling or mortgaging it. If a Catholic's wife abandoned her husband's religion, she was immediately free from his control, and the Chancellor could assign her a certain proportion of her husband's property. If his child, however young, professed itself a Protestant, he was taken from his father's care, and the Chancellor could assign it a portion of its father's property. No Catholic could be guardian either to his own children or to those of another.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1873.

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EDMUND BURKE ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION (1782-1793)

THE Act, as far as it goes, is good undoubtedly. It amounts, I think, very nearly to a *toleration* with respect to religious ceremonies, but it puts a new blot on civil rights, and it rivets it to the old one in such a manner that neither, I fear, will be easily loosened. What I could have wished would be to see the civil advantages take the lead; the other of a religious toleration, I conceive, would follow (in a manner) of course. From what I have observed, it is pride, arrogance, and a spirit of domination, and not a bigoted spirit of religion, that has caused and kept up those oppressive statutes. I am sure I have known those who have oppressed Papists in their civil rights exceedingly indulgent to them in their religious ceremonies, and who really wished them to continue Catholics, in order to furnish pretences for oppression. These persons never saw a Papist (by converting) escape out of their power, but with grudging and regret. I have known men to whom I am not uncharitable in saying (though they are dead) that they would have become Papists in order to oppress Protestants if, being Protestants, it was not in their power to oppress Papists. It is injustice, and not a mistaken conscience, that has been the principle of persecution, at least as far as it has fallen under my observation.

To look at the Bill in the abstract, it is neither more nor less than a renewed act of *universal, unmitigated, indispensable, exceptionless Disqualification*.

One would imagine that a Bill, inflicting such a multitude of incapacities, had followed on the heels of a conquest made by a very fierce enemy, under the impression of recent animosity and resentment. No man on reading that Bill could imagine he was reading an Act of amnesty

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

THE LOUGH DERG PILGRIMAGE.



PILGRIMS ENTERING THE TOWN OF PETTIGO.

and indulgence, following a recital of the good behaviour of those who are the objects of it: which recital stood at the head of the Bill, as it was first introduced; but I suppose from its incongruity with the body of the piece, was afterwards omitted. This I say on memory.—*A letter to a Peer of Ireland on the Penal Laws against Irish Catholics, previous to the late repeal of a part thereof in the Irish Parliament, 1782.*

* * * * *

YOU who have looked deeply into the spirit of the Popery laws, must be perfectly sensible that a great part of the present mischief which we abhor in common (if it at all exists) has arisen from them. Their declared object was to reduce the Catholics in Ireland to a miserable populace, without property, without estimation, without education. The professed object was to deprive the few men who, in spite of those laws, might hold or retain any property amongst them, of all sort of influence or authority over the rest. They divided the nation into two distinct bodies, without common interest, sympathy, or connection. One of these bodies

was to possess *all* the franchises, *all* the property, *all* the education; the other was to be composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them. Are we to be astonished when, by the efforts of so much violence in conquest, and so much policy in regulation, continued without intermission for nearly a hundred years, we had reduced them to a mob; that whenever they came to act at all, many of them would act exactly like a mob, without temper, measure, or foresight.—*A Letter to Sir H. Langrishe* (1792).

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A WORD has been lately struck in the mint of the Castle of Dublin; thence it was conveyed to the Tholsel, or City Hall, where, having passed the touch of the Corporation, so respectably stamped and vouched, it soon became current in Parliament, and was carried back by the Speaker of the House of Commons in great pomp, as an offering of homage from whence it came. The word is Ascendancy. . . . New ascendancy is the old mastership. It is neither more nor less than the resolution of one set of people in Ireland to consider themselves as the sole citizens in the commonwealth, and to keep a dominion over the rest by reducing them to absolute slavery under a military power; and thus fortified in their power, to divide the public estate, which is the result of general contribution, as a military booty solely amongst themselves.

The poor word ascendancy, so soft and melodious in its sound, so lenitive and emollient in its first usage, is now employed to cover to the world the most rigid, and perhaps not the most wise, of all plans of policy. The word is large enough in its comprehension. I cannot conceive what mode of oppression in civil life, or what mode of religious persecution may not come within the methods of preserving an *ascendancy*. In plain old English, as they apply it, it signifies *pride and dominion* on the one part of the relation, and on the other *subserviency and contempt*—and it signifies nothing else. The old words are as fit to be set to music as the new; but use has long since affixed to them their true signification, and they sound, as the other will, harshly and odiously to the moral and intelligent ears of mankind.

This ascendancy, by being a *Protestant* ascendancy, does not better it from the combination of a note or two more in this anti-harmonic scale. If Protestant ascendancy means the proscription from citizenship of by far the major part of the people of any country, then Protestant ascendancy is a bad thing, and it ought to have no existence. . . .

The bottom of this theory of persecution is false. It is not permitted to sacrifice the temporal good of any body of men to our own ideas of the truth and falsehood of any religious opinions. What do the Irish statutes? They do not make a conformity to the *established* religion, and to its doctrines and practices, the condition of servitude. No such thing. Let three millions of people but abandon all that they and their ancestors have been taught to believe sacred, and to forswear it publicly in terms the most degrading, scurrilous, and indecent for men of integrity and virtue, and to abuse the whole of their former lives, and to slander the education they have received—and nothing more is required of them.



THE PILGRIMS ENTERING THE BOAT.
(From William Carleton's *Traits and Customs of the Irish Peasantry*, 1842.)

Some of the unhappy assertors of this strange scheme say they are not persecutors on account of religion. In the first place they say what is not true. For what else do they disfranchise the people? If the man gets rid of a religion through which their malice operates, he gets rid of all their penalties and incapacities at once. They never afterwards inquire about him. I speak here of their pretexts, and not of the true spirit of the transaction in which religious bigotry, I apprehend, has little share. Every man has his taste, but I think, if I were so miserable and undone as to be guilty of premeditated and continued violence towards any set of men, I had rather that my conduct was supposed to arise from wild conceits concerning their religious advantages, than from low and ungenerous motives relative to my own selfish interest. I had rather be thought insane in my charity than rational in my malice. This much, my dear son, I have to say of this Protestant persecution, that is, a persecution of religion itself.—*A Letter to Richard Burke* (1793).

Edmund Burke was the greatest Irishman of the 18th century, and, according to one opinion, "the greatest philosopher in practice that the world ever saw." Time has not lessened his fame. On most of the controversies of his day, events have vindicated his judgment, and his

philosophy of life and politics is as good and as true now as it was when, in Dr. Johnson's words, his speeches "filled the town with wonder." Burke's interest in his native country lasted throughout his life—"born as I was in Ireland . . . and full of love and I might say of fond partiality for Ireland." A few months before his death he wrote to Dr. Hussey, first President of Maynooth, that if he had youth and strength he would himself go over to Ireland to avert the explosion which he foresaw from the bigotry and cruelty of the Fitzgibbon-Beresford-Castlereagh clique, whose one object was "to devise security in their jobbish power. This is the first and last in the piece. The Catholic question is a mere pretence."

* * * * *

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE (1795)

SO degraded was the Catholic mind at the period of the formation of their committee, about 1760, and long after, that they were happy to be allowed to go up to the Castle with an abominable slavish address to each successive Viceroy, of which, moreover, until the accession of the Duke of Portland, in 1782, so little notice was taken that his Grace was the first who condescended to give them an answer; and, indeed, for above twenty years, the sole business of the General Committee was to prepare and deliver in those records of their depression. The effort which an honest indignation had called forth at the time of the Volunteer Convention in 1783 seemed to have exhausted their strength, and they sank back into their primitive nullity. Under this appearance of apathy, however, a new spirit was gradually arising in the body, owing, principally, to the exertions and the example of one man, John Keogh, to whose services his country, and more especially the Catholics, are singularly indebted. In fact, the downfall of feudal tyranny was acted in little on the theatre of the General Committee. The influence of their clergy and of their barons was gradually undermined, and the third estate, the commercial interest, rising in wealth and power, was preparing, by degrees, to throw off the yoke, in the imposing, or, at least, the continuing of which the leaders of the body—I mean the prelates and aristocracy, to their disgrace be it spoken—were ready to concur. Already had those leaders, acting in obedience to the orders of the Government, which held them in fetters, suffered one or two signal defeats in the committee, owing principally to the talents and address of John Keogh; the parties began to be defined, and a sturdy democracy of new men, with bolder views and stronger talents, soon superseded the timid counsels and slavish measures of the ancient aristocracy. Everything seemed tending to a better order of things among the Catholics, and an occasion soon offered to call the energy of their new leaders into action.

The Dissenters of the North, and more especially of the town of Belfast, are, from the genius of their religion, and from the superior diffusion of political information among them, sincere and enlightened Republicans. They had ever been foremost in the pursuit of parliamentary reform, and I have already mentioned the early wisdom and virtue of the town of Belfast in proposing the emancipation of the Catholics, so far back as the year 1783. The French Revolution had awakened all parties in the nation from the stupor in which they lay plunged, from the time of the dispersion of the ever memorable Volunteer Convention, and the citizens of Belfast were the first to raise their heads from the abyss, and to look

the situation of their country steadily in the face. They saw at a glance their true object, and the only means to obtain it; conscious that the force of the existing Government was such as to require the united efforts of the whole Irish people to subvert it, and, long convinced in their own minds that to be free it was necessary to be just, they cast their eyes once more on the long neglected Catholics, and profiting of past errors, for which, however, they had not to accuse themselves, they determined to begin on a new system, and to raise the structure of the liberty and independence of their country, on the broad basis of equal rights to the whole people.

The Catholics, on their part, were rapidly advancing in political spirit and formation. Every month, every day, as the revolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force, and the hour seemed at last arrived, when, after a dreary oppression of above one hundred years, they were once more to appear on the political theatre of their country. They saw the brilliant prospect of success which events in France opened to their view, and they determined to avail themselves with promptitude of that opportunity, which never returns to those who omit it. For this the active members of the General Committee resolved to set on foot an immediate application to Parliament, praying for a repeal of the penal laws. The first difficulty they had to surmount arose in their own body; their peers, their gentry (as they affected to call themselves) and their prelates, either seduced or intimidated by Government, gave the measure all possible opposition; and, at length, after a long contest, in which both parties strained every nerve and produced the whole of their strength, the question was decided on a division in the committee by a majority of at least six to one in favour of the intended application. The triumph of the young democracy was complete; but, though the aristocracy were defeated, they were not yet entirely broken down. By the instigation of Government they had the meanness to secede from the General Committee, to disavow their acts, and even to publish in the papers that they did not wish to embarrass the Government by advancing their claims of emancipation. It is difficult to conceive such a degree of political degradation; but what will not the tyranny of an execrable system produce in time? Sixty-eight gentlemen, individually of high spirit, were found, who, publicly, and in a body, deserted their party and their own just claims, and even sanctioned this pitiful desertion by the authority of their signatures. Such an effect had the operation of the penal laws on the minds of the Catholics of Ireland, as proud a race as any in all Europe!—*Autobiography*.

Wolfe Tone was Secretary to the Catholic Committee from 1792 to 1795. (The disfranchised Catholics, since they first began to organise, about 1760, had employed Protestants to advocate their cause, following, as Charles O'Connor of Belangar said, the Gaelic proverb—"Ding de féin a sgoilteann an leamhán"—"The Elm is split with a wedge of its own timber"). In a statement prepared for his court-martial, Tone said in a passage which he was not allowed to read* "I have laboured to create a people in Ireland by raising three millions of my countrymen to the rank of citizens . . . The services which I was so fortunate as to render them they repaid munificently; but they did more: when the public cry was raised against me, when the friends of my youth swarmed off and left me alone, the Catholics did not desert me."

*First published in the *Correspondence of Cornwallis*, Vol. II., 1859.

GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT (1839)

THE Catholic clergy is the most national body in Ireland ; it belongs to the very heart of the country. We have elsewhere seen that Ireland, having been attacked at the same time in its religion and its liberties, his creed and his country were mingled in the heart of every Irishman, and became to him one and the same thing. Having been forced to struggle for his religion against the Englishman, and for his country against the Protestant, he is accustomed to see partisans of his faith only amongst the defenders of his independence, and to find devotion to independence only amongst the friends of his religion.

In the midst of the agitations of which his country and his soul have been the theatre, the Irishman who has seen so much ruin consummated within him and around him, believes that there is nothing permanent or certain in the world but his religion—that religion which is coeval with old Ireland—a religion superior to men, ages, and revolutions—a religion which has survived the most terrible tempests and the most dreadful tyrannies, against which Henry VIII was powerless, which braved Elizabeth, over which the bloody hand of Cromwell passed without destroying it, and which even a hundred and fifty years of continued persecution have failed to overthrow. To an Irishman there is nothing supremely true but his creed.

In defending his religion, the Irishman has been a hundred times invaded, conquered, driven from his native soil ; he kept his faith, and lost his country. But, after the confusion made between these two things in his mind, his rescued religion became his *all*, and its influence on his heart was further extended by its taking there the place of independence. The altar at which he prayed was his country.

Traverse Ireland, observe its inhabitants, study their manners, passions, and habits, and you will find that even in the present day, when Ireland is politically free, its inhabitants are full of the prejudices and recollections of their ancient servitude. Look at their external appearance ; they walk with their heads bowed down to the earth, their attitude is humble, their language timid ; they receive as a favour what they ought to demand as a right ; and they do not believe in the equality which the law ensures to them, and of which it gives them proofs. But go from the streets into the chapels. Here the humbled countenances are raised, the most lowly heads are lifted, and the most noble looks directed to heaven ; man reappears in all his dignity. The Irish people exists in its church ; there alone it is free ; there alone it is sure of its rights ; there it occupies the only ground that has never given way beneath its feet.

When the altar is thus national, why should not the priest be so likewise ? Hence arises the great power of the Catholic clergy in Ireland. When it attempted to overthrow Catholicism, the English government could not destroy the creed without extirpating the clergy. We have already seen how it tried to ruin that body. Still, in spite of the penal laws, which besides sometimes slumbered, there have been always priests



WOODEN CROSS OF THE PENAL DAYS.
(National Museum of Ireland.)

F. J. Bigger, an Ulster Protestant and a devoted student of the history and antiquities of Ireland, wrote of such relics in 1909 : " At the recent dispersal of Monsignor O'Laverty's collection the auctioneer had gathered a bundle of pewter chalices together and tied them with a string, throwing them into ' job lots.' A few silver chalices had been carefully reserved. If Monsignor O'Laverty valued one thing it was his collection of pewter chalices, because they were of the penal times. Of poor form and ' base ' metal, yet they had a value from their associations which silver or gold or precious stones could never bestow. They were used when all that was precious at the time was in the spirit and courage of those who used them. So with these penal crosses made from wood."

in Ireland. The Catholic worship, it is true, had for a long time only a mysterious and clandestine existence ; it was supposed to have no legal existence, and the same fiction was extended to its clergy. Even when the Catholic worship was tolerated, it was not authorised ; it was only indirectly recognised when the parliament, in 1798, voted funds to endow a college at Maynooth for the education of Catholic priests. But now

the Catholic faith exists publicly in Ireland; it has built its churches, it has organised its clergy, and it celebrates its ceremonies in open day; it counts four archbishops, twenty-one bishops, two thousand one hundred places of worship, and two thousand and seventy-four parish priests or coadjutors. The law does not thus constitute it, but the law allows it to form itself; the constitution affords it express toleration; and now the Catholic clergy, the depository of the chief national power of Ireland, exercises that power under the shield of the constitution. To comprehend this power, it is not sufficient to understand what their religion is to the Irish people, but also what their priest is to them.

Survey these immense lower classes in Ireland who bear at once all the charges and all the miseries of society, oppressed by the landlord, exhausted by taxation, plundered by the Protestant minister, their ruin consummated by the agents of law. Who or what is their only support in such suffering?—The priest—Who is it that gives them advice in their enterprises, help in their reverses, relief in their distress?—The priest—Who is it that bestows on them, what is perhaps still more precious, that consoling sympathy, that sustaining voice of sympathy, that tear of humanity, so dear to the unfortunate? There is but one man in Ireland that mourns with the poor man who has so much to mourn, and that man is the priest. Vainly have political liberties been obtained and rights consecrated, the people still suffer. There are old social wounds, to which the remedy provided by law affords only slow and tedious cure. From these deep and hideous wounds the Catholic priests alone do not turn their eyes; they are the only persons that attempt their relief. In Ireland the priest is the only person in perpetual relation with the people who is honoured by them.

Those in Ireland who do not oppress the people, are accustomed to despise them. I found that the Catholic clergy were the only persons in Ireland who loved the lower classes, and spoke of them in terms of esteem and affection.—*Ireland, social, political and religious.*

* * * * *

míle fáilte rómao a cuirp an tígearna.

Míle fáilte rómao a cuirp an tígearna,
A míc do siolruig ó'n óig is gile 's is míne,
'Sé do bás-sa ar crann na páise
O'fuaigail siol éada a's básaig coir.

O's peacac boct mé tá ag deunam ort
Ná noct orm an cóir
Cró do tuill mé t'fearg a losa Críosta,
Fíll orm agus fóir . . .

O a Críost do ceusao Dia le hAome,
Do dóirt do cuirp fola dá'r maiteao 's o'ár saoraó,
Grásta an Spiorao Naomh ann ár gcroide 's ann ár n-intinn.
Sáe atcuinge o'a n-iarramaoio Mac Dé o'a réirdeac.

—Abraín Diaóda Cúige Connact.

A thousand welcomes to Thee, O Body of the Lord, O Son Who
wast descended from the Virgin most bright and most smooth, it is
Thy death upon the tree of the Passion that released the seed of Eve
and destroyed crime.

Since I am a poor sinner who is making for Thee, do not unsheath
upon me justice, although, O Jesus Christ, I have deserved Thy
anger, return to me and relieve me . . .

O Christ, Who wast crucified on Friday, who pouredst Thy
share of blood to forgive us and free us, the grace of the Holy Spirit
be in our heart and in our mind: every petition that we ask may the
Son of God make-it-easy for us.

The above prayer, said during Mass, after the Consecration, and heard
by Father Eugene O'Growney on Inis Maan in Aran, about fifty years ago,
is from *The Religious Songs of Connacht*, collected and translated by Dr.
Douglas Hyde, President of Eire (1938-45). "Very few, indeed, of these
things have ever been put upon paper until now," said Dr. Hyde, "and
they will be becoming more scarce from day to day. For, if the love songs,
the drinking songs, the keenes, and the other poems that the old people had,
are dying out rapidly, the religious songs are departing from amongst us
with still greater rapidity."

Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, the biographer of John MacHale, Archbishop of
Tuam, writing of his own youth, says: "I remember, as if I heard it
yesterday, the chorus of voices at the Elevation of the Sacred Host, rising
from all parts of the thronged edifice. . . . In the autumn of 1846 in
Lower Canada among a colony of Mayomen I was overcome by deep
feeling, at hearing the same burst of voices at the Elevation, proclaiming
the coming on the altar of the God of Calvary."

* * * * *

A MEMORY OF O'CONNELL (1812?)

I WAS sitting at the window of a village inn one evening, when I was
suddenly aroused by the thundering of five horses and a chariot, which
soon appeared in sight. The moment they arrived at the inn the
animals were sharply checked, the door was flung open, and the occupier
hurriedly threw himself out.

"Bring out four horses, instantly!" was the command he uttered
in the loud voice of haste and authority.

The inmate of the carriage was about five feet eleven and a half inches
high, and wore a portly, stout, hale, and agreeable appearance. His
shoulders were broad, and his legs stoutly built; and as he at that moment
stood, one arm in his side pocket, the other thrust into a waistcoat, which
was almost completely unbuttoned from the heat of the day, he would have
made a good figure for the rapid but fine-finish touch of Harlowe. His
head was covered with a light fur cap, which partly thrown back,
displayed that breadth of forehead which I have never yet seen absent
from real talent. His eyes appeared to me, at that instant, to be between

a light blue and a grey colour. His face was pale and sallow, as if the turmoil of business, the shade of care, or the study of midnight had chased away the glow of health and youth. Around his mouth played a cast of sarcasm, which, to a quick eye, at once betrayed satire; and it appeared as if the lips could be easily resolved into *risus sardonius*. His head was somewhat larger than that which a modern doctrine denominates the "medium size;" and it was well supported by a stout and well-founded pedestal, which was based on a breast—full, round, prominent, and capacious.

He was dressed in an olive-brown surtout, black trousers; and black waistcoat. His cravat was carelessly tied—the knot almost undone from the heat of the day; and as he stood with his hand across his bosom, and his eyes bent on the ground, he was the very picture of a public character hurrying away on some important matter which required all of personal exertion and mental energy. Often as I have seen him since, I have never beheld him in so striking or pictorial an attitude.

"Quick with the horses," was his hurried ejaculation, as he recovered himself from his reverie and flung himself into his carriage. The whip was cracked, and away went the chariot with the same cloud of dust and the same tremendous pace.

I did not see him pay any money. He did not enter the inn. He called for no refreshment, nor did he utter a word to any person around him; he seemed to be obeyed by instinct. And while I marked the chariot thundering along the street, which had all its then spectators turned on the cloud-enveloped vehicle, my curiosity was intensely excited, and I instantly descended to learn the name of this extraordinary stranger.

Most *malapropos*, however, were my inquiries. Unfortunately the landlord was out, the waiter could not tell his name, and the hostler "knew nothing whatsoever of him, only he was in the most uncommonest hurry." A short time, however, satisfied my curiosity. The next day brought me to the capital of the county. It was the assize time. Very fond of oratory, I went to the court-house to hear the forensic eloquence of the "home circuit." I had scarcely seated myself when the same greyish eye, broad forehead, portly figure, and strong tone of voice arrested my attention. He was just on the moment of addressing the jury, and I waited to hear the speech of a man who had already so strongly interested me. After looking at the judge steadily for a moment, he began his speech exactly in the following pronunciation—"My Lurrd—Gentlemen of the jury."

"Who speaks?" instantly whispered I.

"Counsellor O'Connell," was the reply.

Counsel in a case in which his client was capitally charged, O'Connell undertook the defence, although the attorney considered the chances as utterly hopeless. O'Connell knew it was useless to attempt a defence in the ordinary way, the evidence being more than sufficient to ensure a conviction. Serjeant Lefroy, then very young, happened to preside, in the absence of one of the judges who had fallen ill. Knowing the character of the judge, O'Connell put a number of illegal questions to the witness,



THE O'CONNELL-D'ESTERRE DUEL.
(From the *Irish Magazine*, 1815.)

which the crown prosecutor immediately objected to. The learned serjeant decided rather peremptorily that he could not allow Mr. O'Connell to proceed with his line of examination. "As you refuse me permission to defend my client, I leave his case in your hands," said O'Connell—"his blood will be upon your head if he be condemned." O'Connell flung out of the court in apparent displeasure, and paced up and down on the flagway outside for half-an-hour. At the end of this time he saw the attorney for the defence rushing out in a great hurry without his hat. "He's acquitted! he's acquitted!" exclaimed the attorney, in breathless haste and joyous exultation. O'Connell smiled with a peculiar expression at the success of his stratagem—for such it was. He knew that a judge so young as Lefroy must naturally shrink in horror from the terrible responsibility of destroying human life. He therefore flung the onus upon the judge, who, in the absence of O'Connell, took up the case and became unconsciously the advocate of the prisoner. He conceived a prejudice in favour of the accused, cross-examined the witnesses, and finally charged the jury in the prisoner's favour. The consequence was the complete and unexpected acquittal of the accused. "My only chance," said O'Connell, "was to throw the responsibility on the judge, who had a natural timidity of incurring a responsibility so serious."

This memory of Daniel O'Connell in his youthful prime well illustrates the forceful and resolute character which appealed so strongly to the Catholics of Ireland, who "by long bending had become bent." It is quoted from a legal contemporary of "the Counsellor" in M. F. Cusack's "Life of O'Connell."

HENRY GRATTAN (1812)

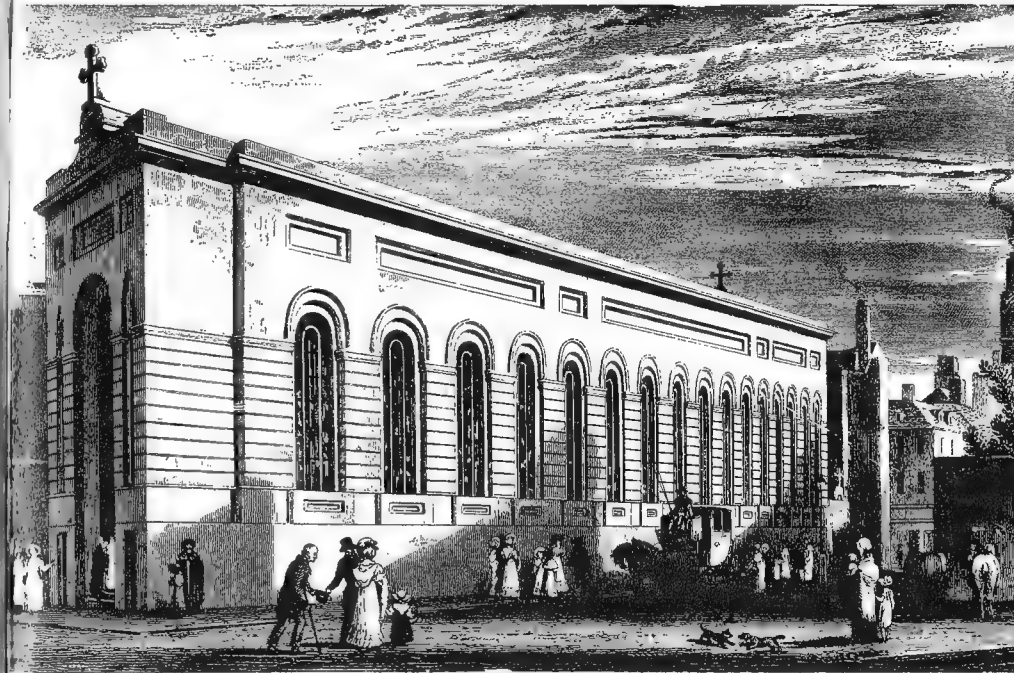
THE doom of Ireland lies before you ; and if you finally decide against her petitions, you declare that three-fourths of the Irish, and one-fourth of the empire, shall be disqualified for ever. When you say we will not accede to the wishes of Ireland now, and advance no reason, which must not always exist, you mean never, but you do not say "never," because you cannot give to the tremendous sentence its proper denomination—a sentence abominable, unutterable, unimaginable.

The sentence purports to disqualify for ever, three-fourths of the people of Ireland for adhering in their country, to the religion of their ancestors. Recollect that Ireland is their country, and that your power in that country is founded on her liberties. That religion is their right, and the gospel is their property. Revelation is the gift of GOD, given to man to be interpreted according to the best of that understanding which his Maker has bestowed. The Christian religion is the property of man, independent of the state. The naked Irishman has a right of approach to his God without a licence from his king ; in this consists his duty here, and his salvation hereafter. The state that punishes him for the discharge of that duty, violates her own, and offends against her God, and against his fellow-creature. You are the only civilized nation who disqualify on account of religion.

I allow that where religion is accompanied with any circumstance that tends to disaffection, the state has right to interfere ; but in that case, it is not the religion that the state touches, but the disaffection, and here that circumstance does not exist, because here we have practical proofs of allegiance. You have read the public papers, you have seen the Gazette. With every repugnance to inquire into the state of the people of Ireland, there are some things which you must know. You know they are fighting and dying in your service. . . . You have that evidence before you ; you see it in the dispatches which recite your battles ; you yourselves, without knowing, having decided upon the fact. What are your votes of parliament, returning thanks to the Catholics in the army and navy ? what are they, but the verdict of the English Parliament in favour of their allegiance ? But those votes of parliament that pronounce the Catholic to be innocent, pronounce the legislature that disqualifies them, to be guilty. . . .

I see, on the other hand, the address of the livery of London, with a clause expressing a desire that civil disabilities should be removed. I see the sense of the great capital favourable, or not adverse, to Irish liberty and English justice. I see wisdom and justice, truth and security, speaking in the voice of many thousand Englishmen, petitioning in their favour. I see a petition from the Protestants of Ireland, denominated a Protestant petition, and signed by the greater part of the Protestant proprietors in Ireland ; that petition, unaccompanied by any counter petition, may be called the Protestant interest of Ireland.

You have the Protestant merchants, the Presbyterians, and, coupled



THE CARMELITE CHURCH, YORK LANE, DUBLIN.
(From Wright's *Ireland* (1835).)

with the Catholics, this petition may be said to comprehend the property and population of Ireland ; in fact, the petition of Ireland lies upon your table. I congratulate my Protestant brethren in Ireland ; they have asserted the true principles of the gospel, they have asserted the principles of civil liberty, and they give a warning voice to the British empire. . . .

The gentlemen who are invited by the call, think, perhaps, they are presiding over a few penal laws affecting the Irish, or exercising a lazy tyranny in the easy chair of pride and security : depend upon it they are mistaken. You are presiding over the fame and fortune of that great renowned empire called Great Britain. The scales of your own destinies are in your own hands ; and if you throw out the civil liberty of the Irish Catholic, depend on it, Old England will be weighed in the balance, and found wanting ; you will then have dug your own grave, and you may write your own epitaph, viz. : "England died because she taxed America, and disqualified Ireland."

. . . I appeal to the hospitals, which are thronged with the Irish who have been disabled in your cause, and to the fields of Spain and Portugal, yet drenched with their blood, and I turn from that policy which disgraces your empire, to the spirit of civil freedom that formed it ; that is the charm

by which your kings have been appointed, and in whose thunder you ride the waters of the deep. I call upon these principles, and upon you to guard your empire, in this perilous moment, from religious strife, and from that death-doing policy, which would teach one part of the empire to cut the throats of the other, in a metaphysical, ecclesiastical, unintelligible warfare.

He then moved, "That it be referred to a committee to consider the state of the laws imposing civil disabilities on His Majesty's subjects professing the Catholic religion."—*Speech in the House of Commons.*

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M. DUVERGIER (1826)

THERE is not a county, nor a city, nor a borough, nor a parish, where there are not meetings, to address petitions to the new parliament, to pass votes of thanks to the forty-shilling freeholders, and what is still more to the purpose, to offer assistance and support to those very men, whom their masters have, in consequence of their late conduct, unmercifully ejected from their holdings. O'Connell and Shiel fly from province to province, from meeting to meeting. Everywhere they are received with enthusiasm; everywhere their eloquent declamations rouse in the souls of the old Milesians the stern sense of their strength and their degradation. To enforce obedience, they require neither *gens d'armes* nor soldiers. A word of theirs is of more power than 20 decrees of the Lord Lieutenant; and the delegates of Old England are compelled to tremble before two lawyers. . . .

Emancipation—full, total, and unconditional emancipation, such is at present the unanimous cry of six millions of men. One would be inclined to say that this single word contained within itself the panacea for all the sufferings of Ireland. For the Catholic proprietor, it signifies a place in Parliament; for the lawyer, a silk gown; for the poor, bread. In the midst of this fever of hope, the wise statesman well knows, that the effects of so many ages of oppression are not to be got rid of in a day; but he also knows that without emancipation nothing can be done; and he will give all his support to every exertion which is calculated to obtain it. . . .

The history of the Catholic Association is singular enough. Founded about five years ago, it had already acquired a formidable degree of political power, when last session Parliament decided upon its suppression. It was alleged to be an *imperium in imperio*. Accordingly, Mr. Canning and Mr. Peel, Lord Eldon, and Mr. Plunkett, entered into a coalition against it; and a Bill in 15 paragraphs decreed its dissolution. Six months afterwards it reappeared. No means to defeat the provisions of the Bill have been neglected; and the profound wisdom of Parliament has produced no other result than the revival of the old Association; so difficult is it in England to attack the right of meeting and petition—a sacred right, an imprescriptible right, the best pledge and substitute for so many others. France has yet some lessons to learn from her neighbours.

The Association holds its meetings in an oblong hall, surrounded with benches and arranged nearly in the same manner as the House of



PEOPLE AT CHURCH DOOR, CO. TIPPERARY, 1848.
(From *The Illustrated London News*.)

Commons. The first time I entered it, I saw on his legs a man of about 50 years of age; who, with his hand to his bosom, seemed throwing out his opinions in a negligent manner to about 300 persons, who were listening with the greatest attention around him. This man was O'Connell, the glory of Kerry and the pride of Munster. In person he is tall; his appearance is imposing; his countenance full of frankness and keenness, though somewhat bordering on the vulgar; and when he speaks, his physiognomy, as changeable as his imagination, expresses, in two minutes, 20 different passions. There is no sort of study either in his gesture or language. If he threatens, entire figure seems ready to follow the defiance, which he hurls against the power of England; if he indulges in a trait of humour, before it is yet upon his lips an expansive gaiety already radiates from all his features. I know of no living orator who communicates so thoroughly to his audience the idea of profound and absolute conviction. . . .

Popularity, an inordinate love of popularity, is his ruling passion; he is its absolute slave: if he were to lose it he would die instantly. With the exception of an ardent attachment to his country, I do not think

him in other particulars a man of very steady principles. He praises in the same breath Bolivar and the Holy Alliance, Napoleon and the Bishop of Hermopolis. James II to-day appears to him a god, to-morrow a tyrant. He thunders against the Biblical societies, and raises to the skies the missionaries of France: he declares himself the champion of the sovereignty of the people, and, at the same time, of divine right. In a word, as has been justly observed, there are in him eight or nine different men, who are not always of the same opinion, but who combine together to curse the oppression of the Penal Laws, and to detest the oppressors of Ireland.

Duvergier was one of a number of liberal-minded Frenchmen who were attracted to Ireland in the era of Catholic Emancipation and Repeal. "I resolved to visit Ireland," said Venedy (1844), "that I might see O'Connell, with whose name the world is filled." Duvergier's Letters on the state of Ireland were published in T. Wyse: Historical Sketch of the Catholic Association, Vol. II.

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Dublin Evening Mail, 29TH JUNE—5th JULY, 1828

MR. O'CONNELL offers himself to the constituency of Clare, as a candidate for the representation. A contemporary of ours, *The Mercantile Advertiser*, in announcing this intention yesterday, expresses itself in the following manner:—

"This, unquestionably, will be a most extraordinary scene. Mr. O'Connell has all the qualifications necessary—and there is no law which prevents him offering himself to the County—there is no law which prevents his Election. In short, if he should have the majority of the votes, the Sheriff must put him in the return.

"Again there is no law which will compel Mr. O'Connell to take his seat. If there be not a call of the House, he may hold the representation during the present Parliament, without entering the House of Commons, or wait the passage of an Emancipation Bill. . . . It is impossible adequately to describe the sensation that this announcement caused in Dublin yesterday. We suppose that the astonishment that it will create in London will be equal. The eyes of the Empire will, therefore, be very speedily turned to the County of Clare.

"It will be the first time since the Revolution that a Catholic has offered himself to the people of Ireland. We have not time to say any more at present. We must content ourselves, therefore, by referring our readers to Mr. O'Connell's address. The entire of the South of Ireland is in a state of active but peaceable commotion. We are satisfied that the Military and Constabulary forces of the country will not be lent to the rage or the mortification of the landlords of Clare. Notwithstanding the great show, therefore, of Horse, Foot, and Artillery, which is moving upon Ennis and surrounding it, like a beleaguered town, we entertain no fears.

"The ferment here is not to be described. The anti-Catholic aristocrats of this County, who at first made light of and treated with derision the efforts of the Catholic Association, now begin to tremble, for the agitators are at work in every direction. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon's return from the

capital afforded one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of popular feeling that was ever displayed. Travelling at night from chapel to chapel, the people routed from their beds, and half-dressed hearing his exhortations from their altars, to act with vigour and promptitude in the cause to which he invited them: the liberation of their country. They then dragged his carriage for miles together, through a mountainous district in triumph with fifes and drums and lighted torches and with the burning of tar-barrels and the illumination of Killaloe and two other of their towns."

"JULY 3. This morning, at a very early hour, the town began to fill with extraordinary rapidity—Freeholders coming in from all quarters. The Sheriff has appointed 10 o'clock for commencing the poll, but owing to many causes there was considerable delay. . . . The Sheriff's Assessor declared that the polling should commence at a quarter past one. At that hour the town was one continued dense crowd—Mr. O'Connell was to be seen in all parts of it, on his way to meet every fresh party who came to town; he was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. At the Chapel, where a party had assembled, on his appearing amongst them, they all fell on their knees and offered up a prayer for his success. . . .

"A body of freeholders 300 from Six-Mile-Bridge are now on the march into the town; they are accompanied by the mothers, wives and children. A body from Scariff have also just arrived, the Bakers' arms are very conspicuous—at the head of every battalion one of the party carries the O'Connell banner, and a banner with the words 'Scariff and civil and religious liberty.' There is scarcely any business doing in Mr. Fitzgerald's tally-room.

"It is not possible to conceive a scene of more solemn historical interest to an Irishman than O'Connell's sitting room in the evening, after the business of the Poll is at an end. It is the drawing room of the house opposite the Courthouse. The opposite room is the great room in which, in the year 1798, the courts-martial were held, and beneath is the spot where there stood the 'Pumps' where the torture was inflicted with a frightful barbarity. While you hear the Agitator who addresses the people outside the window, pouring forth a tale of indignation for his country's wrongs, and a vehement exhortation for the people to strike the constitutional blow by which they are to obtain their liberty, you may, perhaps, hear O'Connell (sitting in his cloak and hat, on a chair, near a sofa), tell in a soft and solemn undertone, of an incident of the election."

* * * * *

The event of the Clare election is known to all Ireland and indeed to the whole of the Empire by this time. The return of Mr. O'Connell has produced a sensation in London, and indeed in every part of England, almost as lively as in Ireland itself. *The Times*, which was adverse at the commencement of the election has changed its tone. *The Chronicle* observes that the return of Mr. O'Connell "establishes in the most unanswerable manner the power over the electors possessed by the Roman Catholics; and shows them that they have but to remain united and they will compel the Government to do them justice. A whole people cannot

be punished ; the whole tenantry of a country cannot be deluded. The grand secret has been taught the Irish people ; and as well might they attempt to roll back the tides of the ocean, as to think of replacing them in the prostrate condition in which they were."

* * * * *

The great victory has been obtained. Mr. O'Connell returned this morning to Dublin. His journey from Ennis to this City was a long triumphal procession: Such a scene of gratitude and joy has not been witnessed in Ireland within the memory of man. In fact the honourable and learned gentleman was detained on the road from Monday until this day by the enthusiastic acclamations of the people. They felt, as the empire feels, that Mr. O'Connell has created a great epoch in the history of Ireland. And no other man in the community, no other man in the world, we verily believe, would have accomplished it.

When the news of Mr. O'Connell's return from Clare reached Tarbert on Sunday last, the people acting on the universal spirit of the country, determined on celebrating it by a general rejoicing. Early on the morning of Monday the light-hearted peasantry of the surrounding county were seen flocking in all directions towards the parish chapel ; where, after the Holy Sacrifice was offered and the fervent thanksgiving of the assembled multitude sent up to Heaven, the whole multitude repaired to cemeteries in the vicinity, where over the tombs of their fathers, they embraced each other and swore on the sacred turf an eternal friendship and mutual oblivion of all past injuries. This over, they proceeded to decorate the graves of their ancestors with laurel, garlands of flowers and evergreens, wrought in the most tasteful and fanciful manner suspended from the trees or hung over the tombs of the dead, and with the most fervent prayers for their eternal repose were mingled a thousand regrets that they had not lived to witness the regeneration of their country.

At the approach of the evening all were seen repairing towards the hills, the whole line of which, from Shanid Castle to Knockpatrick, soon presented a continuous sheet of flames. Every spot in this lofty range was crowned with a pyramid of fire. The flickering of the torches (called *cleurs* by the peasantry) moved as if by some invisible hands. During the whole day the chapel bell tolled incessantly.

* * * * *

SIR ROBERT PEEL (1829)

IRISE, Sir, in the spirit of peace, to propose the adjustment of the Roman Catholic question—that question which has so long and so painfully occupied the attention of Parliament, and which has distracted the councils of the King for the last thirty years: . . . According to my heart and conscience, I believe that the time is come when less danger is to be apprehended to the general interests of the Empire, and to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Protestant Establishment, in attempting to adjust the Catholic Question than in allowing it to remain any longer in its present state. . . .



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR ROBERT PEEL
(From the Painting by Winterhalter at Windsor Castle.)

Let us cast a rapid glance over the recent history of Ireland, trace it from the Union, the period when the retirement of Mr. Pitt from the King's councils brought more prominently forward the differences of public men in regard to the Catholic Question. What is the melancholy fact? that for scarcely one year, during the period that has elapsed since the Union, has Ireland been governed by the ordinary course of law. In 1800, we find the *Habeas Corpus* Act suspended, and the Act for the Suppression of Rebellion in force. In 1801, they were continued. In 1802, I believe, they expired. In 1803, the Insurrection for which Emmet suffered broke out: Lord Kilwarden was murdered by a savage mob, and both acts of Parliament were renewed. In 1804, they were continued. In 1806, the West and South of Ireland were in a state of insubordination, which was with difficulty repressed by the severest enforcement of the ordinary law. In 1807, in consequence chiefly of the disorders that had prevailed in 1806, the act called the Insurrection Act was introduced. It gave power to the Lord Lieutenant to place any district by proclamation out of the pale of the ordinary law, it suspended trial by jury—and made it a transportable offence to be out of doors from sunset to sunrise. In 1807, this act continued in force, and in 1808, 1809, and to the close of the session of 1810. In 1814, the Insurrection Act was renewed; it was continued in 1815, 1816, and 1817. In 1822, it was again revived, and continued during the years 1823, 1824, and 1825. In 1825, the temporary act intended for the suppression of dangerous associations, and especially the Roman Catholic Association, was passed. It continued during 1826 and 1827, and expired in 1828. The year 1829 has arrived, and with it the demand for a new act to suppress the Roman Catholic Association. . . .

We cannot replace the Roman Catholics in the position in which we found them, when the system of relaxation and indulgence began. We have given them the opportunities of acquiring education, wealth, and power. We have removed, with our hands, the seal from the vessel, in which a mighty spirit was enclosed—but it will not, like the genius in the fable, return within its narrow confines, to gratify our curiosity, and enable us to cast it back into the obscurity from which we evoked it. If we begin to recede, there is no limit which we can assign to our recession. We shall occasion a violent reaction—violent in proportion to the hopes that have been repeatedly excited. It must be coerced by new rigours, provoking in their turn fresh resistance. The re-enactment of the Penal Laws, even if practicable, would not suffice.

Now look at the population of Ireland, and then determine whether such a system of government is, in the present state of the world, maintainable. According to the census of 1821, the population of Ireland was computed to amount to nearly seven millions of persons. Of them, by a calculation formed by my right hon. friend (Mr. Leslie Foster), deduced from the numbers of children educated in Ireland, five millions are Roman Catholics—two millions Protestants, including the members of the Established Church and every branch of Protestant dissenters. Can the local government of Ireland be conducted through the exclusive instru-

mentality of two millions out of seven of the population? Surely government, civil government, means something more than the rigid enforcement of penal law, the suppression of breaches of the peace, and the apprehension of notorious offenders. . . .

The population amounts to:—

	Catholics	Protestants
ULSTER	800,000	1,200,000
LEINSTER	1,380,000	377,000
MUNSTER	1,735,000	200,000
CONNAUGHT ..	930,000	171,000

These circumstances being duly considered, again I ask, how is the civil and criminal process of the law to be equably and regularly conducted throughout Ireland, supposing the withdrawing of the powers and privileges already granted to the Roman Catholics to have the effect which I anticipate from it—namely that of dividing the population into two distinct classes—one favoured by the law, the other totally estranged from it? It may be said, and truly said, that reliance can be placed upon the army and upon the police; but will England patiently bear the enormous expense of enforcing every civil right of property, of supporting every legal claim for rent or for tithes, by the agency of such expensive instruments?

Above are some of the leading passages in Peel's speech on March 5, 1829, introducing the Catholic Relief Bill in the House of Commons. The speech occupied four hours, and was marked, it was reported, by "loud and protracted cheering," which was heard at times in Westminster Hall.



DANIEL O'CONNELL

CHAPTER V.

Union, Repeal, and Young Ireland (1800—1848)

"Keep knocking at the Union"—GRATTAN (1820)

* * * * *

A dense population in extraordinary distress inhabit an island where there is an established Church which is not their Church; and a territorial aristocracy, the richest of whom live in a distant capital. Thus they have a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church.—DISRAELI in the *House of Commons*, 13 Feb., 1844.

* * * * *

That country, sir, in extent about one-fourth of the United Kingdom, in population certainly more than one-fourth; superior probably in internal fruitfulness to any area of equal size in Europe, possessed of a position which holds out the greatest facilities for commerce; an inexhaustible nursery of the finest soldiers. . . . How do you govern it? Not by love, but by fear; not as you govern Great Britain, but as you govern the recently-conquered Scinde; not by the confidence of the people in the laws and their attachment to the constitution, but by means of armed men and entrenched camps.—T. B. MACAULAY, *House of Commons Debate on Ireland*, February 2, 1844.

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What a very bad figure we cut in this mediation! Really it is quite immoral, with Ireland quivering in our grasp and ready to throw off her allegiance at any moment for us to force Austria to give up her lawful possessions.—*Queen Victoria to King Leopold of the Belgians*, 10th October, 1848.

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W. E. H. GLADSTONE (1887)

TAKING first the great series of measures, which made the years between 1778 and 1795 almost a golden age of Irish history, I note at once four broad and fundamental distinctions between the relative position of the two countries then, and their relative position now. First the pressure of the American War, next the Continental combination against Great Britain, and thirdly the outbreak of the conflict with revolutionary France, opened from other quarters not only demands on the strength of Great Britain, but even at one time a menace of coming exhaustion, to which there has since been no parallel. Secondly, the relative population of the islands was then little more than two to one, with a

predominance decreasing; it is now six to one, with a ratio steadily increasing. Thirdly, Great Britain then had to encounter an United Ireland, without distinction of class or creed. Moreover the Protestants, and the upper class generally, who, whatever else they were, were then almost to a man true Irishmen, fought in the front rank of the nation. Fourthly, Ireland had an army and auxiliary forces, her people having at all times been eminently and splendidly martial; so that her volunteers, between what they were and what they might be, were almost to be regarded as a nation in arms. This remarkable aggregate of circumstances has been duly considered by every prudent Irishman in drawing his comparisons between the present and the past; nor is it for them that under this head I am writing, but rather for that great portion of the British population, which seeks by every legitimate means to bring about a compliance with their desires.

In 1829, with the exception of the numerical ratio, which remained nearly the same, all was vitally changed. No foreign foe pressed upon us. All Irish force was under control from the Horse Guards. Above all, we had no longer to deal with an United Ireland. Religious animosities in Ireland have never encountered there any but one irreconcilable foe: it has been the spirit of nationality. When the critical year of 1795 opened, religious animosities were at their nadir; because the spirit of nationality was at its zenith. The Protestant and Landlord Parliament of Ireland spoke out boldly and nobly for the Roman Catholics of the nation, on the dark day when Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. After that fatal act, it became necessary for the Executive, in its headlong career, to dissolve the Holy Alliance, for such it was, formed between Irishmen of different Churches. It was something like the ruin of the Table Round after the sin of Guinevere, nobly described by Tennyson. For then came, in Ireland, the deplorable foundation of the Orange Lodges; the gradual conversion of the United Irishmen into a society of Separatists; the disarmament of the people with all its cruelties; the reign of lawlessness under the seal of law; the rebellion of 1798; with some samples of bloody retaliation; and the nameless horrors recorded by the manly shame of Lord Cornwallis. Thus was laid the train of causes which, followed up by the Act of Union, has made Ireland for 90 years a sharply divided country.

In truth, one of the conclusions that with the progress of a lengthened life most ripens and deepens in my mind, is my conclusion as to the vast and solid strength of Great Britain. She has a strength such as that she may almost war with heaven; may prolong wrongdoing through years and years, if not with impunity, yet with a reserve of unexhausted strength, fetched up from every fibre of a colossal organism, which seems as if, like the peasant's river, it would flow for ever, never drain away.

*She is in the field like another Capaneus:—

Θεοῦ τε γὰρ θέλοντος ἐκέρσειν πόλιν
καὶ μὴ θέλοντός φησιν

* With pride unfitted to mortals he threatens horrors which may fate avert. "For, whether the gods be willing or unwilling, he swears he will make havoc of the City" (*The Seven against Thebes*).

Little indeed need she fear to lack the possession of the giant's strength ; but much, lest she should be tempted to use it like a giant. The defects of British character, and I do not under-estimate them, lie in my opinion on the surface ; the root and heart of it are not only great but good. I believe my countrymen will arrive, and that not slowly, at the consciousness that the one deep and terrible stain upon their history, a history in most respects so noble, is to be found in their treatment of Ireland. It is not a little noteworthy, first, that this is an English, not a British question ; for the people of Scotland cannot be said to have been in political relations with Ireland before 1833 ; and secondly, that it is that same great and dominant part of Britain which has been responsible for the prior management of Ireland, and which now withholds from her the autonomy which the members for Scotland (as well as Wales), did it lie with them, would grant to her to-morrow.—*The Nineteenth Century*, February, 1887.

Gladstone's Nineteenth Century article, published a few months after the defeat of his first Home Rule Bill, is one of the classic statements of the English liberal attitude towards the problem of Irish government. The introductory paragraphs, reproduced above, are of special interest.

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JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1878)

SOcially and internally the Union worked only mischief. In the last century Ireland had an intellectual life. Besides her popular orators, she produced artists, men of letters, statesmen, soldiers, the best of which the empire had to boast. Society was never anywhere more brilliant than in Dublin in the years which succeeded 1782. The great Peers and Commoners had cast their lot with the national life. They had their castles in the country and their town houses in the Irish metropolis. Their lives had a public purpose. They were conscious of high responsibilities ; and if they were not always wise they had force and dignity of character. With the Union all was changed. The centre of political life had been removed to England, and men who had intellect and ambition followed it. The high-born and the fashionable cared less than ever for the second-rate attractions of a provincial city. The rebellion, and the way in which the rebellion had been treated, had disgusted the gentry, and disgusted most the best of them. They were not afraid, but they resented the stain which Cornwallis had left upon their conduct, which they knew to be undeserved ; and they did not care to remain in a country where they were no longer trusted by the Government, and where their relations with their people were embittered. The imperfect conquest had left the lawless spirit cowed but unsubdued. Insurrection acts remained on the Statute-book, but as a threat not as a reality, and life was still insecure. Persons of orderly habits went away ; they left their estates to be managed by agents, or let in leases for lives to middlemen. If the middlemen ground the peasantry into wretchedness, the landlord did not see it, and did not need to think of it ; for if the terms which he granted himself were equitable, the responsibility was no longer his, but



DANIEL O'CONNELL

another's. He received his rents, and asked no questions. There had always been absenteeism in Ireland; but the absenteeism was now of a deadlier kind, for it carried away all those who should have been the best supports of English authority, the best representatives of English habits and English thought. History was curiously repeating itself. In the 15th century those only of the Norman families remained who had adopted Irish customs, and put on the Irish character. In the 19th, the most energetic of the Protestant aristocracy turned their backs upon a land associated only with ignominious memories, and forgot it in a more congenial home. Among those who stayed there were still a few splendid exceptions of men who knew their duty, and struggled to do it. But the majority were such as could best adapt themselves to the ways of the country—the drinking, hunting, swearing, duel-fighting squires of too-famous memory.

With these, better far than with the improving landlords who fought against the evil of the times, the Irish peasantry agreed. They were kindly and open-hearted, generous to their dependants, while reckless and extravagant themselves. Careless of expense, deep in debt, they lived for the day that was passing over them, and left the morrow to provide for itself. The squire's castle was the peasant's cabin on a larger scale. His younger sons went into the army, into the professions or the universities. Better soldiers we had none. As lawyers, as clergy, as men of letters, they rose to eminence and honour. In the brightest pages of the British annals Irish names stand foremost. The Nationalists, who are now denouncing them, are not ashamed to claim an interest in the Wellesleys, and Napiers, and Moores, and Wolseleys.

So matters went economically; and beneath it the sacred flame of Irish tradition was still secretly burning—the hatred of the foreigner, the memory that the land occupied by the stranger had belonged to the ancestors of those who now worked upon it as serfs—the hope intensely cherished that it would one day be their own once more. Catholic Emancipation had not been allowed to sleep. The promotion of the patriot orators told the Catholic congregations that they had friends in England. Their opportunity would come, and they were prepared for it; and when the war with France was over, and Whig theories of liberty were taking shape in a cry for Reform, the admission of the Catholics into Parliament was the first question which was pressed to the front.

Such was Ireland in the years which followed Emancipation. The political influence of the Protestant land-owners was fading away. Their power over their estates was left. They were like officers forbidden to keep discipline or use authority, but permitted to make their personal profit on their men's rations. In 1840 the population was over eight millions; by 1845 it was supposed to have risen nearly to nine—two millions of them without so much as a potato-field, and supported, one way or another, by charity. I at this time knew Ireland intimately; I remember the potato in its glory, and the muck-heap of existence where the pigs and their owners kept house together; the singular intelligence in the midst of helplessness, the humour and seeming good nature, yet

along with it, among the women especially, expressions both in face and language that were ominous and startling. It was an evil scene pregnant with growing mischief. With the gentry, the natural leaders of these poor people, I found everywhere the warmest hospitality, yet seldom a consciousness that things were not as they ought to be. In some there was a strong religious element, but not of a kind which would bring their tenants closer to them. In illustration of what the rest were I will describe a single scene. I was staying at Castle ———, in ——— county. My host, partly on my own account, invited the neighbours from 20 miles round to a great luncheon party. Over a hundred came, squires and squires' sons and brothers, large leaseholders, the Protestant chiefs of the district; there they sat, light-hearted, laughing, careless, the stuff out of whom had been made the Volunteers of 1782, but all changed now, with no thought of politics, with little serious thought at all; most of them in debt to their necks, but taking life lightly as it came, too wise to spoil the moment by troubling themselves about future possibilities. A Scotch grazier, come across on business, was sitting next me. He said to me, "You see the gentry of the county of ———. There is not more than one person here present who supposes that he was sent into the world for any purpose except to hunt, shoot, and fish, and enjoy himself. Poor fellows! —they will find before long that this was not what God Almighty intended with them at all." They found it out even sooner than he could have expected. The next year the potato failed, and the social constitution of Ireland was shattered to pieces.—*The English in Ireland.*

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ARTHUR WELLESLEY, CORK, 7TH JULY, 1808

MY Dear Sir—According to the desire which you expressed in the conversation which I had with you at Lord Harrington's on Wednesday, I proceed to give you my opinion on the nature and circumstances or the command which you are about to exercise in the County of Limerick. In the first place I must point out to you, that the situation of a general officer commanding in a district in Ireland, is very much of the nature of a deputy-governor of a county or a province. He becomes necessarily charged with the preservation of the peace of the district placed under his command; and the Government must confide in his reports and opinions for the adoption of many measures relating solely to the civil administration of the country. From these circumstances it is obvious, that it is the duty of every general officer to make himself acquainted with the local circumstances of his district, and with the characters of the different individuals residing within it, in order that he may decide for himself according to the best of his judgment and information, and that he may not be misled by others.

This duty will be still more obvious, by a consideration of certain circumstances which exist in nearly all parts of Ireland. It frequently happens that disturbances exist only in a very small degree, and probably only partially, and that the civil power is adequate to get the better of them. At the same time the desire to let a building to government for

a barrack—the desire to have troops in the county—either on account of the increased consumption of the necessaries of life, or because of the increased security which they would give to that particular part of the country—would occasion a general rise in the value and rent of land, which probably at that moment might be out of lease—or in some instances desire to have the yeomen called out on permanent duty—occasions a representation that the disturbances are much more serious than the facts would warrant. Upon these occasions letter after letter is written to the commanding officer and to the government; the same fact is repeated through many different channels; and the result of an inquiry is generally, that the outrage complained of, is by no means of the nature or of the extent which has been stated. The obvious remedy for this evil, and that which is generally resorted to, is to call for informations on oath of the transactions which are complained of. But this remedy is not certain, for it frequently happens that the informations on oath are equally false with the original misrepresentations. The general officer then has no remedy, excepting by his acquaintance and communication with the magistrates and gentlemen of the county to acquire a knowledge of characters, and to become acquainted with all the circumstances which occur.

It frequently happens that the people who do commit outrages and disturbances have reason to complain; but in my opinion that is not a subject for the consideration of a general officer. He must aid in the preservation of the peace of the county, and in the support of the law; and he who breaks the law must be considered in the wrong, whatever may have been the nature of the provocation he may have received.

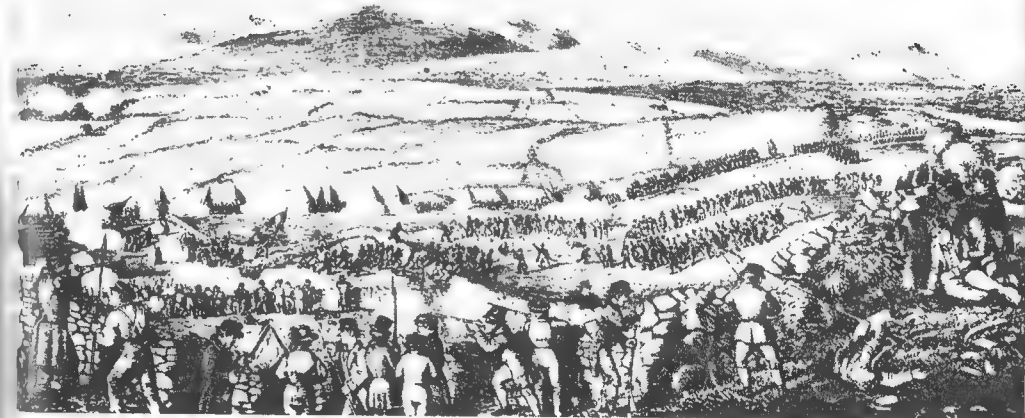
It is possible that grievances may exist in the County of Limerick; provisions may be too dear, or too high a rent may be demanded for land, and there may be no poor-laws, and the magistrates may not do their duty as they ought by the poor. But these circumstances afford no reason why the general officer should not give the military aid he may have at his command to preserve the peace, to repress disturbance, and to bring them to justice who may have been guilty of a violation of the law.—To Brigadier-General Lee, at Limerick.

This business-like letter from the Duke of Wellington during his brief tenure of the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, illustrates better than many long discourses the military character of the Irish government and the failure of the Union to win the people.

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DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, AUGUST, 1835

SIR—I am now in my eighty-seventh year, and it is not a little matter that could induce me to take up my pen for the purpose of claiming a place in your pages. My present remarks shall be confined to the Orange Institution, which is now, I perceive, upon its trial before a Committee of the House of Commons. I am acquainted with that institution since its formation. I was well aware of the necessity out of which it arose. I knew its founders, most of whom were my personal friends;



FIGHT BETWEEN ORANGEMEN AND CATHOLICS AT DOLLY'S BRAE, CO. DOWN, 1849.

*"Being on the Twelfth day of July, eighteen and forty-nine,
The Pagans of this country together did combine
To shoot and slay our Orangemen upon that glorious day,
They did encamp in thousands great at a place called Dolly's Brae."*

and I have watched its workings; and never, I will venture to say, was an institution so providentially calculated for the preservation of peace and order, or for furnishing an antiseptic to the contagion of those revolutionary principles which were, at the time of its origin, agitating England, convulsing Ireland, and disorganising Europe. Judge, then, of my surprise and indignation at hearing it denounced in the House of Commons as the *fons and origo* of all our evils.

I well remember the state of feeling in this country in 1795. We are told by the poet, that,

"When Hecla thunders, Chimborazo raves,"

as if there was a kind of subterranean communication between the volcanic mountains, by which they were enabled to sympathise with each other in their eruptions. Politically the same effect was produced in this country by the French Revolution. The smouldering fires of discontent were fanned into a flame, and the convulsion in France seemed but the precursor of similar convulsions in Ireland. The combustible materials

had been provided in abundance, and the French Revolution seemed well calculated to supply the spark that alone seemed necessary to set them in a flame.

It is not to be denied that Protestants were the first movers of those seditious practices, by which this country was at that time disturbed. I am now free to confess that I was one of those who ardently pursued those phantom delusions which possessed the power of drawing from the straight path of political wisdom so much of the worth and the intellect of Ireland. Protestantism has ever been favourable to freedom. In the north of Ireland, where Presbyterianism prevails, the people were excited to the utmost by the events which were taking place upon the Continent, and to a manifestation of violence similar to that which had overthrown the government of France, nothing seemed wanting but an occasion and leaders. . . .

It is not necessary to inform your readers, that from an early period of the last century, Ireland was disturbed by various illegal combinations, which appeared, at different times, under various denominations, as peep-of-day boys, defenders, whiteboys, etc., etc., whose conflicts certainly partook of a sectarian character; and what would otherwise have been mere party feuds were deepened and embittered by rancorous religious and political differences. I well remember the frightful state of things that now prevailed in Ulster. On the one hand, there was a dense mass of organized Roman Catholics, who already felt their strength, and who were united both by the prejudices of a sect, and the principles of a party, into a confederacy having for its object the extirpation of heresy and the liberation of Ireland. On the other hand, there were the Protestant peasants and farmers, not bound together in any system of association—unsupported, if not discountenanced by their own gentry, amongst whom revolutionary principles very extensively prevailed, and exposed, both by night and day, to outrages against which the laws of the land afforded but a weak protection.

Nor was it long before the Protestants had the opportunity which they longed for. About six miles from the town of Armagh, is situated the townland of the Diamond. This was now destined to be the scene of a conflict which is still remembered by the Protestants with pride, and by their adversaries with terror and resentment. I cannot now venture to give any exact account of the numbers assembled on both sides, but I am within limits when I say that they amounted to several thousands. It is strange that matters should have been suffered to proceed to such a formidable height, when the differences could now only be adjusted by a large effusion of human blood; but I believe the magistrates and the ruling powers were themselves wearied by the perpetual bickerings that were every day occurring, and judged it not inexpedient to suffer the whole of the differences between the hostile parties to be brought at once to a conclusion in a decisive conflict. Whatever the cause was, they interfered not to interpose any obstacles to the battle that was now about to be fought. When the best men on both sides grappled in the deadly strife, and dire was the rage, and dauntless the determination, with which the murderous

volley were interchanged, until the unflinching Protestants had the satisfaction of seeing their enemies fly before them, and yield them no inglorious victory.

Such was the origin of the Orange Institution; it arose from the pressure of strong necessity. The evil which threatened the Protestants, and which never before was so imminent, could have been averted by no public



KING WILLIAM'S STATUE IN DUBLIN

combination. Nor is it a little remarkable that the name of our great deliverer, William the Third, was that which they chose as their rallying word and their signal.

The foundation of the Orange Institution after the Battle of the Diamond in 1795 was one of the cardinal events in the history of modern Ireland. The old Orangeman's account of its establishment and justification for its existence—much abridged from an immensely long exposition—is a comparatively moderate contribution to a controversy in which moderation is seldom found. Tom Moore's less sympathetic summary of the Orange outlook was:

That forming one-seventh, within a few fractions,
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,
We hold it the basest of all base transactions
To keep us from murdering the other six parts.

The full Orange toast may be seen engraved beneath the figure of King William on horseback on an eighteenth-century Irish glass goblet in the South Kensington Museum: "To the Glorious, Pious and Immortal memory of the great and good King William, who freed us from Pope and Popery, Knavery and Slavery, Brass Money and Wooden Shoes, and he who refuses this toast may be damned, crammed and rammed down the Great Gun of Athlone."

The Association had great power in Court, Government and Army circles after the Union. Elliott from Dublin Castle had written to Pelham in June, 1798: "In my Opinion, the evil which has resulted from the Orange Association is almost irreparable, and yet I am afraid government will be compelled, or at least will think itself compelled, to resort, in the present emergency, to that description of force for assistance."

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"THE TIMES," November 26, 1835.

Scum condensed of Irish bog,
Ruffian, coward, demagogue,
Boundless liar, base detractor,
Nurse of murders, treason's factor.
Of pope and priest the crouching slave
While thy lips of freedom rave,
Of England's fame the viprous hater,
Yet wanting courage for a traitor,
Ireland's peasants feed thy purse,
Still thou art her bane and curse.
Tho' thou livest an empire's scorn,
Lift on high thy brazen horn,
Every dog shall have his day,
This is thine of brutish sway,
Mounted on a premier's back,
Lash the Ministerial pack,
At thy nod they hold their places,
Crack their sinews, grind their faces.
Tho' thy hand had stabbed their mother,
They would fawn and call thee brother.
By their leave pursue thy calling,
Rent thy patriot lungs with bawling,
Spout thy filth, effuse thy slime,
Slander is in thee no crime,
Safe from challenge, safe from law,
What can curb thy callous jaw?
Who can sue a convict liar?
On a poltroon who would fire?
Thou mayest walk in open light,
None will kick thee, none can fight,
Then grant the monster leave to roam,
Let him slave out his foam;
Only give him length of string
He'll contrive himself to swing.

—Lines on Daniel O'Connell.

"The Times" bouquet to O'Connell was common form in the political arena of the day. O'Connell's invective against Disraeli is well known. He denounced the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," who had "brains of lead, hearts of stone and fangs of iron," described Lord Alvanley as "a bloated buffoon," another Minister as "a

fellow whose visage would frighten a horse from his oats," and compared the smile of "Orange Peel" to "the silver plate on the lid of a coffin." On September 15, 1836, "The Times" had given vent to the irresistible exclamation, "What an unredeemed and unredeemable scoundrel is this O'Connell! Oh, how long will such a wretch be tolerated among civilised men." O'Connell replied in kind from Darrynane: "To Barnes and Bacon, Editors of 'The Times' Newspaper. Of course, it is not my purpose to bandy words with creatures as contemptible as you—Barnes and Bacon—are. Your rascality is purely venal, and has no more of individual malignity in it, than inevitably belongs to beings, who sell their souls to literary assassination."

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A. M. SULLIVAN (1877)

THE Repeal Association of O'Connell was worked in large part by his "Old Guard" of the Catholic Emancipation campaign; men who were, more or less, of the old school. But the movement early attracted to it some of the most gifted and brilliant of the young men who were just then emerging from college and university into the bustle and activity of an exciting

time in public affairs. Affinity of tastes, college companionship, community of feeling, brought these youthful Repealers together as a distinct "set" or section in the Association. Their minds were fresh from the study of classic models in civic virtue, in love of country, in public heroism. They became inspired with the great ambition of giving a new character, a purer tone, and a bolder direction to the national movement.

Three of these young men—Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Osborne Davis, and John Blake Dillon—were strolling in the Phoenix Park one fine summer evening in 1842. They discussed the prospects of the Repeal cause and the calibre of the men directing it; the newspaper press, such as it was, and O'Connell's relations with that section of it which supported the Association. They complained that there was no attempt at the intellectual development or political education of the popular mind, and dwelt upon the fact that in a few years more the public schools would be sending forth some tens of thousands of young people able to read and write. They debated the great question, "What was to be done?" They answered that question by agreeing that the first thing necessary was to start a weekly newspaper as the exponent and policy of a new school of politics. Duffy was already a journalist. Though young in years he filled an honourable place in public confidence as editor of the *Belfast*



O'CONNELL AS SEEN IN *Punch* (1843).

Vindicator. He was the man to whom they looked to play the leading part in this ambitious scheme. Seated under a tree in the Phoenix Park, the three friends decided to start the *Nation* newspaper, which issued its first number on the 15th October, 1842.

The journal thus founded was destined to play an important part in the subsequent political history of Ireland. It was not a newspaper so much as a great popular educator—a counsellor and guide. Its office was a sort of bureau of national affairs, political, literary, industrial and artistic. Its editorial room was the rendezvous of the “youthful enthusiasts,” as the old school politicians called them; orators, poets, writers, artists. In the pages of the *Nation* fervid prose and thrilling verse, literary essay and historical ballad were all pressed into the service of Irish nationality. The effect was beyond all anticipation. The country seemed to awaken to a new life—“a soul had come into Erin.”

They were pre-eminently the party of religious tolerance. The leading idea in what may be called their home policy was to break down the antagonism between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland. In this they were long before their time. The experiment, however, was bravely tried. In many a song and many an essay they preached the union of classes and creeds.

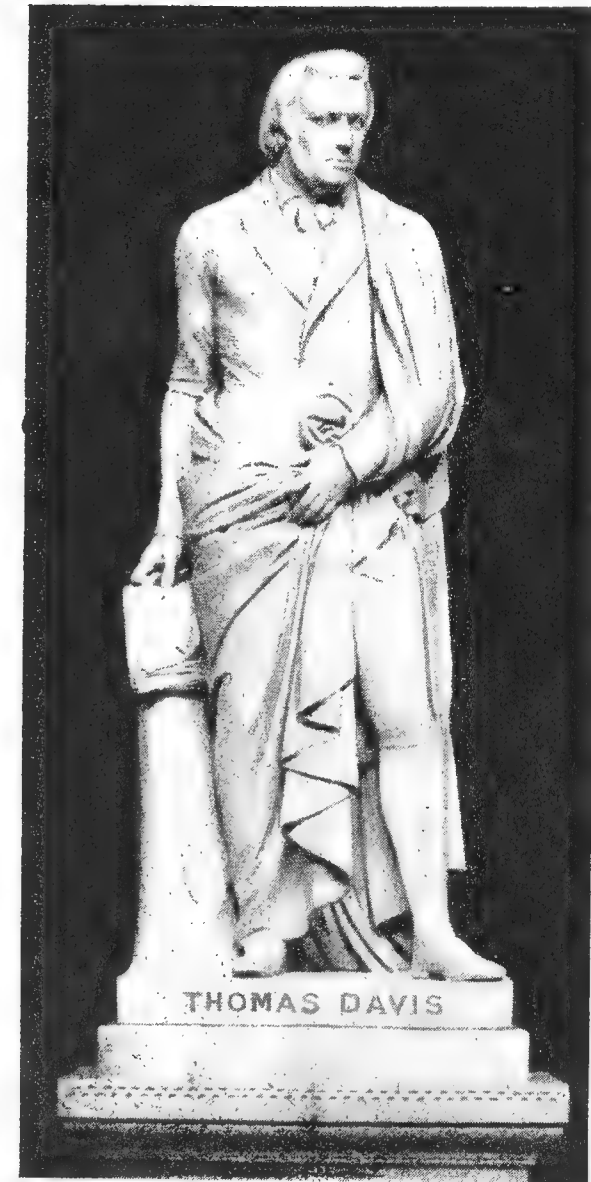
What matter that at different shrines
We pray unto one God?
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won this sod?
In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel;
And neither can be safe or sound
But in the other's weal.

And oh! it were a gallant deed
To show before mankind
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose
And filled by many a rivulet
The stately Shannon flows.

Thus pleaded Davis in the *Nation*. More boldly still he addressed himself to his fellow-Protestants of Ulster—the Orange men of the North:—
Orange and Green will carry the day.

All in vain. As remote as the millennium seemed the day when Orange and Green would cease to wave over opposing hosts arrayed in deadly hate and fiercest hostility.

Meantime, with a vigour that quite astonished observers, the Young Irelanders addressed themselves to the equally formidable task of reforming certain of the ideas and usages of Irish politics. They execrated place-begging; denied that “good appointments for Catholics” should be considered as showering of blessings on Ireland; and denounced the



THOMAS DAVIS.

(Statue by John Hogan in the City Hall, Dublin.)

practice of "popular members" of shady character presenting stained glass windows and altar gongs to the Catholic chapels whenever a general election was at hand. Above all, they dared to say that the traffic in tidewaiterships and postmasterships and Treasury clerkships was demoralising, and should be put down. It was little less than a revolution these men attempted in the whole system of Irish politics. O'Connell himself they greatly revered; they accepted his policy, were loyal to his authority, were grateful for his services. But they waged unconcealed war with the class of men who, in a great degree, surrounded him, and with the low tone of public morality which then seemed prevalent. This regenerated Ireland of their dreams was not to arise under such influences as these. They preached the need of better men and a bolder policy, and strongly impressed on the people that if they valued national liberty they must cultivate the virtues without which such a blessing would fly their grasp.

For Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
'Tis righteous men can make our land
A Nation once again.

So sang the bard of the party. So spoke all its orators.
Such was Young Ireland in its early career. Of the men who founded or constituted that party more than thirty years ago few now survive. Nearly all have passed away; and

Their graves are severed far and wide
By mountain, stream, and sea.

Duffy—now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, of Melbourne—has been Prime Minister of Victoria, and is perhaps the ablest and most statesmanlike man at present in public life at the antipodes. Darcy McGee, foully slain by an assassin's bullet at Ottawa in 1868, had also won, as a minister of the Crown in the free, self-governed Dominion of Canada, a notable recognition of his splendid abilities. Meagher, the silver-tongued orator of Young Ireland, after a career full of vicissitudes, was United States Governor of Montana territory when he accidentally perished in the rapids of the Missouri. Davis died early, yet not before he had filled Ireland with admiration for his genius and love for his virtues. Dillon died in 1866, member of Parliament for Tipperary county. Martin and Ronayne are recent losses, having fallen in harness as parliamentary representatives. Mitchel, irreconcilable and defiant to the last, returned to Ireland in 1875, and died "in the arms of victory" as "member for Tipperary." O'Brien, the leader of the party, sleeps in the family mausoleum at Rathronan; but on the most prominent site in the Irish metropolis his countrymen have raised a noble statue to perpetuate his memory. Richard O'Gorman enjoys in New York fame and fortune honourably achieved in the land of his adoption. Kevin Izod O'Doherty is now a prominent member of the Queensland legislature. Michael Doheny, a man of rare gifts as a writer and speaker, died sadly in New York. Richard

Dalton Williams, the gentle bard of many an exquisite lay, reposes in a distant Louisiana grave. Denny Lane, poet and politician, happily still thinks and feels for Ireland in his pleasant home by the Lee. Beside these there might be named a goodly company of the less political and more literary type: John O'Hagan, now judge of a county court in Ireland; Samuel Ferguson, now Deputy Keeper of the Rolls; Denis Florence MacCarthy; D. MacNevin; Rev. Charles Meehan; John Edward Pigot; Michael J. Barry; James Clarence Mangan; and John Kells Ingram, LL.D., now a fellow of Trinity College, whose famous lyric, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" is the best known of all the seditious poetry of Young Ireland.



"THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN."
(From *Punch*, 1843.)

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JOHN MITCHEL (1860)

THE spring of the year One thousand eight hundred and forty-three opened brightly on Ireland. For years the seasons had been favourable and abundant; and although there had been, as usual, much ejection and extermination of tenants, and the ordinary and normal amount of distress and hunger . . . although every winter was a winter of misery which in any other land of white men would be intolerable—still there had been no desolating and sweeping "famine" for 20 years.

O'Connell was at the height of his popularity and power. He had wrung from a hostile English ministry Catholic Emancipation, and was now represented in Parliament for the county of Cork, the greatest county in Ireland. He had, further, forced from England a measure of municipal reform, which opened the city corporations to Catholics; and had been, himself, first Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin. The people believed he

could do anything; and he almost believed it himself. In the beginning of this year he announced that it was the "Repeal Year"; and asked for three millions of enrolled Repealers in the Repeal Association; and confidently promised, and fully believed, that no English administration would venture to resist that great measure so enforced. The more thoroughly to arouse the people, he declined to go over to London to take his seat in Parliament (many other members following his example), and resolved to hold multitudinous meetings in every corner of the island. . . .

The spring opened; and O'Connell left Dublin for the provinces. Then began the series of vast open-air meetings, to which the peasantry, accompanied by their priests, Repeal Wardens, and "Temperance bands," flocked in numbers varying from 50,000 to 250,000—(I take the reduced and disparaging estimate of enemies, but the Repeal newspapers put up the Tara meeting to 400,000). Of course the orator always addressed these multitudes, but though his voice was the most powerful of his day, he could not be heard by a tenth of them. Neither did they come to hear; they were all well indoctrinated by local Repeal Wardens; had their minds made up, and came to convince their leader that they were with him, and would be ready at any time when called upon. . . .

We are to see what were the resources and relative strength of the two islands for the struggle which seemed impending. On the Irish side was O'Connell, with his miraculous power over the vast Catholic population of Ireland, which he wielded absolutely at his will. No country had ever seen so potent a popular leader. When he began his career, the Catholics of Ireland were a degraded race. After the defeat of the Stuarts, the capitulation of Limerick, and the breach of the Treaty concluded at that city, by imposing a code of penal laws upon Catholics, they had sunk into a state of abject submission and impotence under the operation of those laws, from which it seemed impossible ever to arise. Denied the privilege of bearing arms—forbidden education—prohibited to exercise trade or commerce in any corporate town—excluded from all professions—disqualified from holding a lease of land for a longer term than 31 years—and forbidden to own a horse of more than five pounds value, it was no wonder that they had become impoverished in spirit as well as in means.

The vast monster meetings continued, and with even intenser enthusiasm; but always with perfect peace and order. The speeches of O'Connell at these meetings, though not heard by a fourth of the multitudes, were carefully reported, and flew over all Ireland and England too, in hundreds of newspapers. So that probably no speeches ever delivered in the world had so wide an audience. The people began to neglect altogether the proceedings of Parliament, and felt that their cause was to be tried at home. More and more of the Irish members of Parliament discontinued their attendance in London, and gathered round O'Connell. Many of those who still went to London were called on by their constituents to come home or resign.

I have sought to give somewhat like a correct idea of Daniel O'Connell; yet feel that an extract here and there from speeches is but a brick from



O'CONNELL RELEASED FROM PRISON, 1844.
(Triumphant procession through Dublin.)

Babylon. This orator was no maker of sentences; and when he attempted now and then to perorate, the thing was a failure. His power lay in his perfect knowledge of the people he addressed, their ways of life, wants, and aspirations; and his intensely human sympathy with all. Thus it needed but a small joke from him to convulse a large meeting, because his lip and eye quivered with inexpressible fun. His pathos had no occasion for modulated periods, because when he told in simplest words some tale of sorrow and oppression (and many a sorrow and oppression was close at hand to point the moral)—and when the deep music of his voice grew husky, and clenched hand and swelling chest revealed the wrath and pity that burned and melted within him—the passions of mighty multitudes rose and swayed and sank beneath his hand, as tides heave beneath the moon.—*The Last Conquest of Ireland, Perhaps.*

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J. VENEDY (1843)

THE place of meeting (near Athlone) was a green meadow and orchard, of considerable circumference. In it, and about it, there were thousands of persons to be seen. By degrees, the multitude on foot collected around the platform and soon formed a body so firm and so compact, that they all appeared to have sprung from the earth together, an indissoluble mass. The majority of those who were nearest to us were stout full-grown men, and young lads. Further off from the place for speaking, there was a circle of men on horseback, whose numbers, like those on foot, were continually increasing. Behind them lay on the ground,

stood, or walked about, the women, and the less strong, or the less curious. There were from forty to fifty thousand persons gathered together before that which may be properly termed "the meeting" commenced. It was a wondrous sight to behold this mass of living beings, waiting thus patiently for the things to come, or rather for THE COMING MAN.

In the front were the pedestrians—behind the horsemen in ranks and troops, all fast welded together, and all appearing in a sort of uniform; for grey coats are the prevailing fashion as to dress in Ireland. Women, on the contrary, prefer scarlet, and on the present occasion their dress constituted a striking contrast to that which was to be seen in the foreground of the picture. A good hour passed away before Mr. O'Connell, and the conductors of the festival, with the bands of the teetotallers, arrived, and during all that time the greatest peace and order prevailed. There was much greater stillness than I thought it possible could be secured under similar circumstances.

At last there was a movement in the rear of the assembly and all poured towards one common centre. Now, there rose a cry such as never before had greeted my ears—now all hats were raised in the air, and there burst forth the unanimous shouts, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Long live O'Connell! Long live the Liberator!" A hundred thousand voices sent forth these salutations to the man whose necromantic power had circulated them around him. He sat on the box-seat of a carriage drawn by four horses, and he answered the salutation with head and hand, and cap. It was with the greatest difficulty, that a passage could be forced from the carriage to the platform, which by this time was full of breaches. How he made his way from the platform to the tribune I do not even to this day comprehend; for there was not room for a person to fall, much less to walk. "Make way for the Liberator" was the charm-word which accomplished that wonder, that otherwise had been an impossibility. Arrived upon the tribune, a seat was brought for him, on which he sat down, whilst Tom Steele, with one or two more of his friends, held a standard over his head, which served as a shade to protect him from the rays of the sun.

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. . . The place of meeting [at Dundalk] had been very happily chosen. It was in a meadow, which rose up in the form of an amphitheatre, and from the platform there presented to the view, a wonderfully beautiful, and at the same time truly Irish prospect. In the foreground there lay an old, dark grey, ruined castle. Further down, there was a valley, green fields, green meadows, green trees in groups. In the centre there were some two or three hundred fir trees, which looked the advanced post of a forest army of firs that lay behind them. In the valley there was a glancing stream, which hurried into a bay in which there was an island, with white houses and a little church, and far—far away in the distance, there were those woodless, sharply defined mountains, which are so common in Ireland.

O'Connell began his discourse but it required a considerable time before



"FATHER MATHEW, DAN CALLAGHAN, M.P. AND THE KING OF THE CORK BEGGARS," 1844.
(From a Silhouette by Stephen O'Driscoll in the Cork Municipal Museum.)

he could excite a proper sympathy between him and his audience; they understood him not, for the cold north is unapproachable by the warm south! the masses remained untouched for the first quarter of an hour of O'Connell's speech, and I perceived gathering upon his brow the dark cloud of dissatisfaction. Besides this, the people were never for one moment still—all pressed and pushed hither and thither—here one cried out for help, and there a boy or a woman in danger of being smothered, had to be raised up out of the multitude, and moved from hand to hand, over the heads of the assembly, until they were at length placed outside of the throng. . . .

These northerners are partly descendants of Englishmen, and there is wanting to them, as it appears to me, the poetic feeling of the southerners. Therefore it was, that there never was a right sympathy excited between the orator and his listeners, until he had reached the proper point, and ad-

dressed himself, not as he would, with the southerners, to their hearts, but, like Cobden, had made a speech to and at their pockets, in order that he might induce them to co-operate with him. As O'Connell had, in Athlone, laboured to inspire his friends in the cause of Ireland, so here, in Dundalk, did he, by little and little, and, perhaps, unconsciously guided alone by instinctive tact, come to teach and to guide them, how, in the same cause, they could aid him, and benefit themselves. He delivered to that rough and apparently unfeeling multitude, a practical lecture upon repeal and the repeal agitation. At length his lecture assumed almost the form of a sermon. He warned the people to abstain from all quarrels, all disputes; to regard Protestants as their brethren, to treat them as such, and to communicate to them those things which he himself had said to them. He showed to his Catholic listeners that the Protestants had the same right that they had, to meet together, to consult together, and to petition; and what a crying injustice it would be, to disturb them any way in their rights. At length he warned them against secret societies, which he said were beginning again to get footing in the North; he showed how dangerous they were; he pronounced them accursed, and denied with a solemn abjuration, that he ever regarded them with favour. The conclusion of his speech was a poetical description of the charming country in which we were, and which seemed of itself to justify his love for Ireland. . . .

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From the reports of eye-witnesses (at Tara), as well as from the statements made by public journals, it is manifest, that never before was there such an assembly of people together in Ireland; and if the numbers mentioned be any thing near the truth, it must be allowed, that never was there in Europe beheld such a multitude collected on the one spot. It is stated that there were 500,000 men assembled, but 200,000 would be an extraordinary number. According to the tickets delivered at one single toll-house—that at Cabra—it appears, that there passed through it 700 cars, and 32 coaches; through Phibsborough 321 cars, and 60 coaches; and 300 through Blanchardstown—1,400 vehicles from Dublin alone! Almost every part of Ireland had representatives at this meeting. The names of not less than 42 bands of music, belonging to different bodies of teetotallers, were mentioned in the papers, and many of them had come a distance of more than 50 miles. That fact alone will afford the means of calculating the scale on which the festival was conducted.

The Hill of Tara is, of all the places in Ireland, that which touches most deeply the fibres of the Irish heart, for it is identified with facts on which their feelings are the most susceptible, and can be the most easily moved. Here it was that St. Patrick preached, and converted to Christianity the kings of Ireland; here it was that formerly they elected the chief kings of Ireland; and here too it was that a party of the United Irishmen, in 1798, fought for the freedom of Ireland. Religion, the love of fatherland, and of freedom, see in the ruins of this hill, these most precious relics united. The situation of the place, which can be reached in a

day's march from Dublin, as well as many of the second class towns, afforded a very favourable opportunity for assembling together a large mass of people.

The whole night through were the multitudes pouring on, in one continued stream, towards the sacred mountain; so that when morning arrived, there was scarcely left the possibility to those who drove from Dublin to make their way through the crowd. Even O'Connell himself was nearly two hours in endeavouring to advance the last mile, and it was only by the aid of Tom Steele, who restored something like order,

as often as the masses from pressure on each other, became immovable, that the Liberator at length reached the place of meeting. Meanwhile, the national festival on Tara Hill had been proceeding. It had been begun with the celebration of the divine mysteries, with preaching, and with prayers. At the top of the mountain an altar had been erected, and there, from nine o'clock until twelve, Masses had been said. One of the clergymen, after the Mass he had celebrated, delivered a sermon upon the importance of the temperance movement, and on its value as a moral support to the spiritual adviser, as well as the aid that was from thence given to the political leader of his country. Then did the priest, with uplifted hands, pray for a blessing from heaven upon the leader of his native land, and for the freedom of Ireland; and thousands upon thousands bent down upon their knees and prayed with their priest.—*Ireland during the Repeal year.*

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SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY (1890)

THE most courageous incident in Davis's career, which would not have been surpassed in daring if he had mounted a breach in promotion of his opinions, was to enter the Corn Exchange and announce himself a follower of O'Connell. It is difficult at the close of the nineteenth



JOHN MITCHEL
A cartoon from *Punch*.

century, after 50 years of agitation for national ends in which Protestants have been leaders or conspicuous spokesmen, to understand what such a decision meant in 1842. . . . A dozen years had barely elapsed since the Celtic population were released from a code expressly framed for their extinction, so that "one Papist should not remain in Ireland." The bulk of the nation were simple, generous, and pious, but ignorant and little accustomed to think for themselves. The middle-class Catholics scarcely dreamed of any higher aim than to obtain some social recognition from the dominant race, or some crumb of patronage from a friendly administration.

We have glanced at the Ireland into which Davis was born in 1814. The generation which had elapsed saw political changes accomplished of great scope and promise—Catholics were emancipated and Parliament was reformed—but the system on which Ireland was governed by England had undergone no effectual change. Every institution and agency pertaining to authority was still strictly Protestant. The towns were only a few months liberated from exclusive corporations who had vindicated their rights to govern by plundering in every instance the endowments provided by the State for their support. The counties were still controlled by Protestant grand juries, in whose selection the ratepayers whose money they disposed of had no part. The judiciary, executive, and local magistracy were Protestant in the proportion of more than a hundred to one, and they commonly regarded the people with distrust and aversion; for though time had mitigated, it had not extinguished the sentiment which in official circles classified the bulk of the nation as the "Irish enemy." Half the rural population were steeped in habitual misery. The peasantry in the genial climate of southern Europe were better clad and fenced against the elements than the tenant farmers who toiled under the moist and chilly sky of winter in Ireland; and in the least productive countries in Europe in the barrenest canton in Switzerland, or in the most sterile commune in the Alps, they were better fed than amongst the plentiful harvests of Munster. The great estates were held by English absentees, who ruled the country from Westminster, mainly for their own profit and security. The resident gentry were for the most part their dependants or adherents, and had never wholly lost the secret apprehension that estates obtained by confiscation might in the end be forfeited by the same process. But they were entrenched behind a standing army whose function in Dublin was no more in doubt than that of the Croat in Milan or the Cossack in Warsaw.

The country sent a few Catholic representatives to the Imperial Parliament, but the franchise was so skilfully adjusted to exclude the majority that in some cases a freeholder with the required qualification had to pay as many as ten separate rates and taxes before he became entitled to vote. One powerful tribune, indeed (O'Connell), constantly demanded in Parliament and on the popular platform the rights withheld from the people but his enemies scornfully declared that he did not represent the nation, but only its frieze coats and soutanes. He had against him, for the most part, the Irishmen whose books were read or whose lives were notable, the

journalists capable of controlling public opinion, and, universally, the great social power called good society. His agitation was pronounced to be plebeian; and, in truth, it was not free from faults of exaggeration, offensive to veracity and good taste. . . .

Between the agitator and the Government there was a section of the Protestant middle class, of humane culture and liberal opinions, who sympathised with neither, unless when the administration was in the hands of Whigs. They had been Emancipators, and wished to see gross wrongs redressed, but they were content that reforms should come as soon, and extend as far, as English opinion might approve—unhappily never very soon or very far. They were, in fact, merely the provincial allies of a political party in London.

The Tories, who were in a great majority among the gentry and the professions, looked on the popular movement with disdain. But the indolence and satiety which come of long possession leavened their scorn largely with contempt. Between these parties, Davis, if he took any part in public affairs, felt he had no choice. He recognised in O'Connell the natural successor of Hugh O'Neill, Art MacMurrough, Owen Roe, and the other Celtic chiefs, who had stood in the front of the nation in peril and calamity. No one saw more clearly that the leader was not free from faults—it is only in poetry and romance that one encounters blameless heroes; but his cause was the same as theirs, the deliverance of the Irish race from greedy and truculent oppression.—*Thomas Davis: The memoirs of an Irish Patriot.*

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J. L. GARVIN (1900)

MR. J. LOUIS GARVIN delivered a lecture on "A Hundred years of Irish Journalism," on Saturday evening, 26th May, at the Society of Arts. Lord Russell of Killowen (Lord Chief Justice), occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance.

The lecturer disclaimed at the outset any special competence to deal with the more intimate and entertaining details of a subject full of personality and humour, wishing rather to disengage to some extent the significance of Irish journalism as a factor in Irish problems, and to raise one or two interesting questions rather than to answer them. At the opening of the century the diffusion of a racial talent had begun. Edward Sterling, the father of Carlyle's friend, was the original "Thunderer" of *The Times*. Tom Moore's squibs in the *Morning Post* were none the less journalism because in verse. Whatever might be thought of the "Melodies" as pure poetry there could be no difference of opinion as to the squibs, among the most brilliant and biting things of their kind in any language and true leading articles in rhyme, which could still hardly be matched in newspaper records for their combination of inimitable effectiveness for the moment with political wit as permanent as Molière.

In Ireland itself, journalism in the earlier decades of the century might be best described as the thing which *The Nation* swept away. O'Connell in London longed, like a stranger in a strange land, for the news of home

that came to hand in the dull little sheets tempered by libels and printers' errors. It was O'Connell who had created by the power of a national platform the medium for a national press, and made *The Nation* newspaper possible. Compared with the work of Davis and Duffy and the whole constellation of remarkable faculty which made *The Nation* great, everything else in the history of a hundred-years of Irish journalism was nothing. *The Nation* passed from hand to hand, had probably a million readers—few newspapers in any part of the world at the end of the century had achieved that result. It was not only an idealistic force, but a successful business—a combination which journalists only can fully appreciate. It was said to pay its contributors as well as the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* did theirs. These details threw out better than rhetoric the complete significance of the fact that *The Nation* was at the same time an incomparable moral power. It was, in a way no other newspaper has ever approached, the tongue and brain, soul and conscience of a whole people. Its aim was to electrify reason, and it succeeded; in journalism no higher success is possible.

Nothing could be easier than to continue the repetition of the familiar panegyrics of *The Nation*; but after all there were things which needed explanation and which a thoughtful mind could not avoid, however difficult and disagreeable it might be to discuss them. *The Nation*, as a matter of fact, failed in its own aims—those avowed in its title. The more remarkable the success of its appeal to the thought and passion of Irishmen, the more remarkable the failure to turn that thought and passion to the practical account of the purposes for which *The Nation* was founded. What was the reason? To the speaker, *The Nation*, in the sphere of political realism, seemed weak through and through. For purposes of conduct and action its effect might be compared with that of the Sunday sermon upon the middle of the week. It was the fashion to speak of Davis as combining the potentiality of all human gifts; but Davis was academic compared with Wolfe Tone, the incarnate genius of action, who was as reasonable in the strict sense of the word as he was infinitely daring, saw his way clear from point to point—worked from point to point—and no sooner conceived an end than he fastened at once upon a means. *The Nation* was not solidly bottomed in its foreign politics or economics. It imitated the revolutionary spirit in France, and could not be expected to foresee at that time that the German spirit, the spirit of counter-revolution on the other side of the Rhine, was to become the constructive, the organising, the directing, therefore the prevailing power in Europe. If *The Nation* took the wrong political model, its economics were no less questionable. In England and modern Germany the rural population was decreasing as in Ireland. The decay of small manufacturing industries upon the old model was a feature of all agricultural districts no less than in Ireland. The concentration and development of modern industrialism in the great cities and mining regions which Ireland did not possess, occurred in more or less direct proportion to the wealth of mineral deposits. Perhaps the most striking feature about *The Nation* was that with that title, and being indisputable the greatest of all Irish achievements in



THURLES ON MARKET DAY, AUGUST, 1848.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

Were it not the crowds of country-people who come into the town, to chapel, to market, and to hear the news, and the soldiers who fill the shops where whisky and porter, potatoes, eggs, salt, calico, linen, black-puddings, buttons, thread, and meal are sold, and the officers and "heaps" of gentlemen who puzzle the waiters and one another, at the head hotels by ringing all the bells at once, there would be no sign of insurrection in Thurles. There is the fullness of the streets with country people, curious to ascertain what the military are doing; there are the detective police, curious to find out the business which brings any newcomer to Thurles, and who take round-about ways to satisfy their curiosity. There is the same philosophic amusement for those who are not otherwise too busy, of watching and studying the detectives. A visit to the Catholic chapel, where hundreds of the country people—the men in their dark blue or brown overcoats, with capes behind; the women in their blue hooded cloaks; all of them in good condition as to clothes; hardly a ragged coat, or cloak, or stocking to be seen.

journalism, it was written from first to last in the English language. The *Irish People*, the origin of the Fenian movement, was written from first to last in the English language. *The Nation* never appeared to think that in such a fact there was any particular meaning. It could hardly be doubted on the contrary that the first necessity of clear thinking was to recognise that there must be some meaning in such a fact and to decide what that meaning was. That it was carried on in the English language was the unique feature of the Irish among all other racial agitations. *The Nation*, beginning with repeal, and ending with revolution, never made up its

IRELAND 1783-1850

firm and final mind as to which it wanted to be at. There was probably the most instructive example of the latent ambiguity of mind, which meant in the long run the paralysis of action—a process that could be traced through a great deal of Irish journalism in the English language.—*Irish Literary Society of London Gazette*.

* * * * *

JOHN MITCHEL (1848)

CATHOLIC Emancipation. . . . At the head of that open and legal agitation, was a man of giant proportions in body and mind ; with no profound learning, indeed, even in his own profession of the law, but with a vast and varied knowledge of human nature in all its strength, and especially in all its weakness ; with a voice like thunder and earthquake, yet musical and soft at will, as the song of birds ; with a genius and fancy, tempestuous, playful, cloudy, fiery, mournful, merry, lofty and mean by turns, as the mood was on him—a humour broad, bacchant, riant, genial and jovial—with profound and spontaneous natural feeling, and super-human and subter-human passions, yet withal, a boundless fund of masterly affectation and consummate histrionism—hating and loving heartily, outrageous in his merriment, and passionate in his lamentation, he had the power to make other men hate or love, laugh or weep, at his good pleasure—insomuch that Daniel O'Connell, by virtue of being more intensely Irish, carrying to a more extravagant pitch all Irish strength and passion and weakness, than other Irishmen, led and swayed his people by a kind of divine, or else diabolic right.

He led them, as I believe, all wrong for forty years. . . . By mere agitation, by harmless exhibition of numerical force, by imposing demonstrations (which are fatal nonsense), and by eternally half-sheathing a visionary sword, which friends and foes alike knew to be a phantom—he had, as he believed, coerced the British Government to pass a Relief Act, and admit Catholics to Parliament and some offices. . . .

Our poor people were continually assured that they were the finest peasantry in the world—"Alone among the nations." They were told that their grass was greener, their women fairer, their mountains higher, their valleys lower, than those of other lands—that their "moral force" (alas !) had conquered before, and would again—that next year would be the Repeal Year ; in fine, that Ireland would be the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea. Not that the Irish are a stupid race, or naturally absurd, but the magician bewitched them to their destruction. . .

In 1846 came the famine. . . . At the end of six years, I can set down these things calmly ; but to see them might have driven a wise man mad. There is no need to recount how the Assistant Barristers and Sheriffs, sided by the Police, tore down the roof-trees and ploughed up the hearths of village after village—how the Quarter-Acre clause laid waste the parishes, how the farmers and their wives and little ones in wild dismay, trooped along the highways—how in some hamlets by the seaside, most of the inhabitants being already dead, an adventurour traveller would come upon

some family eating a famished ass . . . how over-worked coroners declared that they would hold no more inquests ; how Americans sent corn, and the very Turks, yea, negro slaves, sent money for alms ; which the British Government was not ashamed to administer to the "sister country," and how, in every one of these years, '46, '47, and '48, Ireland was exporting to England, food to the value of 15 million pounds sterling, and had on her own soil at each harvest, good and ample provision for double her own population, notwithstanding the potato blight.

To this condition had 40 years of "moral and peaceful agitation" brought Ireland. The high aspirations after a national Senate and a national flag had sunk to a mere craving for food. And for food Ireland craved in vain. She was to be taught that the nation which parts with her nationhood, or suffers it to be wrested or swindled from her, thereby loses all. O'Connell died heart-broken in 1847—heart-broken not by a mean vexation at seeing the power departing from him ; the man was too great for that ; but by the sight of his people sinking every day into death under their inevitable, inexorable doom. His physicians ordered him to a warmer climate : in vain : amidst the reverent acclamations of Paris, through the sunny valleys of France, as he journeyed southward, that *Banshee* wail followed him and found him, and rung in his dying ear. At Genoa he died : ordering that the heart should be taken out of his dead body, and sent, not to Ireland, but to Rome ; a disposition which proved how miserably broken and debilitated was that once potent nature.

Clubs were formed expressly for arming ; rifles were eagerly purchased ; and the blacksmiths' forges poured forth pike-heads. Sedition, treason were eagerly preached and enforced ; and the *United Irishman* was established specifically as an organ of Revolution. The Viceroy, Lord Clarendon, became alarmed : he concentrated 8,000 troops in Dublin ; he covered the land with detectives ; and informers were the chief frequenters of the Castle. Walls were covered with placards. . . .

Here, then, this narrative leaves the general affairs of the country and sinks to the dimensions of a single prosecution. . . . The *United Irishman* was at that time admitted to be making progress in stimulating the just disaffection of the people to the point of insurrection. The first and most earnest efforts, therefore, of the enemy's Government were now to be exerted for its destruction. . . . In short, the cause of "civilisation" and of British Law and Order, required that I should be removed to a great distance from Ireland, and that my office and printing materials should become the property of Her Majesty. Though the noble old Robert Holmes, who advocated the prisoner's cause that day, had had the tongue of men and of angels, he could have made no impression there. A verdict of "Guilty," and a sentence of 14 years' transportation had been ordered by the Castle ; and it was done.

The Clubs of Dublin, as I was credibly informed, were vehemently excited ; and the great majority of them were of opinion that if an insurrection were to be made at all, it should be tried then and there—that is, in Dublin streets, and on the day of my removal. There is no reason why I should not avow that I shared in that opinion, and refused to sign a



THE ARAN FISHERMAN'S
DROWNED CHILD.

(1941)

By Sir Frederick Burton

paper that was brought to me in Newgate, deprecating all attempt at rescue. I believed that if the City of Dublin permitted any Irishman to be put on board a convict-ship under such circumstances, the British Government could have little to fear from their resentment of their patriotism afterwards. Others of my Confederate comrades differed from me; restrained the Clubs, promised action in the harvest (a promise which they afterwards fulfilled to the best of their ability); bade me farewell mournfully enough; and in due course of time some of them followed me in my circumnavigation of the globe.—*Introduction to The Jail Journal.*


* * * * *

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARENDON (LORD LIEUTENANT)

THIS city is now full of mirth and state dancing, for the Viceroy is in his festive season. In the light of that mock throne on the hill over the Liffey there vibrate now all the dizen'd atomies of "happy Ireland." Glittering captains, silvered lieutenants, epauletted puppyism in every grade and phase and fashion; wigged debasement fresh from a public hanging, and gowned simony, flock around delighted at the "flourishing condition of the state." "Lords" and "gentlemen," who for some months have seen and aided the glories of the Viceregal rule, come from the North and South, from far Mayo and central Meath, to lay their mite of admiration at his feet. Fat dames smirk in his drawing rooms; and young girls in gay attire tell of the obeisant gratitude of their sires. No whisper of death, no shadow of desolation, breaks over that crowd. Without, peaceful files of soldiery and sleek comfortable police preserve points of etiquette in the too enthusiastic streets. Surely that is the metropolis of a happy, well-governed, plenteous, peaceful land. Surely no government can be politer, more agreeable, nay fascinating than that.

And so begins a third year of uninterrupted famine—a year of deeper gloom, of greater agony—a year darker, more fearful, more swollen with crime and avenging curses, than any which preceded it. In '45-6, "government" could be charged with past misgovernment alone—in '46-7, "government," acting through the unseen agency of economic laws, pretending philanthropic anxiety to preserve life, and attributing its crimes to God and necessity, was chargeable with neglect, incapacity, hypocrisy, and plunder; but in neither famine did any open aggressive tyranny add to the sufferings of the people. In neither of these famines did "government" hound on class upon class—in neither did it arm the landlords against the people, and bid these landlords plunder and evict. In neither did it disarm the people, and throw them naked to landlord lust. If in '46 and '47 it did not honestly endeavour to stay anarchy, it did not openly endeavour to increase it. . . . There is a change now.

Last year, we recollect it well, a calm, still horror was over the land. Go where you would, in the heart of the town or of the suburb, on the mountain side or the level plain, there was the stillness and heavy pall-like feel of the chamber of death. You stood in the presence of a dread, silent, vast dissolution. An unseen ruin was creeping round you. You



**By the Lord Lieutenant General
and General Governor of Ireland.**

A PROCLAMATION.

CLARENDON.

WHEREAS We have received Information that *Thomas Francis Meagher, John B. Dillon, and Michael Doherty*, have been guilty of Treasonable Practices:

Now We, the Lord Lieutenant, being determined to bring the said *Thomas Francis Meagher, John B. Dillon, and Michael Doherty* to Justice, Do hereby offer a Reward of

**THREE HUNDRED
POUNDS**

to any Person or Persons who shall secure and deliver up to safe custody the Person of any one of them, the said *Thomas Francis Meagher, John B. Dillon, and Michael Doherty*.

And We do hereby strictly charge and command all Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Constables, and all other Her Majesty's loyal Subjects, to use their utmost diligence in apprehending the said *Thomas Francis Meagher, John B. Dillon, and Michael Doherty*.

Given at Her Majesty's Castle of Dublin, this 26th Day of July, 1848.

**By His Excellency's Command,
T. N. REDINGTON.**

Printed by GEORGE

saw no war of classes, no open Janissary war of foreigners, no human agency of destruction. You could weep, but the rising curse died unspoken within your heart, like a profanity. Human passion there was none, but inhuman and unearthly quiet. Children met you, toiling heavily on stoneheaps, but their burning eyes were senseless, and their faces cramped and weasened like stunted old men. Gangs worked, but without a murmur, or a whistle, or a laugh, ghostly, like voiceless shadows to the eye. Even womanhood had ceased to be womanly. The birds of the air carolled no more, and the crow and the raven dropped dead upon the wing. The very dogs, hairless, with the head down, and the vertebrae of the back protruding like a saw of bone, glared on you from the ditch-side with a wolfish avid eye, and then slunk away scowling and cowardly. Nay, the sky of Heaven, the blue mountains, the still lake, stretching far away westward, looked not as their wont. Between them and you rose up a steaming agony, a film of suffering, impervious and dim. It seemed as if the *anima mundi*, the soul of the land was faint and dying, and that the faintness and the death had crept into all things of earth and heaven. You stood there, too, silenced in the presence of the unseen and the terrible.

But this year there is no stillness—no hidden stealthy ruin. In the clangour of trumpets—amid the steady tramp of armed mercenaries—in the livery of English law, the desolator marches on. Death last year came and went, unseen, and none knew of his coming or his going. But this year, with proclamation, and gazetting, and the roll-call, he boasts of the

slaughter, gathers his janissaries, and descends by rail from the capital. On Cork-hill, in the open day, sits a perpetual "presentment sessions," for the outrage of districts and the goading of fainted men. A chief justice and a hangman are now "the board of public works" in Ireland; and the relief soup-kitchen has given way to the relief musket.—*The United Irishman*.



"THE BENIGHTED IRISHMAN"
A cartoon from *Punch*.

CHAPTER VI.

Famine

MALONE: "My father died of starvation in Ireland in the Black '47. Maybe you've heard of it?"

VIOLET: "The famine?"

MALONE (with smouldering passion): "No, the starvation. When a country is full of food, and exporting it, there can be no famine."

—BERNARD SHAW: *Man and Superman*.

* * * * *

Poor native land! poor withered breast of earth,
That once exuberant nourished love and mirth.

—SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON (1849).

* * * * *

EUGENE O'CURRY (1847)

YOU will, I think, recollect that I have more than once since the commencement of the present most distressing season of famine and disease spoken to you, from traditionary recollection, of the dreadful famine and mortality which raged through Ireland, especially in the south and west, during the years 1740 and 1741. I well remember Ann Curry, who was 16 years old in 1740 and who died in 1817. She was my father's cousin, and lived much in our house, and distinctly remembered the appalling circumstances of that fearful season.

It was not usual, as I have often heard both my father and cousin say, for the farmers to dig their potatoes until about Christmas; and very few of the great farmers stored them at all for use. In 1739, the frost set in severely some days before Christmas, and totally destroyed all the potatoes that had been left in the ground. The frost was so great, and of so long continuance, that the people were not able to open the ground for the reception of the spring seed; and hence a great dearth of food, and a destructive mortality ensued. My grandfather was at this time living at Moveen, near Kilkee, in the west of the County of Clare, and, with his brother, farmed 1,000 acres. When the famine and mortality were raging, in 1740 and 1741, his out-houses and barns were always full of the poor, and his constant business during these two seasons was to take care of those sick and dying creatures, and frequently to bury them himself, alone. The ordinary burial grounds were not capacious enough to receive the crowds that were dying around him; but there was a long unfrequented

burying ground called Killoasheen, on his own lands, and about two miles from his own house. In this place he got his workmen to dig deep and long trenches, in which he buried all that died in his neighbourhood, covering them often with his own hands; for such was the terror of the stoutest men, that they fled from the presence of the dying and the dead: not only did he aid in burying those who died in his own neighbourhood, but he went with his horse and slide (a cart without wheels, of which I remember to have seen some specimens) all over the parish, taking the dead and often putrid bodies out of the deserted houses, and out of the ditches, and heaping them on to his slide, like so many sacks of corn, brought them to his own burying ground, and there cast them in as best he could, without any assistance, and, of course, without coffins.

The general complaint of the people was fever and flux, and the mortality was not confined to the poor and starving alone, but it attacked and carried off great numbers of the comfortable farmers and gentlemen of the country.

Tillage in the year 1740 was sadly deficient, owing, perhaps, as much to the despair of the people as to their actual sufferings; but, whatever the cause, the effect was the same, and the year 1741 was even worse than that which preceded it. Horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry, all were struck by the plague, and perished; and the mortality of the people must have been increased by feeding on the diseased animals. There were, it is said, shoals of dead fish cast on shore, on which the people also fed, but it is not believed that such food was unwholesome.

The next harvest was plentiful, and it was said that cows being very scarce, a sheep produced as much milk that year as a cow would in ordinary seasons.

The year 1741 was always mentioned as *bliadhain an air*, i.e., "the year of the slaughter."

The district to which these recollections apply extends from Kilkee to Loop Head, and includes the Catholic parishes of Morgarta and Kilballyowen, and, doubtless, there must have been many other acts of humanity and generosity, performed by individuals of whom I have never heard.

—A Letter to George Petrie.

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WILLIAM CARLETON (1846)

IRELAND, during the season, or rather the year we are describing (1817), might be compared to one vast lazaret filled with famine, disease, and death. The very skies of heaven were hung with the black drapery of the grave, for never since, nor within the memory of man before it, did the clouds present shapes of such gloomy and funereal import. Hearses, coffins, long funeral processions, and all the dark emblems of mortality were reflected, as it were, on the sky, from the terrible works of pestilence and famine which were going forward on the earth beneath it. To all this the thunder was constantly adding its angry peals, and the



A WESTERN COTTAGE INTERIOR.

(From the painting by T. W. Topham.)

lightning flashing, as if uttering the indignation of heaven against our devoted people; and what rendered such fearful manifestations ominous and alarming to the superstitious was the fact of their occurrence in the evening and at night—circumstances which are always looked upon with unusual terror and dismay.

To any person passing through the country such a combination of startling and awful appearances was presented as has probably never been witnessed since. Go where you might, every object reminded you of the fearful desolation that was progressing around you. The features of the people were gaunt, their eyes wild and hollow, and their gait feeble and tottering. Pass through the fields, and you were met by little groups bearing home on their shoulders, and that with difficulty, a coffin, or perhaps two of them. The roads were literally black with funerals; and, as you passed along from parish to parish, the death-bells were pealing forth, in slow but dismal tones, the gloomy triumph which pestilence

was achieving over the face of our devoted country—a country that each successive day filled with darker desolation and deeper mourning.

Nor was this all. The people had an alarmed and unsettled aspect, and whether you met them as individuals or crowds, they seemed, when closely observed, to labour under some strong and insatiable want that rendered them almost reckless. The number of those who were reduced to mendicancy was incredible, and if it had not been for the extraordinary and unparalleled exertions of the clergy of all creeds, medical men, and local committees, thousands upon thousands would have perished of disease or hunger on the very highways. Many, indeed, did so perish; and it was no unusual sight to meet the father and mother, accompanied by their children, going, they knew not whither, and to witness one or other of them lying down on the roadside; and well were they off who could succeed in obtaining a sheaf of straw on which, as a luxury, to lay down their aching head, that was never more to rise from it, until borne, in a parish shell, to a shallow and hasty grave.

Temporary sheds were also erected on the roadsides, or near them, containing fever-stricken patients, who had no other home; and when they were released at last from their sorrows, nothing was more common than to place the coffin on the roadside also, with a plate on the lid of it, in order to solicit, from those who passed, such aid as they could afford to the sick or starving survivors.

That, indeed, was the trying and melancholy period in which all the lingering traces of self-respect—all recollections of former independence—all sense of modesty were cast to the winds. Under the terrible pressure of the complex destitution which prevailed, everything like shame was forgotten and it was well known that whole families, who had hitherto been respectable and independent, were precipitated, almost at once, into all the common cant of importunity and clamour during this frightful struggle between life and death. Of the truth of this, the scenes which took place at the public soup shops, and other appointed places of relief, afforded melancholy proof. Here were wild crowds, ragged, sickly, and wasted away to skin and bone, struggling for the dole of charity like so many hungry vultures about the remnant of some carcass which they were tearing, amid noise, and screams, and strife, into very shreds; for, as we have said, all sense of becoming restraint or shame was now abandoned, and the timid girl, or modest mother of a family, or decent farmer, goaded by the same wild and tyrannical cravings, urged their claims with as much turbulent solicitation and outcry as if they had been trained since their very infancy to all the forms of impudent cant and imposture.

* * * * *

Aged people, grey-haired old men, and old women bent with age, exhibited a wild and excited alacrity that was grievous to witness, whilst hurrying homewards—if they had a home, or if not, to the first friendly shelter they could get—a kind of dim exulting joy feebly blazing in their heavy eyes, and a wild sense of unexpected good fortune working in unnatural play upon the muscles of their wrinkled and miserable faces.



W. H. Bartlett

The
Rock
Of
Cashel
1841

The ghastly impressions of famine, however, were not confined to those who composed the crowds. Even the children were little living skeletons, wan and yellow, with a spirit of pain and suffering legible upon their fleshless but innocent features; whilst the very dogs, as was well observed, were not able to bark, for, indeed, such of them as survived, were nothing but ribs and skin. At all events, they assisted in making up the terrible picture of general misery which the country at large presented. Both day and night, but at night especially, their hungry howlings could be heard over the country, or mingling with the wailings which the people were in the habit of pouring over those whom the terrible typhus was sweeping away with such wide and indiscriminating fatality.

Our readers may now perceive that the sufferings of these unhappy crowds, before they had been driven to these acts of violence, were almost beyond belief. At an earlier period of the season, when the potatoes could not yet be dug, miserable women might be seen early in the morning, and, in fact, during all hours of the day, gathering weeds of various descriptions, in order to sustain life; and happy were they who could procure a few handfuls of young nettles, chickenweed, sorrell, *preshagh*, bugloss, or sea-weed, to bring home as food, either for themselves or their unfortunate children. Others again, were glad to creep or totter to stock-farms, at great distances across the country, in the hope of being able to procure a portion of blood, which, on such melancholy occasions, is taken from the heifers and bullocks that graze there, in order to prevent the miserable poor from perishing by actual starvation and death.

Alas, little do our English neighbours know or dream of the horrors which attend a year of severe famine in this unhappy country. The crowds which kept perpetual and incessant siege to the houses of wealthy, and even of struggling small farmers, were such as scarcely any pen could describe. Neither can we render anything like adequate justice to the benevolence and charity—nay, we ought to say, the generosity and magnanimity of this and the middle classes in general. In no country on earth could such noble instances of self-denial and sublime humanity be witnessed. It has happened, in thousands of instances, that the last miserable morsel, the last mouthful of nourishing liquid, the last potato, or the last sixpence, has been divided with wretched and desolate beings who required it more, and this, too, by persons who, when that was gone, knew not to what quarter they could turn with a hope of replacing for themselves that which they had just shared in a spirit of such genuine and exalted piety.—*The Black Prophet*.

Carleton's "Black Prophet," one of the most powerful and realistic of his works, first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* in 1846, and was published in book form in 1847. It was widely read and made a deep impression in England. The tragedies described were being enacted all over Ireland at the time, but actually they belonged to one of the earlier and less general famines. "The pictures and scenes represented," wrote Carleton in his author's preface, "are those which he himself witnessed in 1817, 1822, and other subsequent years."



FAMINE VICTIMS IN IRELAND.

JOHN MACHALE, November 20, 1833.

MY Lord. When, on a late occasion, I called your Lordship's attention to the clamorous importunity of the starving inhabitants of Mayo, I did not hesitate candidly to declare that the distress was not entirely owing to the bad season, but that it was partly traceable to a long practised season of the most inexorable local rapacity. And, accordingly, I strove to impress upon your Lordship, that, without remedial legislative measures, which would strike at the root of the evil, our appeal to the British Minister would be, in a great measure, abortive. We might, it is true, succeed in exciting sympathy for our distress, during one or two seasons; but still our anticipations must have been gloomy; whilst the prolific cause of our distress remained uneradicated. That cause—the truth cannot be dissembled—is not to be found in the sterility of our soil, or the badness of the seasons, or in the indolence of our inhabitants; but in that hateful code of laws, which enables unfeeling landlords, who may have nought of humanity but the form, to seize the entire produce of the tenants' labour, and to fling them, without food or raiment on the mercy of society.

Great alarm has already been felt, on account of the shortness of the potato crop. It is not confined, this season, to Connaught, but has

pervaded, as the public journals attest, to the province of Munster. The southern journals, with a laudable concern for the interests of the poor, recommend the keeping of the corn crop to meet the probable approaches of distress. Such a recommendation may be wise there; but as for us, you might as well look for dried grapes or figs among the peasantry, after the month of February, as search for any vestige of the oat crop in their little corn yards, even if the potato crop did not extend beyond that season. No, my Lord, not only is the oat crop generally seized for rent, but it is also converted by the landlords, or agents, or drivers, for they shift the odium from one to another, into a traffic of the most revolting usury. There are few of the under-tenants who are not obliged during this month, to pay for the seed which they put down last season, and to bring to the market more than two measures of oats for every measure which they had to purchase. Yet, far from being allowed to keep the seed necessary for the next season, they must give it up, and take it back again, in March, from the very same stores, for more than double the price for which they had delivered it; and thus, if they had not learned it in speculation, they can give a feelingly practical instance of the problem of the infinite series, stretching from year to year, in an endless chain of the most usurious rapacity and oppression.

I have had several communications from benevolent individuals in London and Dublin, solicitous to learn the extent of the failure. These communications are still unanswered, as I have been anxious to convey an accurate report, from the result of inquiry and observation. Let it not, however, be imagined, that I am meditating a mendicant mission to the English people. So far from entertaining such a project, I must solemnly and seasonably declare, that to whatever extent distress should rage, I shall never appeal to the sympathy of the British people for its mitigation. No, my Lord, it is unworthy the character of any nation—especially of one so favoured by nature as Ireland—to be a periodical mendicant at the doors of another. I should cheerfully volunteer in any scheme of benevolence, however humiliating, were I conscious of conferring a benefit on my fellowman; but the impression of receiving relief from England in the time of our distress, would be anything but serviceable to the interests of society. It would completely annihilate the spirit of our peasantry, which two such experiments have unfortunately so much broken down, and prompt our country squires to manage, with a more dexterous hand, all the legal machinery which they have already so effectually wielded in “grinding the faces of the poor.”

No, my Lord, we require neither English benevolence, nor—though the assertion may startle ears long familiarized to its industrious repetition—do we indispensably require the aid of British capital. What we require is a practical vindication of Providence, that it may no longer be blasphemed, by imputing to seasons or to climates what is the incontestable effect of bad legislation. . . . We want laws to check the continual emigration of our wealth into other countries to feed the absent drones of Ireland.

You may pass laws to have the hungry fed and the naked clothed. Your laws cannot work miracles, and will be of no avail without a develop-



BURYING THE DEAD.

(From *The Illustrated London News*, 1847.)

ment of the resources from which such necessary funds are to be drawn. You may coerce the absentees to remain in Ireland. Their hearts would recoil from enactments so much at variance with, I do not say the reality, but the boasted freedom of British laws. In short, you may entangle yourself in a labyrinth of legislation, and still not find the clue by which you may arrive at the end for which such a cumbrous edifice of laws may have been erected. In the best regulated and most prosperous states of antiquity their laws were few and simple, because they were the production of men who knew the wants of the people, and were anxious to relieve them. Members of parliament chosen in England and Scotland, who form the overwhelming majority of the British senate, have not sufficient knowledge of the wants of the Irish people, nor anxiety to relieve them.

I have confidence in laws, but it is in such laws as proceed from men who are acquainted with the wants of those for whom they legislate, and

filled with a parental anxiety to promote their happiness. It is these alone that can enact laws for the benefit of the Irish poor—direct their labours into remunerative channels—develop the hidden resources of the country, and then call forth all those noble creations of art, of literature, of science, and of civilization, which, without any coercive laws, will bring home the absentees, and make them feel a pleasure and a pride in residing in the land of their fathers. . . .

Scarcely a day passes in this unfortunate country that does not bring the account of seizure of crops, or auction of cattle, amid circumstances of cruelty that would fill even a pagan with compassion. If at home, those heralds of woe come as thick as the messengers of Job; and when you go abroad you behold with your own eyes the melancholy evidence of their statements, in the filthy pounds choked with cattle, the only modern architectural monuments in which Ireland may vie with any country on earth, and which do so much singular honour to the pious state of agents and parsons. Not long since my attention was arrested by the sound of an auction bell, which almost ceases to excite wonder from the frequency of its repetition. However, from the murmurs which occasionally escaped from the crowds which followed this functionary, it struck me as a case of more than ordinary interest. On inquiring into the circumstances of this transaction, I found that a village, Carookileen by name, has been filled with a troop of police, horse and foot, from this and the two neighbouring baronies, together with an appropriate reinforcement of bailiffs, clerks, drivers, and pound-keepers, the ever-ready instruments of their employer's will in executing the most obnoxious mandates. I inquired of what crime were those villagers guilty, that the whole barony of Tryawley should be "frightened out of its propriety" by such an alarming muster of armed police. I heard their only crime was the accumulation of arrears of rent, which, from the uniform low price of produce, but chiefly from seasons of distress, they were unable to pay.—*Letter to Earl Grey (Prime Minister) on Repeal of the Legislative Union.*

John MacHale (1791-1881), "the Lion of St. Jarlath's," Coadjutor Bishop of Killala (1825), and Archbishop of Tuam (1834), stood next to O'Connell in popularity.

* * * * *

J. G. KOHL (1844)

AN intelligent French writer, De Beaumont, who has been in Ireland, and also among the North American Indians, assures us that the wants of these wild barbarians are in general better supplied than those of the poor Irish; and truly one might almost believe, that greater physical privations are endured by the Irish, than by the people of any country, not only in Europe but throughout the whole world. Indeed, look in whatever direction we may for a comparison, the Irishman stands alone, and his misery is without any equal. This can never be placed in too strong a light; for if it is true, that the misery of the Irishman is unique on this globe, every friend of humanity must feel himself called upon to devote his thoughts and his exertions to provide a remedy for the evil.

The Russian, it is true, is often the bondsman of a harder master than the Irishman; but his food and lodging are as good as he would wish and there is no trace of Irish beggary about him. He feels happy in his bondage too, and is not, like the Irishman in his yearnings for freedom, continually biting his chains, or vainly attempting to break them. The Hungarians, also, do not belong to the nations which are most delicately lodged; but what good white bread does not the very lowest of them eat, and what wine does he not drink? Would



PUNCH AND PADDY.
(From *Punch*, Xmas, 1847.)

the Hungarian for a moment believe that there are people enough in a Christian land who can afford to eat nothing but potatoes, day after day? The Servians and the Bosnians are reckoned amongst the poorest and most pitiable people of Europe, and the appearance of their villages is certainly not very inviting. But how well dressed these people are! If Paddy could only peep into a Servian dwelling, and see a Servian woman sitting there in her gold dress, and the men beside her with their arms, he would be apt to tell his countrymen that the "good people" had taken him to a land where all the women looked like queens, and all the men like princes. Among the Tartars in the Crimea, little of luxury, wealth, or comfort is to be found; and this they seem to know, since they are forever emigrating in vast numbers to Asia Minor. We pity them for being poor, we inveigh against them for being uncivilised, but still the men look like men. They have form, and shape, and a regular national costume; their huts are neat and clean, and kept in good repair. In what order are their orchards—how well kept their little steeds and their harness! The Irish, on the contrary, appear altogether without form or shape, all edge and trimming. Except their rags, they have no national dress. Their dwellings are neither built nor arranged after any universal national plan, but as if thrown together by chance. . . . We have all this in Germany, it is true, among

our beggars and poor, who are unable to comply with the demands of nationality. But with us and other nations lawless beggary is only the exception. In Ireland, on the contrary, it is the rule. Here is to be seen a people of beggars, the wealthy alone forming the exception; and this it is which is unique in its kind in Ireland, and to be found nowhere else. . . . The Irish have a strong relish for freedom, and therefore feel the yoke more galling. They are an intelligent nation, and know well how to estimate the injustice inflicted upon them by the distorted laws of their country. . . . They have not the brutish, strong constitutions of Hottentots, and if a famine arises in the land they either die of hunger or suffer the most appalling distress; whilst that they may still better understand, and thoroughly feel, all their misery and privation, they have before their eyes the greatest luxury and the most refined condition the world has ever yet beheld—that of a wealthy English landowner.—*Travels in Ireland*. (Translated from the German.)

* * * * *

"FREEMAN'S JOURNAL," October 14, 1845.

WE regret to find that the accounts we receive tend to confirm the apprehension that there is a considerable failure in the potato crop, and that the disease which has caused it is not on the decrease. . . .

A letter received in town yesterday from the county of Tyrone, speaks very despondingly of the prospects of the potato harvest in the county. The gentleman writes, that he is himself digging several acres of potatoes, and that he finds disease to a fatal extent prevalent in three parts out of four of his produce. Such a state of facts would be frightful, but that happily the disease is very variable in its progress, seizing upon particular portions of districts and even of fields, while the rest remains flourishing and wholesome. Happily the grounds in the immediate vicinage of the gentleman thus visited may be entirely free from all disease.

We regret to find that the pestilence appears to be travelling westwards. A letter received yesterday at this office from a most respectable gentleman residing in the county of Roscommon, and one whom we know to be as far from the influence of needless alarm as he is faithworthy, thus speaks on this subject:—"I fear that the potatoes in parts of this country are affected by the disease, which has caused so much alarm in other places."

For ourselves, we would not increase by any act of ours the alarm which is felt to such an extent already, but when we hear facts communicated to us from sources on which we can rely, we feel we would not be justified in withholding them.—*The Diseases in Potatoes*.

* * * * *

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN (1847)

THE potato disease which had manifested itself in North America in 1844, first appeared in these islands late in the autumn of 1845.

The early crop of potatoes which is generally about one-sixth of the whole, and is dug in September and October, escaped; but the late,

or what is commonly called "the people's crop," and is taken up in December and January, was tainted after it arrived at an advanced stage of maturity. When the disease had once commenced, it made steady progress, and it was often found, on opening the pits, that the potatoes had become a mass of rottenness. Nevertheless, this year the attack was partial; and although few parts of the country entirely escaped, and the destruction of human food was, on the whole, very great, a considerable portion of the crop, which had been a more than usually large one, was saved. The wheat crop was a full average; oats and barley were abundant;

and of turnips, carrots, and green crops, including a plentiful hay harvest, there was a more than sufficient supply. On the Continent, the rye crops failed partially, and the potato disease was very destructive in Holland, Belgium, France, and the west of Germany.

In the following year (1846) the blight in the potatoes took place earlier, and was of a much more sweeping and decisive kind. "On the 27th of the last month (July), I passed," Father Mathew writes in a letter published in the Parliamentary Papers, "from Cork to Dublin, and this doomed plant bloomed in all the luxuriance of an abundant harvest. Returning on the 3rd instant (August), I beheld with sorrow one wide waste of putrefying vegetation. In many places the wretched people were seated on the fences of their decaying gardens, wringing their hands, and wailing bitterly the destruction that had left them foodless." The first symptom of the disease was a little brown spot on the leaf, and these spots gradually increased in number and size, until the foliage withered and the stem became brittle, and snapped off immediately when touched. In less than a week the whole process was accomplished. The following extract from Captain Mann's Narrative, descriptive of what took place at this period in the county of Clare, will be read with interest: "The early culture of 1846 was in no way improved, a great proportion of the



IRISH FAMINE SCENES.

(From *The Illustrated London News*.)

land was again tilled with potatoes, under the expectation that, as in former years, the late scarcity would be followed by a bountiful supply. The first alarm was in the latter part of July, when the potatoes showed symptoms of the previous year's disease; but I shall never forget the change in one week in August. On the first occasion, on an official visit of inspection, I had passed over 32 miles thickly studded with potato fields in full bloom. The next time the face of the whole country was changed; the stalk remained bright green, but the leaves were all scorched black. It was the work of a night. Distress and fear was pictured in every countenance, and there was a general rush to dig and sell, or consume the crop by feeding pigs and cattle, fearing in a short time they would prove unfit for any use. Consequently there was a very wasteful expenditure, and distress showed itself much earlier than in the preceding season." The fields assumed a blackened appearance, as if they had been burnt up, and the growth of the potatoes was arrested when they were not larger than a marble or a pigeon's egg. No potatoes were pitted this year. In many districts where they had been most abundant, full-grown wholesome potatoes were not to be procured; and even in London and other large towns, they were sold at fancy prices, and were consumed as a luxury by the wealthy, rice and other substitutes being had recourse to by the body of the people. The crop of wheat this year was barely an average one, while barley and oats, and particularly the former, were decidedly deficient. On the Continent the rye and potato crops again failed, and prices rose early in the season above those ruling in England, which caused the shipments from the Black Sea, Turkey and Egypt, to be sent to France, Italy, and Belgium; and it was not till late in the season, that our prices rose to a point which turned the current of supplies towards England and Ireland. The Indian corn crop in the United States this year was very abundant, and it became a resource of the utmost value to this country.

In the third year (1847) the disease had nearly exhausted itself. It appeared in different parts of the country, but the plants generally exerted fresh vigour and outgrew it. The result, perhaps, could not have been better. The wholesome distrust in the potato was maintained, while time was allowed for making the alterations which the new state of things required. Although the potatoes sown in Ireland in the year 1847 were estimated only at 1-5th or 1-6th of the usual quantity, it would have been a serious aggravation of the difficulties and discouragements under which that portion of the empire was suffering, if the disease had reappeared in its unmitigated form. The crops of wheat, barley, and oats, in almost every part of the United Kingdom, and in most of the neighbouring countries on the Continent, were this year, to use the epithet generally applied to them, magnificent; and it became more and more apparent on the brink of what a precipice we had been standing, as the unusually small remaining stock of old corn came to light, and the exhausted and embarrassed state to which every description of business had been reduced, notwithstanding the advantages of a good harvest, gradually declared itself.



VISITING FAMINE VICTIMS IN WEST CORK,
(From *The Illustrated London News*.)

IT is highly to the honour of our countrymen in India, that the first combined movement in any part of the British Empire was made by them. On the arrival of the news of the first failure of the potato crop in the autumn of 1845, a meeting, presided over by Sir John Peter Grant, was held at Calcutta, on the 2nd January, 1846, for the purpose of concerting measures to raise a fund for the relief of the expected distress; and a committee, consisting of the Duke of Leinster, the Protestant and Roman Catholic Archbishops of Dublin, and six other persons, was solicited to act in Ireland as Trustees for the distribution of such sums as might be subscribed. The example was followed at Madras and Bombay, and the result was that a sum of £13,920 was placed at the disposal of the committee.

The whole of this sum was distributed between the 24th of April and the 21st December, 1846, and was entirely independent of the large subscriptions from different parts of British India subsequently added to the funds of other societies. More than 2,000 letters were received by the Trustees of the Indian Relief Fund and by a strict attention to

economy, they were enabled to distribute £13,920 at an expense of £180.

In the United Kingdom, the Society of Friends were, as usual, first in the field of benevolent action. When the renewed and more alarming failure of the potato crop in the autumn of 1846 showed the necessity for serious exertion, a subscription was opened by them in London in the month of November in that year; members of the Society were sent on a deputation to Ireland, and those who resided there aided by their personal exertions and local knowledge. . . . A painful and tender sympathy pervaded every class of society. From the Queen on her throne to the convicts in the hulks, expenses were curtailed, and privations were endured, in order to swell the Irish subscription. The fast was observed with unusual solemnity, and the London season of this year was remarkable for the absence of gaiety and expensive entertainments. The vibration was felt through every nerve of the British Empire. The remotest stations in India, the most recent settlements in the backwoods of Canada, contributed their quota.—*The Irish Crisis*.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant-Secretary to the British Treasury, a brother-in-law of Macaulay, was in charge of Irish Relief Works, 1845-7.

* * * * *

N. M. CUMMINS, J.P., CORK, DEC. 17, 1846

MY Lord Duke: Without apology or preface, I presume so far to trespass on your Grace as to state to you, and, by the use of your illustrious name, to present to the British Public the following statement of what *I have myself seen within the last three days* :—

Having for many years been intimately connected with the western portion of the County of Cork, and possessing some small property there I thought it right personally to investigate the truth of the several lamentable accounts which had reached me of the appalling state of misery to which that part of the county was reduced. I accordingly went on the 15th inst. to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland which I visited as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. It is situated on the eastern side of Castlehaven Harbour, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness scenes of frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearance dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse-cloth, and their wretched legs hanging about, naked above the knees. I approached in horror, and found by a low moaning they were alive, *they were in fever*—four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the details, suffice it to say, that in a few minutes I was surrounded by at least 200 of such phantoms, such frightful spectres as no words can describe. By far

the greater number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on. In another case—decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told—my clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavours to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neck-cloth was seized from behind by a grip which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant, *just born*, in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins—the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found lying upon the mud floor, *half devoured by the rats*.

A mother, herself in fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about twelve, perfectly naked, and leave it half covered with stones. In another house within 500 yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the dispensary doctor found seven wretches lying, unable to move, under the same cloak—one had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to move either themselves or the corpse.

To what purpose should I multiply such cases? If these be not sufficient, neither would they hear who have the power to send relief, and do not, even "though one came from the dead."

Let them, however, believe and tremble that they shall one day hear the Judge of all the Earth pronounce their tremendous doom, with the addition, "I was hungered and ye gave Me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; naked, and ye clothed Me not." But I forget to whom this is addressed. My Lord, you are an old and justly honoured man. It is yet in your power to add another honour to your age, to fix another star, and that the brightest in your galaxy of glory. You have access to our young and gracious Queen—lay these things before her. She is a woman, she will not allow decency to be outraged. She has at her command the means of at least mitigating the sufferings of the wretched survivors in this tragedy. They will soon be few, indeed, in the district I speak of, if help be longer withheld. Once more, my Lord Duke, in the name of starving thousands, I implore you, break the frigid and flimsy chain of official etiquette, and save the land of your birth—the kindred of that gallant Irish blood which you have so often seen lavished to support the honour of the British name—and let there be inscribed upon your tomb, *Servata Hibernia*.—*To Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington*.

* * * * *

ISAAC BUTT (April, 1847)

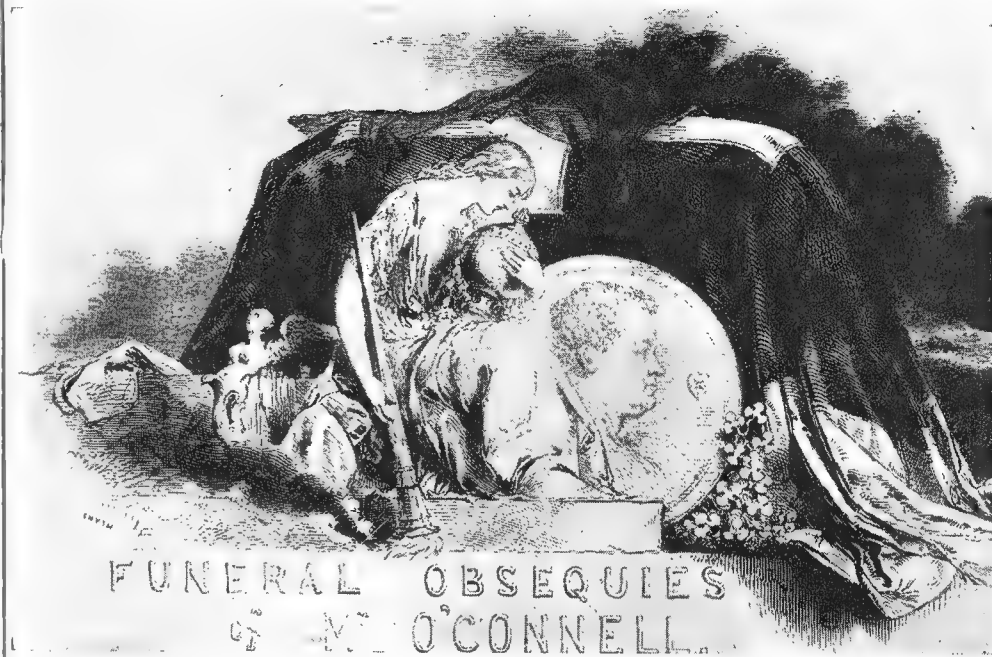
IRELAND is now, in one sense, in the midst, in another sense, we fear, in the beginning of a calamity, the like of which the world has never seen. Four millions of people, the majority of whom were always upon the verge of utter destitution, have been suddenly deprived of the sole article of their ordinary food. Without any of the ordinary channels of commercial intercourse, by which such a loss could be supplied, the country has had no means of replacing the withdrawal of this perished

subsistence, and the consequence has been, that in a country that is called civilized, under the protection of the mightiest monarchy upon earth, and almost within a day's communication of the capital of the greatest and richest empire in the world, thousands of our fellow-creatures are each day dying of starvation, and the wasted corpses of many left unburied in their miserable hovels, to be devoured by the hungry swine; or to escape this profanation, only to diffuse among the living the malaria of pestilence and death.

As we proceed, we trust it will be seen that we have no inclination either to exaggerate or unnecessarily to alarm; but it were criminal to disguise the extent of the calamity, or to shrink from telling all the hideous truth. We must presume that there are none of our readers to whom the evidences upon which this statement rests are not familiar, in the appalling narratives that have filled the journals of the empire for the last few months. It is long since the coroners gave over in despair the task of holding inquests upon the bodies of those whom starvation had stricken down. Our journals have become unable to record, our people to communicate, the deaths which in some districts result from insufficient food. "Death by starvation" has ceased to be an article of news, and day by day multitudes of our population are swept down into the pit—literally into the pit—in which the victims of the famine are interred.

We will not take up our space by repeating the testimonies, which prove incontestably that this is no exaggeration. It is not, perhaps, the least appalling feature of this calamity, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain accurate information upon the extent of devastation that has already taken place. Nearly a month ago the deaths that had resulted in one shape or other from starvation were estimated at 240,000. Long before the same period, the deaths that were occurring each day in Ireland beyond those of the same period in the preceding year, were estimated at 1,000—1,000 each day—a number we apprehend below the truth. In many of the workhouses deaths occurred in numbers that would lead to a much greater estimate of the loss of life in the entire country. In one electoral poor-law division of the county Cork—one not within the fatal district of Schull or Skibbereen—out of a population of 16,000, the deaths in the early part of March were averaging 70 a day, a rate of mortality that would sweep away the entire population in about eight months. There are parts of Mayo, Galway, and Sligo, in which the deaths were nearly in the same proportion. It is impossible, however, to form more than an approximation to the real extent of the calamity. . . .

In the autumn of 1845, it was discovered that a disease had attacked the potato in Ireland, and in several other parts of the world. Of the actual existence of such a disease there was no doubt. Its extent was, like most questions in Ireland, made a party one—and, we grieve to say, the Tory party were in the wrong. Some of the journals in Ireland, supposed most to represent the aristocracy, persisted in vigorously denying the existence of any failure to more than a very partial extent. The question of the corn laws, then pending, gave this question an imperial interest. The potato famine in Ireland was represented as the invention



DEATH OF THE CHIEF, 1847.

of the agitators on either side of the water. So far was party feeling carried, that the conservative mayor of Liverpool, honestly, we are sure, refused to convene a meeting for the relief of Irish distress—A committee which sat at the Mansion House, in Dublin, and first declared their belief in the approach of an overwhelming calamity, were stigmatised as deluding the public with a false alarm. Men's politics determined their belief. To profess belief in the fact of the existence of a formidable potato blight, was as sure a method of being branded as a radical, as to propose to destroy the Church.

Thus in the very outset of this sore trial did Ireland encounter that which has ever been her bitterest curse—that questions of fact are made party questions, and the belief or disbelief of matters of fact is regulated in each man's mind, not by the real state of the case, but by his own political prejudices or opinions.

Sir Robert Peel was then at the head of affairs, and the ministry certainly foresaw the coming calamity. Inquiries were made as to the substance that would be the best and cheapest substitute for the potato. Indian corn was adopted, and without any public excitement on the subject, orders were given by the government for the importation of Indian corn to the amount of £1,000,000. This timely precaution, and the sub-



O'CONNELL LYING IN STATE IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, MARLBOROUGH STREET, DUBLIN.
(From *The Illustrated London News*, 1847.)

sequent judicious distribution of this store, had the effect of bringing the people through the winter that closed the year 1845, without exposing them to any very severe privations. Arrangements were made by the government for the supply of provisions in biscuit and rice, to a much greater extent, if needed. However men may differ as to the merits of Sir Robert Peel as a politician, whatever estimate may be formed of his measures, it is impossible to deny that for the limited distress that existed consequent upon the partial failure of the potato crop of 1845, provision was made with the most consummate skill—at least with the most complete success. Uninfluenced by party representations, the minister had evidently accurately informed himself of the nature of the calamity, and clearly foresaw its extent. That he erred in fixing too early a period for its full realization, subsequent events have proved; but this was an error on the

right side; and all that Sir Robert Peel predicted of the fearful extent of calamity which he anticipated in the summer of 1846, has been more than realized in the spring of 1847. . . .

The destruction of the potato crop entailed a double misery upon the poor. It destroyed their food, and at the same time it took from them their income. Let the corn of England fail, and you have indeed the distress among her population that a scarcity of the means of subsistence will occasion, but the capacity of the great mass of the people to purchase that subsistence, were it offered at the accustomed price, is left unimpaired. Far different, however, was the effect of the withering of the potato gardens and the con-acres of Ireland. The poor man's store was altogether gone—a purchaser of his provisions he never had been—the means of purchasing he never had.

The new year opened gloomily on Ireland. By this time the appalling extent of the calamity, and the inefficiency of the measures adopted to meet it, were, at least, partially understood. . . . Men who have hated democracy all their lives, began seriously to reflect whether the people had influence enough upon a Parliament in which their sufferings were so little heeded. Irishmen, too, began to feel that they were legislated for by men ignorant of the condition and circumstances of their country.—*Dublin University Magazine*.



ENTRANCE TO DUNMANWAY, FROM THE BRIDGE ON THE COUK ROAD.

DUNMANWAY, CO. CORK.
(From the *Illustrated London News*, 1847.)

INDEX

	PAGE
ABSENTEE, THE	24-26
ALTAMONT, LORD (MARQUIS OF SLIGO)	62-65
AMERICAN REBELS (ROYAL PROCLAMATION)	67
ANDERSON, REV. C.	xviii
ARAN FISHERMAN'S DROWNED CHILD, THE	154-55
BALLINAMUCK, BATTLE OF, THE	79
BANTRY BAY, FRENCH IN	78-85
BARRINGTON, SIR JONAH	60-62, 86-90
BEAUMONT, GUSTAVE DE	xxii, 108-10
BELFAST	34-39, 106
BROCAS, H. (CARLISLE BRIDGE)	xxiv-v
BRUNTON, WILLIAM	8-9
BURKE, EDMUND	xxi, xxvi, xxviii, 102-103
BURTON, SIR FREDERICK	23-24, 154-55
BUTT, ISAAC	173-79
CARLETON, WILLIAM	xx, 20-24, 104-6, 158-62
CARS AND COACHES	xx, 2, 5
CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION	xxi-ii, 102-23, 150
CHRONICLE OF EVENTS (1783-1850)	xxx-i
CLARE ELECTION, THE	118-20
CLARENDON, EARL OF	154-56
CLARE, EARL OF (JOHN FITZGIBBON)	53-61, 65, 94-95
CLONCURRY, LORD	30-31
CLONEY, THOMAS	83-85
CORK	14, 143
CORNWALLIS, MARQUIS	56-57, 59-60, 95-96
COSTUME OF THE PEOPLE, vi, 7-9, 14, 23-24, 31, 38, 103-105, 150, 159	
CUMMINS, N. M.	172-73
DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE	135-39, 145-50
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS	62-66
DIAMOND, BATTLE OF THE (1795)	132
DICKENS, CHARLES	xvii
DILLON, JOHN BLAKE	135-36
DOLLY'S BRAE (1848)	131
DRUMMOND, THOMAS	xxvi
DUBLIN	18-19, 27-31, 53-55, 76-78
DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN	135-36, 145-47
DUVERGIER, M.	116-18
EMMET, ROBERT	96-98
FAMINE	150-7
FITZGERALD, LORD EDWARD	71, 75-76, 95
FITZWILLIAM, EARL	70-71, 69-72
FRENCH EXPEDITIONS TO IRELAND	78-83, 85, 97
FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY	126-29
GAFFIKIN, THOMAS	36-39

INDEX

	PAGE
GAMBLE, J.	31-36
GARVIN, J. LOUIS	147-50
GLADSTONE, W. E.	xxii, 45, 124-26
GRATTAN, HENRY	xxi, xxiii, 44, 49-53, 114-16
HALL, S. C. AND MARIA	xix, 4-10, 41
HAMMOND, J. L. AND BARBARA	xvii,
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE, THE (CARTOON)	56-57
HOCHE, GENERAL L.	82-83
HOPE, JAMES	74-76
HURLING	6-10, 21
HYDE, DOUGLAS	110-11
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, THE, 117, 141, 149, 169, 163, 165, 171, 175,	
	177
INTRODUCTION	xiii
IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS	viii-ix
IRISH LANGUAGE, THE	xviii, 14-15, 20-22
IRISH MAGAZINE, THE	95, 113
KAVANAGH, REV. PETER, O.F.M.	xvii, 90-94
KILKENNY	16, 40-42
KOHL, J. G.	xix, 166-68
LECKY, W. E. H.	xvi, 69-70, 101-02
LEVER, CHARLES	xvii, 26-29
LORDS, PROTEST AGAINST THE UNION	66-67
LOUGH DERG PILGRIMS	103, 105
MACAULAY, T. B.	124
MACHALE, JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM	61-66
MACNEVIN, WILLIAM JAMES	71-74
MADARIAGA, SALVADOR DE	1
MADDEN, D. O.	49-50
MATHEW, FATHER	143
MÍLE FAILTE RÓMHAD	110-11
MITCHEL, JOHN	139-41, 150-56, 163-70
MOORE, THOMAS	101, 147
MURPHY, FATHER JOHN	92-94
MURRAY, DR. PATRICK	xx
MUSIC	xix, 14, 21-22
NATION, THE	135-39, 145-50
NICHOLSON, ASENATH	39-43
O'BYRNE, ANASTASIA	76-78
O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH	12
O'CONNOR, ARTHUR	72-74
O'CONNELL, DANIEL	xvii, 111-20, 134-36, 139-45, 150, 175-77
O'CURRY, EUGENE	xviii, 157-58
O'GRADY, STANDISH	44-45
O'GROWNEY, FATHER EUGENE	111
Ó LONGÁIN, MÍCHEÁL	98-99
Ó RATHAILLE, AODHAGÁN	xvi, 44
ORANGE SOCIETY, THE	125, 130-36
ORR, WILLIAM	69
OULART, BATTLE OF	84
PARLIAMENT, THE IRISH	43-68
PEEL, SIR ROBERT	xxvi, 120-23
PENAL LAWS, THE	xv, xxi, 101-123

INDEX

	PAGE
PETRIE, GEORGE	xvii, 157-58
PITT, WILLIAM	xxii, xxiii, 63
PLUNKET, WILLIAM CONYGHAM 47-49
PUNCH (CARTOONS)	xii, 135, 139, 145, 156, 167
RAFTERY, ANTHONY 12
RAILWAY, THE FIRST IRISH 17
ROYAL EXCHANGE, THE (DUBLIN) 77
SAVOURNEEN DEELISH 15
SHAN VAN VOCHT, THE 85
SHELLEY, P. B. xvi
STATISTICS OF IRELAND	2-3, 123
STEPHENS, JAMES ("KILLEADEN") 12
STOCKDALE, JAMES (COLLEGE GREEN) 53-54
SULLIVAN, A. M. 135-38
SWIFT, JONATHAN xiii-xiv
TARA: O'CONNELL'S MEETING AT 144-45
THOM'S DIRECTORY 1-3
TIMES, THE 134-35
TONE, THEOBALD WOLFE	78-83, 106-07
TOPHAM, T. W. 150
TREVELYAN, SIR CHARLES 168-7
ULSTER	14-15, 20-23, 31-39, 74-76, 130-36
UNION, ACT OF xiv-xvi, 19, 43-68, 125-6
UNITED IRISHMEN, SOCIETY OF 69-75
VENEDY, J. 141-45
VICTORIA, QUEEN 124
VINEGAR HILL, BATTLE OF 88, 100
VOLUNTEERS, IRISH, THE xiv-xxx
WAKEFIELD, EDWARD xxvi, 1, 12-19
WELLINGTON, DUKE OF, THE 121, 129-30
WEXFORD 18, 69, 81, 83-95, 98-99
Whiteboy Association xxvii
WILLIAM III, KING 133

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